Jan. 26, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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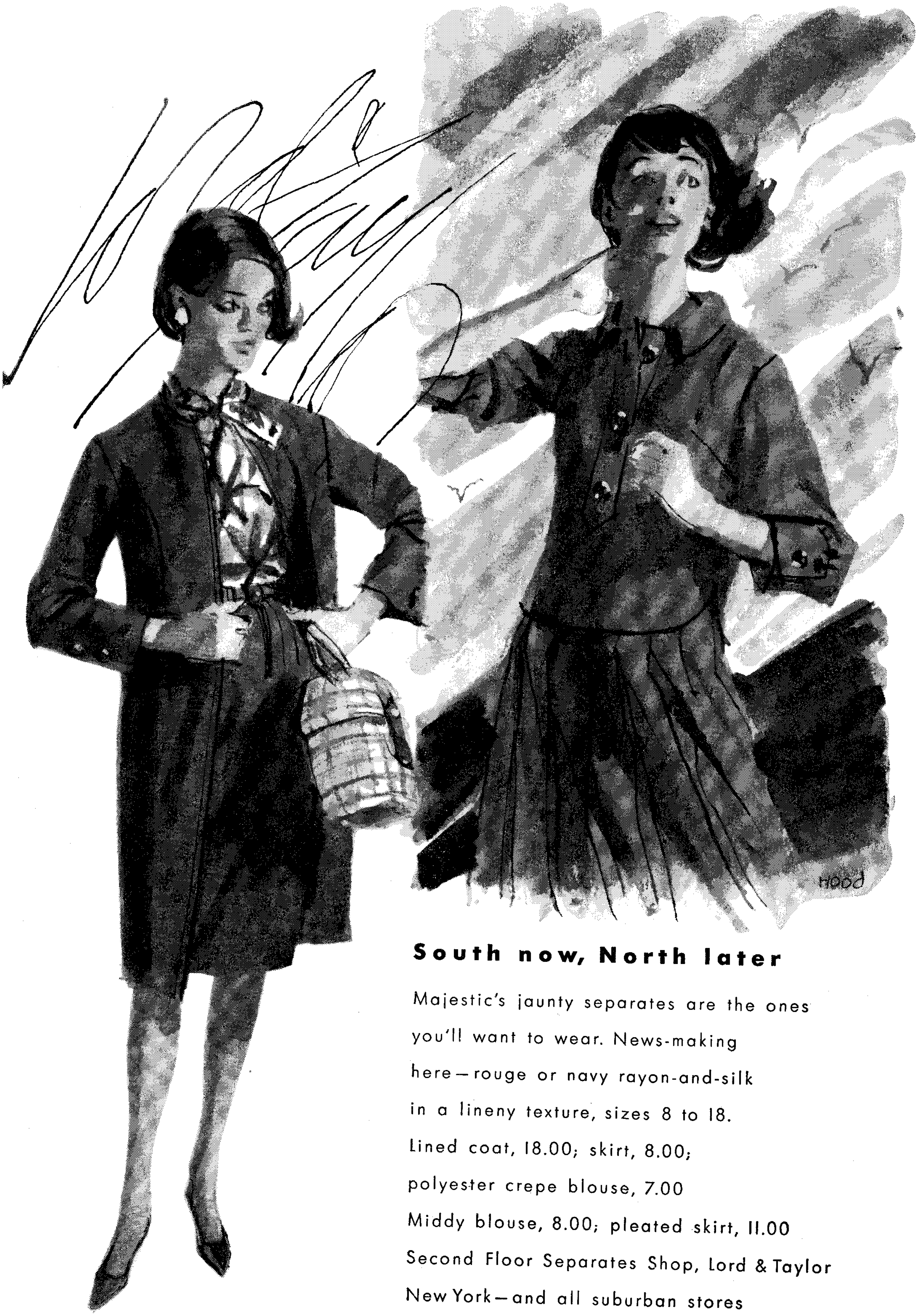

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Beauty Part—Bert Lahr leading a very funny cast through an S. J. Perelman vaudeville that spoofs everything from a spurious Manhattan *haut monde* to Southern California lunacies. The comedy has been directed with verve by Noel Willman. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beyond the Fringe—Four fine English comedians in a revue that has humor, style, and splendid performances. The quartet consists of Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—Melodramatic doings in a board room where a struggle is going on to determine who is to control a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, the play isn't long on suspense, and the acting is rather stilted. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lord Pengo—Charles Boyer in top form as an art dealer who can handle the deck as well as the late Lord Duveen could. He gets potent support in S. N. Behrman's play from Agnes Moorehead, Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, and Cliff Hall. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

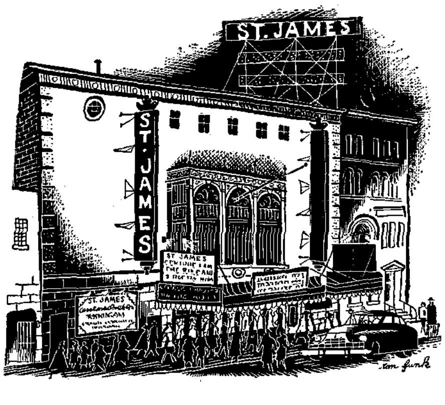
The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore—Tennessee Williams' description of the last days of a woman, now residing in Italy, who has been an international cutup. Not one of Mr. Williams' more successful efforts. Prominent in the cast are Hermione Baddeley, Paul Roebling, Ann Williams, and Mildred Dunnock. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—Maybe there's only one joke in this comedy about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life, but it is a good one, and Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon do well by it. The direction, by George Abbott, is brisk, and the author, Sumner Arthur Long, has supplied some very funny dialogue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—Sam Levene is ingratiating as a mixed-up Seventh Avenue garment maker in this play by Elick Moll, and so is Nancy Wickwire, as a lonesome designer to whom he is giving advice. The trouble is that nothing much goes on in the course of the affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—The plot of this one is hugely implausible, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn, as a pair of people whose spouses have ditched them, are persuasive enough to hold your interest for a good deal of the time. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—An attack of logorrhea, among other disorders, seems to have got Edward Albee down in his first attempt at a full-length play, but the actors do as well as they can by this account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is supported by George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A THOUSAND CLOWNS:** A play about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity. Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, and Gene Saks appear in it. The author is Herb Gardner. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little Me—An aimless exercise in which Sid Caesar plays the seven lovers of a woman called Belle Poitrine, who has made her pneumatic way from the Middle West to Southampton. There may be those who will like it. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan all put their skilled hands into this enterprise, but it remains a little less than a top-drawer endeavor. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are among those amiably present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in a loose adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who is also responsible for the music and lyrics. The result is by no means as moving as the Master's novel, but there are several entertaining production numbers. Clive Revill, as Fagin; Georgia Brown, as Nancy, the beloved of Bill Sikes; Bruce Prochnik, as Oliver; and David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, are all fine people to have around. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter, the last not at all witty. This importation from England was written by Mr. Newley and Leslie Bricusse, both of whom also supplied the music and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Molly Picon is one widow, Terry Saunders is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, in a show that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist, portrayed by Richard Kiley. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Nancy Dussault becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at

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Page
BOOKS 124
THE CURRENT CINEMA 121
LETTER FROM PARIS 102
MUSICAL EVENTS 74
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 88
THE RACE TRACK 77
THE THEATRE 72
THE WAYWARD PRESS 110

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THE PEPPERELL FAMILY'S GRAND TOUR AMERICAN

☆CHAPTER 2: IN COLLEGE-TOWN OF BOSTON☆

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(mainly via American Airlines),
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Pepperell cottons,
which are the very best
wash-wear kind—being, also,
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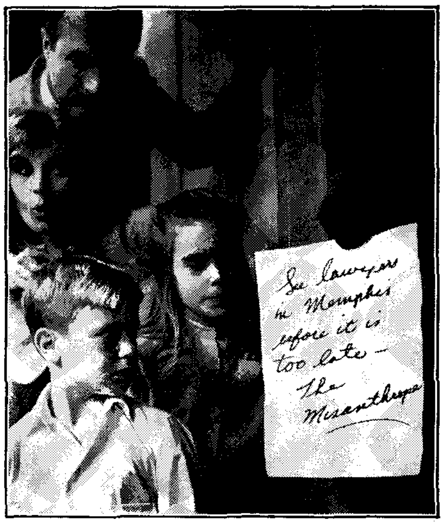
wrinkling, shrinking.**

1. Father Pepperell sensed something had happened while he had been away golfing.

2. Mother Pepperell gestured toward a sinister-looking stranger. "He is here. He is watching," she said. "Hardly blame him," Father Pepperell replied. "You're wearing my favorite sleeveless shift made by College-Town of Boston in barn red, indigo blue, or loden green chambray-denim by Pepperell." (6 to 16 sizes, about $9.)



3. Later they received a certain hand-delivered message.

4. The very next day Mother Pepperell was seen outside a large plantation in a straight skirt, about $6, and a Norfolk jacket, about $8. (Barn red, indigo blue, or loden green, sizes 6 to 18.)

5. They were searching for a certain plantation which their lawyers said was part of a large legacy left to them by the late Beauregard Pepperell of Pepperell Plantation. Its sole present occupant was said to be a spirited spirit, who wore not an ordinary white sheet but a rose-patterned one by Pepperell.

6. Next day they saw another plantation, which was not the right one, either. The skirt Mother Pepperell had on was, however, very much the right one: an A-line of barn red, indigo blue, or loden green Pepperell cotton, a great buy in sizes 6 to 18, about $6. They did not give up the search.

Pepperell
Pepperell
Pepperell
the ultimate in wash and wear

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The School for Scandal—Sheridan's play, with an English company headed by Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud, who also directed it. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen for a limited engagement that starts Thursday, Jan. 24, and will run through Saturday, March 16. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Maurice Chevalier—A solo show of songs and monologues. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen for a four-week engagement that starts Monday, Jan. 28, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8.)

On an Open Roof—A play by Avraham Inlender, with Don Gordon and Diana van der Vlis. Produced by Ridgely Bullock and Milton Katselas, who is also the director. Previews Thursday and Friday, Jan. 24-25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opens officially on Monday, Jan. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Opening-night curtain at 7:30. Other performances Tuesday, Jan. 29, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 1-2, all at 8:40.)

The Hollow Crown—A program devised and directed by John Barton, consisting of music, poetry, speeches, letters, and other writings by and about the kings and queens of England. The performers, members of the Royal Shakespeare Company of Stratford-on-Avon, include Max Adrian, Mr. Barton, Paul Hardwick, and Dorothy Tutin. Presented by Bonard Productions for a four-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Jan. 29, and will run through Saturday, Feb. 23. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Natural Affection—Kim Stanley, Harry Guardino, and Tom Bosley in a new play by William Inge. Produced by Oliver Smith and directed by Tony Richardson. Opens Thursday, Jan. 31. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—Lerner and Loewe's "Brigadoon," with Sally Anne Howes, Peter Palmer, and Russell Nype, is the first in a series of three revivals to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 30, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 10. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—A revival of Robert E. Sherwood's play, starring Hal Holbrook. (Anderson Theatre, Second Ave. at 4th St. OR 4-8950. Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30. Matinées Tuesdays through Fridays at 4, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Feb. 24.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Colleen Dewhurst is absolutely splendid, though, as the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and George C. Scott is intermittently so as the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday, at 8:30, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

I Got Shoes—Matt Conley plays the single role in Frank Merlin's play. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Love Nest—Leueen MacGrath in a play by Deric Washburn. Preview Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Jan. 25. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Opening-night curtain at 6:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man Is Man—Bertolt Brecht's brutal but ingenious farce about an easygoing laborer, who, by a series of tricks, is changed into an enthusiastic soldier. This version of the script is the eleventh and final one. Although most of the acting is good, the production as a whole is overexcited and strident, which may be just what the author intended. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

A Man's a Man—Same play, in an earlier and more loose-limbed version. Several of the scenes are entertaining, several are downright repulsive, and, with a few exceptions, the performances are quite poor. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

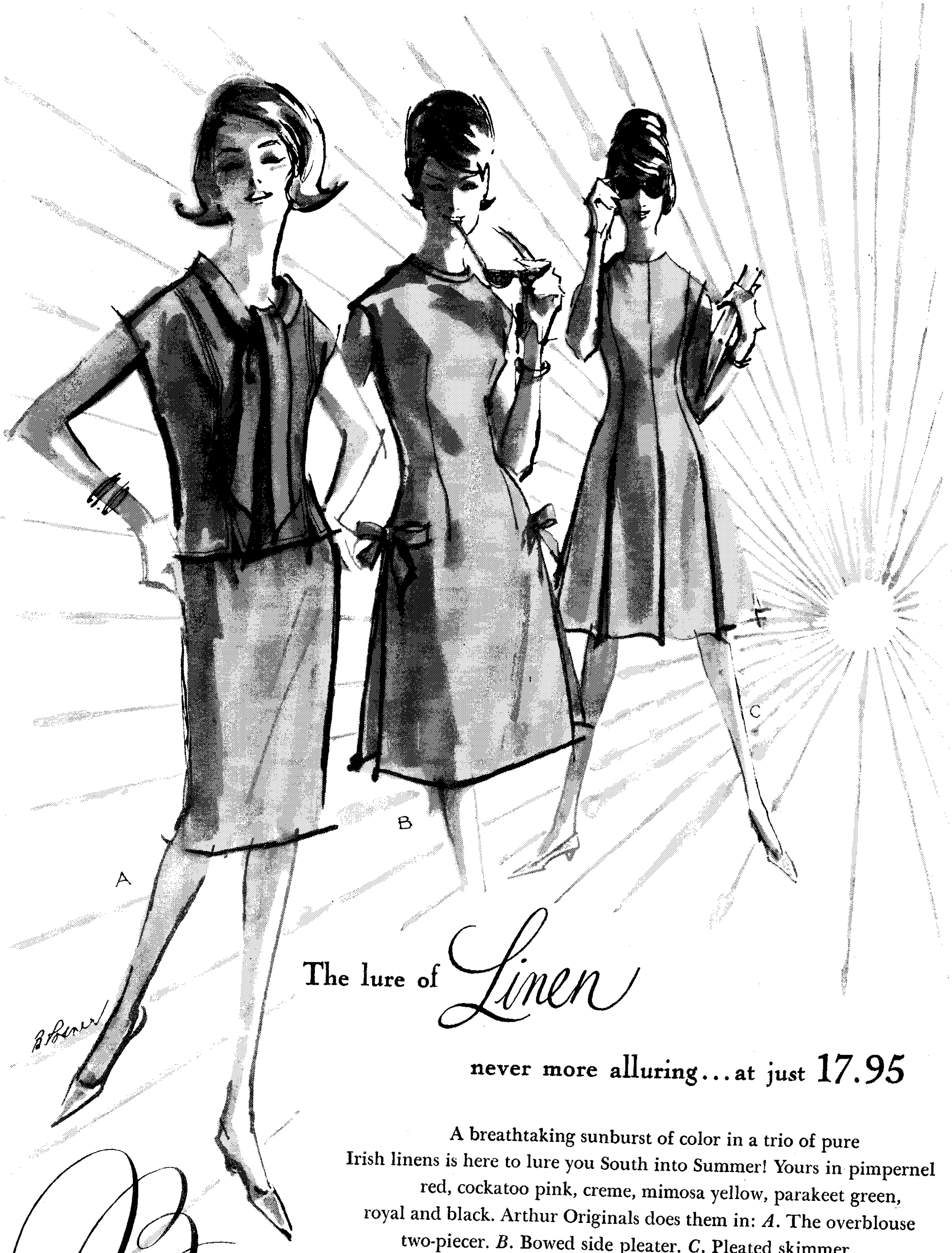
Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the acting, especially by Barbara Harris, is highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear, and the performance, directed by Alan Schneider, is perfectly splendid. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and The Barroom Monks—A selection of scenes, well chosen and plausibly performed, from Joyce's novel. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, a young medical student tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A bright and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who also wrote the lyrics. The comedy is supplied by a cast of seven, who also sing and do whatever acting and dancing are required. The setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marcel Marceau—The French pantomimist, with Pierre Verry, in an all-new program. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Final performances Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Le Tréteau de Paris—Giraudoux's "L'Apollon de Bellac" and Cocteau's "Orphée" performed in French by this French touring company. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8; Wednesday, Jan. 30, and Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:30. For tickets, call JU 2-4156.)

Les Poupées de Paris—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets, produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

Edith Stephen—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:45. For tickets, call WA 9-2250.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—On Saturday, Jan. 26, the Royal Box, a playing field big enough for both Eton and Harrow, will discontinue everything—the perky Janet Blair's carefree ballads, her unperky squadron of escorts, and the rataplan orchestra of Lester Lanin—to enter one more reconstruction period.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Our feathered friends, mostly birds of paradise and night owls, at play. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra are the dance musicians. Those who wish to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Closed Sundays.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—Little me, little you, and a little bit of everyone else, all shoulder to shoulder at the tables, foot to foot on the doormat-size dance floor, beside which Ernie Warren's simultaneously soothing and inviting small band keeps up a steady fire after ten. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Phil Wayne's trio, maker of animated dance tunes, departs from the Café Pierre on Sunday, Jan. 27, and Stanley Worth's band, which lived there for years, comes home on Tuesday, Jan. 29. Renato Rossini, whose guitar always skirts the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, is also on tap. Mondays, another band is the whole show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Felicia Sanders appears at dinner and supper to play her favorite roles—Lady Macbeth when she's doing songs of torment, Lucretia Borgia when she's doing songs of passion. This vehement display of heat lightning is flanked by the big band of Emil Coleman and the small one of Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty, every night but Monday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The predominant strains in the grand duchy called the Maisonette are the work of Peter Duchin's cascading big band, which is full of frankincense, myrrh, and *élan*. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, just a hundred feet west of the Maisonette, devotes itself to the extremely even tenor (circumspect piano and violin, that is) of its way—a way that takes it from dinner on through supper. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is a villa perfectly equipped for the discussion of affairs of state, since no table is within listening distance of another and Payson Ré's dance orchestra blandly covers up for everyone. Arturo Arturos's threesome, which has been boning up on its Latin trots, helps out the Rés. The moonlight overhead, by the way, is always in the fourth quarter. The ceremonies begin at seven, with piano by Ray Hartley, imported from the next-door Savoy Room; the dance troupes arrive at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Mr. Hartley, who is around most of the time from cocktails until midnight or so. He's absent Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—One of this thoroughfare's traditional block parties pursues its seasonal course. At the north end is the Embassy Club, where Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are *toujours la politesse;* at the south end is the Knight Box, ruled by the magic wand of Jani Sarkozi, who frequently applies it to a fiddle. Both ends of the block are closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sergio Franchi, whose English knows no more bounds than does his native Italian, is in fine spirits, fine voice, and fine fettle for his dinner and supper recitations in the Empire Room. Two dance bands, one of them Milt Shaw's, dissuade the customers from staging any sitdown strikes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley has resumed its musicales, which are the work of Emile Petti, whose piano runs, off and on, from five to one every night but Sunday. At eight-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, he expands into a dance trio.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Sundays belong to Forrest Perrin. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a masterly violinist, Herman Honigsberg, and his pianist, who purvey ever so gently the food of love. No music Sundays. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **Liborio,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The suspicion that Basques are always bounding when they're not chanting their native threnodies is confirmed by Los Irúnaci, a fivesome that is in eruption here a couple of times an evening. Dancing, too, every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **Walldorfkeller,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A zither discourses with a Viennese twang through the dinner hour, which has a Viennese kitchen bouquet. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few Cabots who won't even speak to God, and several slightly more easygoing characters. George Feyer, who's at work from between eight-thirty and maybe two, composes in-my-lady's-parlor piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The bonny, bonny banks of the Danube, along with a Mitteleuropa music festival ranging from voice to zimbalon. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **Monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Roman holidays here don't end before the early hours of morning. With every course of the banquet there's a ration of patrolling violins and patrolling accordions. Closed Sundays. . . . **La Chansonette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unmistakable soubrette, is singing the songs she used to sing upon the musical-comedy stage, even though she's retired to semi-private life in her own minute *salle à manger*. Other music—usually accordion and piano—can also be discerned in the gloaming. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the midst of the Moorish maze sits Conrad Monjoy, from six to ten every night but Sunday, to give the diners his repertory of pianoforte études. . . . **Biltmore,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The under-the-clock arena, classic hollow oak for visiting undergraduates, has the firm but never peremptory piano of Joan Bishop, who is there from five to eight-thirty, every day but Sunday. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) is unmistakably Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **Malmaison,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti tones his piano down until it's almost subliminal. He's there from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **Stanhope Gate,**

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This bar is the home—from nine-thirty to one every night but Monday—of the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose spiritual home is Andalusia. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The brief glimpses of Italian opera that are offered the diners are either honor-bright or the prankish equivalent of adapting *"La donna è mobile"* into "The Lady from Mobile." Closed Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner plays lordly but limpid piano in the sylvan reaches of the Casino-on-the-Park from dinner until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **NOB HILL,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 8-0522): The past comes back in a flash when you view the Americana that are used as furnishings. The past, too, issues from the concert grand of Herman Chittison, who warms the keys from eight-thirty to four every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden has discovered a new never-never land (it *looks* like Camelot-on-the-Nile), and in it he has set a revue, "The Venus Touch," where every prospect (which is invariably dressed to the ceiling with young ladies) pleases. Aside from these dryads, there is a par-excellence pas de deux by François Szony and Nancy Claire, and the depths-of-despair humor of Barbara Heller, the driest wit ever to find shelter here. The other wits are apt to be dripping wet. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Gigi Durston, who makes a torch song sound as though it really came from the heart, departs on Tuesday, Jan. 29, and so does the almost accidental revue she appears in. Billy Daniels, that old shadowboxer, heads the cast that arrives next evening. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In the ambivalent fashion of Aesop's fables, "Dime a Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, is poking the deftest of fun at all sorts of American characters and institutions, any one of which might turn out to be you. Jack Fletcher, Lovelady Powell, Gerry Matthews, Fredricka Weber, Susan Browning, and Rex Robbins are the bearers of the red-hot pokers. Life begins at nine-fifteen and midnight every night but Sunday. The pit band is long, lean Steinways in the hands of William Roy and Robert Colston; supplementary piano issues from Carl Norman in the lounge. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Barbra Streisand, whose songs are always à la carte, never table d'hôte, sings occasionally like a little angel and occasionally like a little devil; Jerry Stiller and Ann Meara gallop through several impossible-situation comedies. Phyllis Diller, who is a perfect brick (and a terribly talkative one) through the whole awful mess of being alive, will succeed Miss Streisand on Tuesday, Jan. 29, and Carol Sloane, a new wave in the very small puddle of real jazz singers, arrives the same evening. The Stiller-Meara household will remain on duty. The establishment is open every night but Sunday, Jan. 27. . . . ¶ Bobby Short, who has two men-at-arms (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan) working with him, is playing stay-up-all-night piano and singing stay-up-all-night ballads in the lounge. He begins after the theatre and stays up very late. Saturdays and Sundays are vacation times. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Three of the players who put together this sometimes impromptu and always worthy theatre-on-the-wing—Severn Darden, *Andrew Duncan, and Eugene Troobnick*—are valiantly assisted by, among others, the newer Anthony Holland; the resulting distillation (all words and no music) is hot, heady, and enormously humorous. Mr. Holland's last night is Sunday, Jan. 27. Eight-thirty is the earliest during the week, but there are Sunday matinées at three; closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another enterprise (this one a coffeehouse built like a theatre) in which the playfulness is the thing; that is, one more seemingly scatterbrained but quite pertinent revue, likewise without music, that discusses, often off-the-cuff, the world we try to live in. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The uncalm, uncollected thoughts of Lenny Bruce, which are couched in a street-urchin tongue, are published every night. (Maybe a couple of bans should be published, too.) Nikki Price, sweet girl graduate, delivers songs in a manner above reproach, with the encouragement of the trio run by Dave Mackay. Afternoon sessions are run off Sundays, four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): This season, Los Chavales de España seem fonder of just swing and sway, of sad songs rather than mad songs, of romance rather than dance. The ringside guests, though, are still fond of dance, which they do with vigor. The Sunday tea dances, which substitute for the floor show that day, are even more by fury possessed. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Woody Allen, a sort of Headless Horseman among the cerebral and semicerebral wits of our time, speaks his innumerable pieces; Juan Serrano's guitar remembers vividly those nights in the gardens of Granada. They are absent Tuesdays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The second edition of the revue called "Seven Come Eleven" has a split personality, making several good points and missing others. Cy Young, who heads a rather average cast, does well by the funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," Ronny Graham's new revue, doesn't concern itself much with issues of the day, or night (except for television); instead, it just burbles happily along in the chattiest fashion. Pat Stanley splits her delightful personality between winsomeness and waspishness; Bill McCutcheon serves as principal Falstaff; Mona Abboud, Anita Darian, Bob Kaliban, and McLean Stevenson are their willing accomplices. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five founding members of The Establishment, a London night club that may well be the shadow government of England, are now practicing their profession—mincing no words—in a plausible reconstruction of a nineteenth-century London music hall. Their owlish commentary occurs at dinner and supper. The timetable: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and

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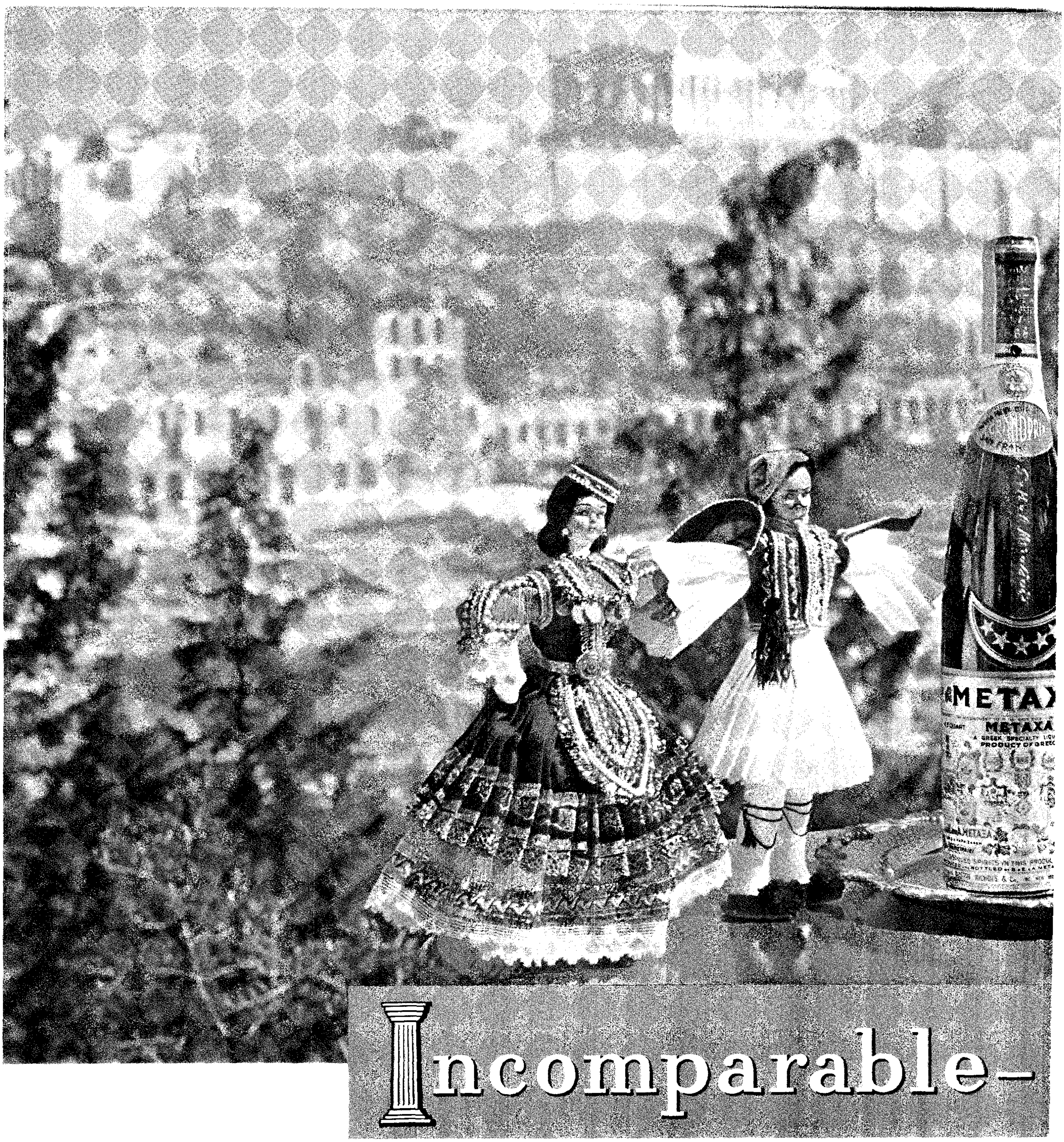

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays at eight and ten. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis and Mrs. D. (Ginny, that is) are ending their live-happily-ever-after joint recital, mostly of his own artful ballads, on Sunday, Jan. 27. Next evening's accession to this Hogarthian bar-and-grill will be Roosevelt Grier, who, unaccustomed though he is to public singing, has removed his New York Giants uniform (but none of his three hundred pounds of playing weight) to tackle nothing more savage than a set of folk tunes. Never mind the rest of the new cast. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Hélène Darcel sings with becoming modesty in the midst of a sort of guided-tour Viennese floor show. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Ella Fitzgerald, these nights more devoted to ballads than bop (and her voice gives her a divine right), is the singer; Dave Astor, of the grasping-at-straws school of comedy, at least makes mountains out of some of them. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): So as not to compete with the January White Sales, the music goes 'round and around only on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays. Jan. 25-27, Horace Silver's band, which has gone the limit in querulous progression, and Chris Connor's soprano, which could be caught only in a butterfly net, will be doing the fevered music. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, keeper of an Early American fortress, rambles along every night but Sunday in the company of such men as Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, *et* Al. Dick, and Harry. Cal Bostic's hippety-hop piano and songs go on seven nights a week. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison is ardently furthering his project of blowing lower Seventh Avenue to smithereens. He commands a squadron in which Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Willie Wayman have been enlisted. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): It's difficult to keep one's feet (let alone one's peace of mind) on this sector of the Barbary Coast when the inhabitants open up. Woody Herman's boys, who now occupy the blasting pad, will be relieved on Friday, Feb. 1, by Gene Krupa's band. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): *Penseroso* is the music with which Lennie Tristano's quartet woos the customers in this good little snug harbor. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Ralph Sutton's piano, which doesn't want bygones ever to become bygones, is the dominant note in his worthy threesome, of which Buzzy Drootin is a member. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Against tremendous odds, which are given by some of the down-front diners, the Jonah Jones quartet and Harold Quinn's trio go about their music-making. Visiting bands do one-night stands every Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The Lee Evans trio, which is engaged in a special study of stresses and strains, works very, very hard, to no special purpose. Frances Thompson does polite intermission piano. No activity Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The youth-must-have-its-fling group sitting at the feet, or even under the feet, of the old masters. On Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, the roster of elder statesmen should include Jo Jones, Edmond Hall, Tony Parenti, Herman Autrey, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

HAROLD ALTMAN—Figure and landscape paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN (1889-1957)—Sculptures in hammered copper and bronze; through Feb. 23. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

STANLEY BATE—Abstractions; through Monday, Jan. 28. (Key, 38 W. 57th St.)

JANICE BIALA—Figures, interiors, and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St.)

JOHN BRATBY—Paintings by a young English artist of the "kitchen sink" school; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

VICTOR BRAUNER—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

ROBERT BRODERSON—Birds, beasts, and myths; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM CHAIKEN—Large non-objective canvases; through Feb. 15. (Contemporary Arts, 19 E. 71st St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

ALBERT CHRIST-JANER—Water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

LUCIEN DAY—Landscapes, chiefly of Vermont; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Monede, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

DUCHAMP, PICABIA, AND SCHWITTERS—Paintings and assemblages; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

CAMILO EGAS—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by the late Ecuadorian artist, who for thirty years was director of the New School Art Workshops; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

JIMMY ERNST—Abstractions; through Feb. 9. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FERREN—Four large paintings called "The Seasons;" through Wednesday, Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Four large paintings called "A Rose Is a Rose . . . ;" starting Friday, Feb. 1. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN FISCHER—Paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

HELEN FRANK—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILSE GETZ—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

PAUL GRANLUND—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

SIDNEY GROSS—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

HENRI JOSEPH HARPIGNIES—Drawings; through Feb. 15. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

JASPER JOHNS—Works in oil and plastic; through Feb. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Heads mostly; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

PAUL KLEE—Paintings and drawings (1910-40); through Feb. 16. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

DENVER LINDLEY, JR.—Primarily figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

JACK LUBIN—Figure paintings, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN—A fifty-year retrospective of paintings in oil (sea-, land-, and cityscapes, still-lifes, and figures); through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—A small retrospective of portraits, landscapes, still-lifes, and nude studies; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAIKO MOTI—Water colors and etchings by an East Indian who works in Paris; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Saturday, Jan. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Norman Narotzky—"Faces and Figures" is the theme of a showing of semi-abstract paintings; through Friday, Jan. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Daniel Newman—Oils and caseins done while he was living on the Oregon coast and in the Cascade Mountains; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra cottas; through Feb. 9. (Andrew-Morris, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes, dating from 1909 to 1916; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Philip Reisman—Oils and water colors, mainly of Haiti and the nearby islands; through Feb. 9. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thursday evenings until 9.)

Charles Robb—Abstractions by a young Canadian artist; through Feb. 9. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Hugo Robus—Figure sculptures; through Feb. 9. (*Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.*)

Noel Rockmore—Figures and still-lifes by this young New Yorker; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

Bernard Rosenthal—Bronze and brass sculptures; through Feb. 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Sample—Paintings of New England and Haiti; through Feb. 9. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Oils and water colors, principally landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles Shaw—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Maurice Sievan—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Landry, 111 E. 79th St.)

David Simpson—Abstractions by a California artist; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Martin Sumers—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

William Tarr—Sculpture in welded steel and bronze; through Feb. 23. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Feb. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Maurice Utrillo and the School of Paris—Twelve oil paintings (all of the White Period) by Utrillo, against a background of paintings by Braque, Léger, Rouault, and other friends and contemporaries in Paris; through Feb. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audubon Artists—Their twenty-first annual, containing oils, sculptures, water colors, caseins, and graphics by both members and non-members from all over the United States; through Feb. 3. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—Their twenty-second annual, with works in a variety of styles by Seong Moy, Esphyr Slobodkina, Doris Caesar, and others; through Sunday, Jan. 27. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings and Sunday mornings.)

Sculptures—Pieces by American and European artists, including Degas, Henry Moore, and the late Oronzio Maldarelli; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Old Master Drawings—Examples by, among others, Leonardo da Vinci, Tiepolo, and Fragonard; through Feb. 28. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Chinese Painting—"500 Years of Tradition," an exhibition of works by artists ranging from the fifteenth-century Ming masters Yao Shou and Wu Wei to the Shihs (Wu Ch'ang-shih, Ch'i Pai-shih, and Fu Pao-shih) of recent years; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Primitive Sculptures—"Sculpture from the Congo," consisting of objects in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **artzt**, 142 W. 57th St.: Water colors by, among others, Reginald Marsh, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Feb. 5. (Saturday hours: noon to 4.)... **davis**, 231 E. 60th St.: Morris Graves, Reginald Pollack, and Larry Rivers are three of the participants in an exhibition of drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 26.... **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings from the twenties, by Guy Pène du Bois, Joseph Stella, and others; through Feb. 16.... ¶ Abstract paintings from the thirties, by Arthur B. Carles, Arshile Gorky, and others; through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.) ... **grand central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Robert Brackman, Chen Chi, and S. Edmund Oppenheim are among the contributors to a showing of oils, water colors, and portraits; through Saturday, Feb. 2.... ¶ Pictures on Western themes by (for instance) William R. Leigh and Elliott Means; through Saturday, Feb. 2.... **ibm gallery**, 16 E. 57th St.: A show entitled "Realism: An American Heritage," made up of paintings dating from the early eighteenth century to the present by such artists as Gilbert Stuart, James Whistler, and Edward Hopper; through Friday, Feb. 1.... **village art center**, 39 Grove St.: The Mid-Season Exhibition of Drawings, Graphics, and Sculptures; through Friday, Jan. 25. (Daily, 1 to 6.)... **willard**, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, and Dorothy Dehner (to mention a few); through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Water colors and drawings by members of the gallery, including Oyvind Fahlstrom, Alfonso Ossorio, and Richard Lindner; through Saturday, Jan. 26.... **hahn**, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Jean Dubuffet, Vieira da Silva, Jackson Pollock, Henry Moore, and other modern masters; through Feb. 28.... **white**, 42 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Arp, Domela, Hofmann, Schwitters, Seligmann, and Joël Falguiere; through Saturday, Jan. 26.

Europeans; Group Show—Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter As Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Saturday, Feb. 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24.... ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Arshile Gorky, who died in 1948, at the age of forty-four; through Feb. 12.... ¶ "The Intimate World of Lyonel Feininger," composed of water colors, drawings, comic strips, and prints, mostly from his estate and previously unexhibited, plus forty small wooden sculptures; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American

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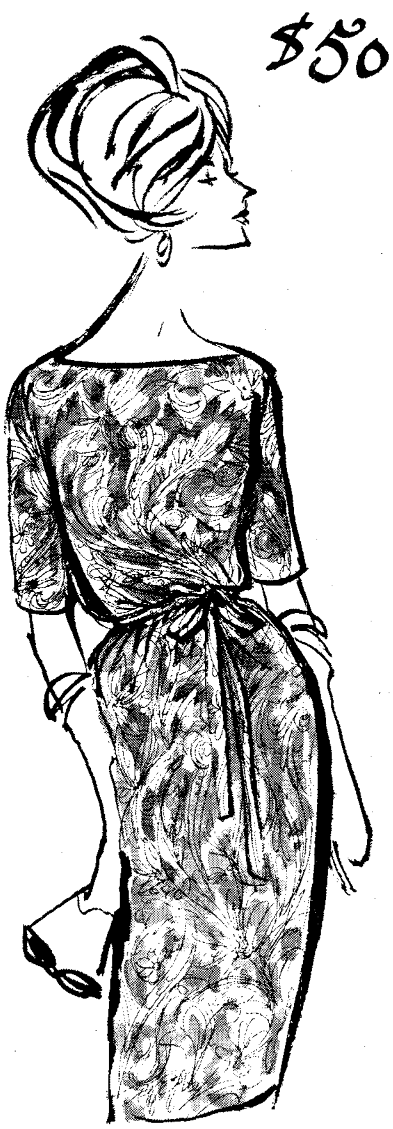

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and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Muslim miniature paintings chosen from major American collections; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Thirteenth- to fifteenth-century manuscript illustrations, about seventy in all, from the private collection of Georges Wildenstein, in Paris; through March 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A forty-year retrospective of oils and water colors by Vasily Kandinsky (1866-1944), showing his transition from representational to abstract painting and including seven works owned by Russian museums; starting Friday, Jan. 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Two Renaissance Rulers," an exhibition of manuscripts, books, and drawings relating to Lorenzo de' Medici, Emperor Maximilian I, and their times; through March 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new permanent display of silver coins, porringers, tankards, teapots, and the like, ranging in style from late-seventeenth-century Dutch to early Victorian. (Tuesdays, through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Works in various mediums by eighteen Finnish-American artists; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ The sixth annual exhibition of the Vectors, a group of nine painters and three sculptors, among them Helen Gerardia, Ben Wilson, and Ethel Stein; through Feb. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, an invitation show, includes items by Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, Philip Guston, and a hundred and sixty-one others; through Feb. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Claudia Parada, Mignon Dunn, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Raskin, Jon Vickers, Ernst Wiemann, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Helen Vanni, Jess Thomas, Paul Schöffler, Ralph Herbert, Charles Anthony, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 28, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lisa Della Casa, Kerstin Meyer, Roberta Peters, and Jess Thomas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, and Lorenzo Testi; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Jon Vickers, Anselmo Colzani, and George Shirley. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 1, at 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, George London, Karl Liebl, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Alessio De Paolis. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2307.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3 (all with Helga Pilarczyk, soprano; Janis Martin, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; George Gaynes, bass; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; and the Westminster Choir); Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 1, at 2:15; and Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30 (all with Glenn Gould, piano); and Sunday, Feb. 3, at 3 (with Mr. Bernstein as piano soloist).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Contemporary Music Society—Gunther Schuller conducting the combined New York Brass and Woodwind Ensembles (Daniel Pinkham will conduct one of his own works), with Patricia Neway, soprano, and others. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Ramat Gan Chamber Orchestra of Israel, conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 4:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting Handel's opera "Acis and Galatea" in concert form, with Victoria de los Angeles, soprano; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; John McCollum, tenor; and McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Gianna d'Angelo, soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; John West, bass; Harold Kohon, violin; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

Temple University Concert Choir—Robert Page directing. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 27, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Trio di Bolzano—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

Ariana Bronne—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—The third in a series of six programs, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Peter Westergaard and Alan Blank, performed by the Galimir Quartet; Howard Lebow, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early baroque music of Italy and Germany. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ A program of sixteenth-century music of London, Antwerp, and Venice. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:30.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Alirio Diaz—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 8:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Kroll Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the first in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Haydn-Mozart Concerts—The third in a series of six concerts, this one played by the Philharmonia Trio. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 31, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Fine Arts Quartet—With Frank Glazer, piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 1, at 8:30.)

Katherine Bacon—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30.)

Benno Moiseiwitsch—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Note—The Albeneri Trio will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 3, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 28, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 6:30: Boston vs. Chicago and Knicks vs. San Francisco.

Boxing—Rubin Carter vs. Gomeo Brennan, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Feb. 2. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Jan. 27, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 30, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, Feb. 1, through Saturday, March 23.

Track Meet—Millrose Athletic Association. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 1, at 7:30.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting a program of American music, with Eileen Flissler, piano; Robert Goss, baritone; and Lisl Weil, illustrator. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 11.) . . . **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA:** Siegfried Landau conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 2, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD:** "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Sheriff Ki Yoodel and the Lollipop Bandits." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MERRIMIMES:** "The Pied Piper." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 11.) . . . ¶ "Pinocchio." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 1.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Rudolpho and His Friends." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by boys of Southern Rhodesia; through March 3. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Seven Wondrous Stars," describes the stars of the constellation Orion. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

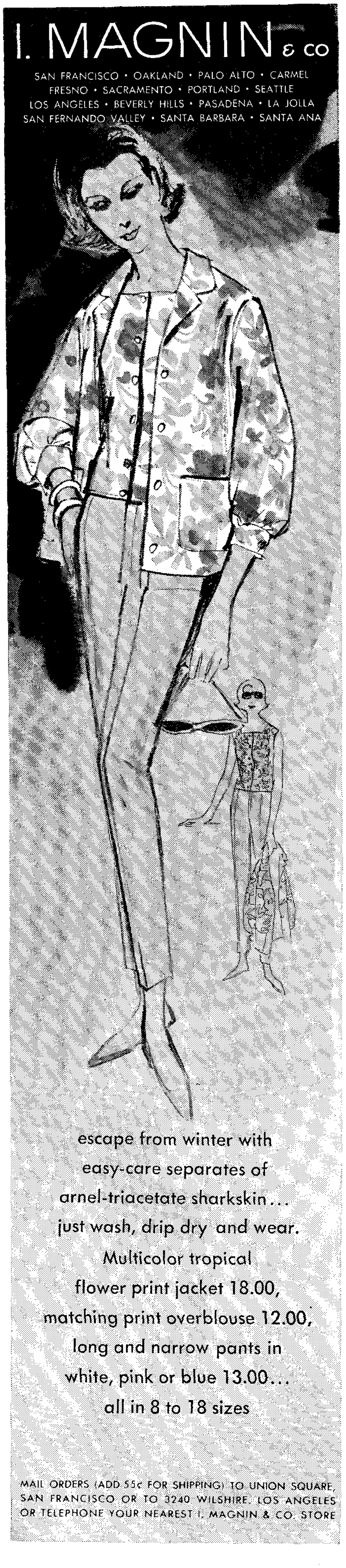
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Winter Antiques Show—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, the Winifred Wheeler Nursery School, and Mill Brook Center. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Jan. 24, from 1 to 7.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Saturday, Feb. 2, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Feb 3, from noon to 10.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Jean and Raoul Dufy, and Vlaminck, together with a small group of sculptures; the property of Colonel Edward A. Gould and others. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 1:45: French and Italian furniture, Dresden and other porcelains, bibelots, table glass, silver, firearms, paintings and drawings, tapestries, and Oriental rugs; owned by Mrs. Henry W. Breyer and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 29, at 1:45: The legal library of the late Maja Leon Berry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 31, at 1:45: African, Melanesian, and other ethnological art, and pre-Columbian pottery; from the estate of Edithe A. Stralem and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 26.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 26: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Jan. 27-30: "Mother" (1926), a Russian film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Billy Budd—A rousing sea story, which conceals a debate on good and evil and how man is to distinguish successfully between them. Starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and a handsome novice named Terence Stamp. Good for children and even better for adults. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting Jan. 30.)

David and Lisa—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Two troubled children are affectingly portrayed by Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva is the doctor who helps. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—A sad movie about a pair of hapless young alcoholics and how they go from bad to worse. Forbidding as this sounds, the picture is worth seeing for the superb performances by Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick, and Charles Bickford. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly funny farce, set in Sicily and featuring the ubiquitous Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—A gloomy story about a family of highborn losers, admirably filmed in authentic Greek settings by Michael Cacoyannis and starring Irene Papas, who is a born smolderer. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Freud—An ardent, honest, but implausibly glib account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring a frightened-looking Montgomery Clift. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Girl with the Golden Eyes—Jean-Gabriel Albicocco, who is just twenty-four, directed this exciting exercise in style, and Quinto Albicocco, his father, handled its stunning black-and-white photography. The story, from Balzac, is merely a vehicle, and the cast, which includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt, is, at the behest of the Albicoccos, more quicksilver than human. A French picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

The Island—A pseudo-documentary Japanese film that describes in minute detail the hardships faced by a family trying to wrest a living from an arid patch of land on an island in the Inland Sea. The photography is lovely. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Jan. 28, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—It is impossible to be sure what is happening from one moment to the next in this beautiful French film, which is a sort of ghost story about love, only without ghosts or love. Screenplay by Alain Robbe-Grillet and direction by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 25.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, *et al.*) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—A compendium of early movie comic technique, as practiced by one of its greatest masters. Thrilling, childlike, and always extremely funny. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 29, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Owing to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a very successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 30, evening performances only.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose hero looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of working-class affairs. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 29, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A great play about a thoroughly wretched family eludes the camera, in large part because O'Neill was writing for the ear, not the eye. Making matters worse in three big parts are Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, and Dean Stockwell, though Jason Robards, Jr., is fine in the fourth big part. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's painstaking rendition, on vivid black-and-white film, of the well-known account of D Day written by Cornelius Ryan. The scale is so big that one gets a sense mostly of surface, on which heroically crawl many hundreds of tiny figures, among them Richard Burton, John Wayne, Henry Fonda, and Red Buttons. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—A thriller that's not to be missed, mainly because of a wild and woolly plot that one longs to believe, and almost believes, plus superb acting by Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Matter of WHO—A detective farce, in which the killer is smallpox and the sleuth is the comical Terry-Thomas, cast as an intrepid inspector for the World Health Organization. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Jan. 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A five-hundred-million-dollar spectacle about low deeds on the high seas and romance among the Minsky maidens of Tahiti. Marlon Brando with a B.B.C. accent is Fletcher Christian, and Trevor Howard is a devilish Captain Bligh. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Period of Adjustment—A slapstick comedy about a pair of young married couples and how hard they find the married state. Based on the play by the distinguished marriage counsellor Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 30.)

Phaedra—Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins in Jules Dassin's free-wheeling contemporary version of a story that the Greeks whipped into good shape a couple of thousand years ago. Professors of classics had better stay away, but there's something in it for everyone else, including marriage counsellors. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 29, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—Anthony Quinn in a flawless portrayal of an undefeated pug. Very nearly equal in brilliance are Jackie Gleason, Julie Harris, and Mickey Rooney. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 29, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 30.)

7 Capital Sins—A nosegay of short studies of those famous old sins, most of which turn out to be charming. Among the directors are Philippe de Broca, Roger Vadim, and Jean-Luc Godard, and among the performers are Eddie Constantine, Marie-Jose Nat, and Claude Brasseur. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A beautifully photographed and acted French love story, whose principals are Hardy Kruger, as a war veteran suffering from amnesia; Nicole Courcel, as a nurse who loves him; and Patricia Gozzi, as the entrancing, dangerously amorous child who steals his heart. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 30.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Dark Victory (1939)—Bette Davis as a fatally ill heiress. George Brent and Humphrey Bogart are also in it. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 26.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Jean Renoir's film that originally made up a third of "Ways of Love." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 24).

Each Dawn I Die (1939)—James Cagney and George Raft in a piece about prison misery. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 27.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Jan. 29, tentative.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 27.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 29.)

The Mark (1961)—An account of the return to society of a man who has spent three years in prison for committing a crime against a child. Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 30.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Jan. 27-29. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Jan. 30, tentative.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers, on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Jan. 29.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 28.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 24.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 25.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through Jan. 30, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240) "Sodom and Gomorrah," Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060) "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796) **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431) "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320) Through Jan. 29: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner. From Jan. 30: "Her Bikini Never Got Wet," Brigitte Duval, Richard Sloane.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600) **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408) Through Jan. 30 (tentative): "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626) "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400) Through Jan. 29: "The Password Is Courage," Dirk Bogarde, Maria Perschy. From Jan. 30: "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633) **WEST SIDE STORY.**

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070) **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788) "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540) **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**; and "The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711) **THE LONGEST DAY.**

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO**; and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French). From Jan. 30 (tentative): "Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on weekends.) Through Jan. 29: **PHAEDRA**; and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.** From Jan. 30: **LOLITA**; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277) Jan. 24: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather. Jan. 25-29: "The Raven," Boris Karloff, Vincent Price; and "White Slave Ship," Pier Angeli, Edmund Purdom. From Jan. 30: **BILLY BUDD**; and "Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660) Through Jan. 29: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood. From Jan. 30: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT**; and "Whistle Down the Wind," revival, Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): **GIGI**, revival; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," revival, Leslie Caron, Dirk Bogarde. From Jan. 30 (tentative): **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652) "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434) Through Jan. 29: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner. From Jan. 30: "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411) **7 CAPITAL SINS** (in French).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577) Through Jan. 25: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray. Jan. 26-29: "The Raven," Boris Karloff, Vincent Price; and "White Slave Ship," Pier Angeli, Edmund Purdom. From Jan. 30: **BILLY BUDD**; and "Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030) **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320) **DAVID AND LISA.**

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663) Through Jan. 30 (tentative): "The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535) "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th. **FREUD.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622) **ELECTRA** (in Greek).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313) **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT.** From Jan. 30 (tentative): "Two for the Seesaw," Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180) "Sodom and Gomorrah," Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900) Jan. 24: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather. Jan. 25-29: "The Raven," Boris Karloff, Vincent Price; and "White Slave Ship," Pier Angeli, Edmund Purdom. From Jan. 30: **BILLY BUDD**; and "Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607) Through Jan. 29: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray. From Jan. 30: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner; and "Playgirl After Dark," Jayne Mansfield, Leo Genn.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210) Jan. 24: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival. From Jan. 25: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037) Through Jan. 26: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT**; and "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann. Jan. 27-29: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "Ride the High Country," Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott. From Jan. 30: **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and **THE MARK**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee. From Jan. 30 (tentative): **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue); and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339) Through Jan. 30: **A TASTE OF HONEY.**

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166) Through Jan. 29: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray. From Jan. 30: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner; and "Playgirl After Dark," Jayne Mansfield, Leo Genn.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois. From Jan. 30 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO**; and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406) Through Jan. 30 (tentative): **A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE**, revival; and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590) Through Jan. 30 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO**; and **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448) Through Jan. 27: **A TASTE OF HONEY**; and "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton. From Jan. 28 (tentative): **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue); and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454) "Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131) "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134) **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190) Through Jan. 29: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray. From Jan. 30: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner; and "Playgirl After Dark," Jayne Mansfield, Leo Genn.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189) Jan. 24: "King's Row," revival, Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings; and "The Big Shot," revival, Humphrey Bogart. Jan. 25: **STRAWBERRY BLONDE**, revival; and "Angels with Dirty Faces," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien. Jan. 26: **DARK VICTORY**, revival; and "Possessed," revival, Joan Crawford, Van Heflin. Jan. 27: **KEY LARGO**, revival; and **EACH DAWN I DIE**, revival. Jan. 28: **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**, revival; and "Public Enemy," revival, James Cagney, Jean Harlow. From Jan. 29: **MONKEY BUSINESS**, revival; and **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival.

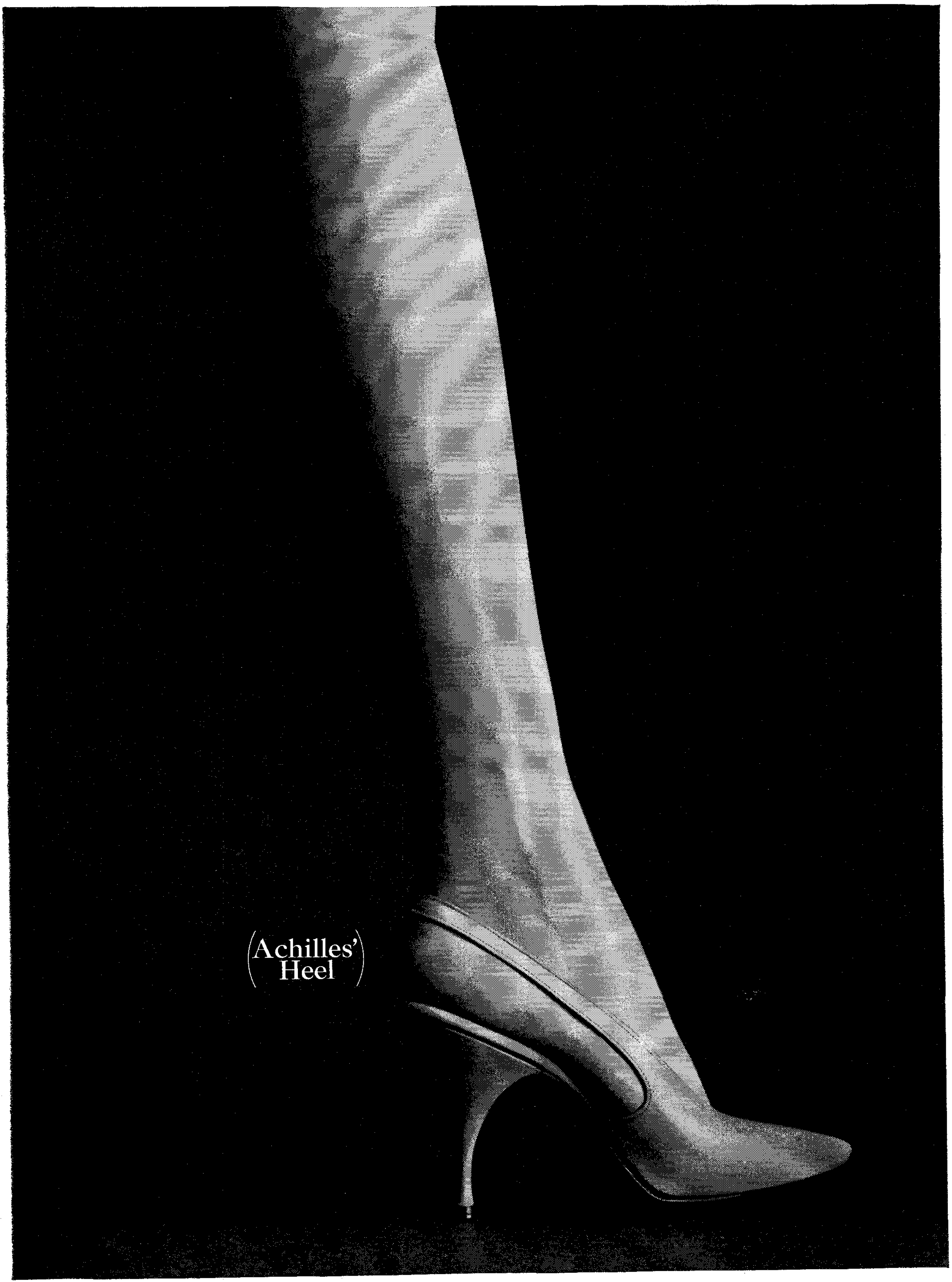
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600) Through Jan. 29: "Pocketful of Miracles," revival, Glenn Ford, Bette Davis; and "Sergeants 3," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin. From Jan. 30: **REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT**; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370) Jan. 24: "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann. From Jan. 25: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue); and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), Corinne Marchand, Antoine Bourseiller.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530) Through Jan. 29: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather. From Jan. 30: **BILLY BUDD**; and "Convicts 4," Ben Gazzara, Stuart Whitman.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200) Through Jan. 29 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.** From Jan. 30 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO**; and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128) Through Jan. 29: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray. From Jan. 30: "Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner; and "Playgirl After Dark," Jayne Mansfield, Leo Genn.



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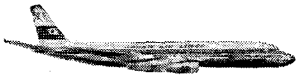

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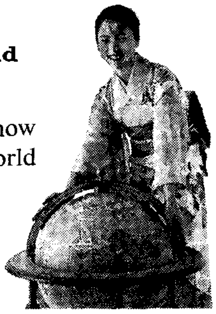

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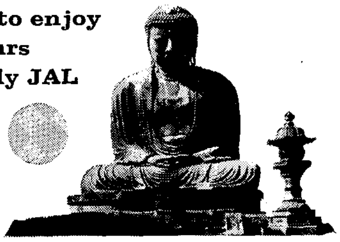

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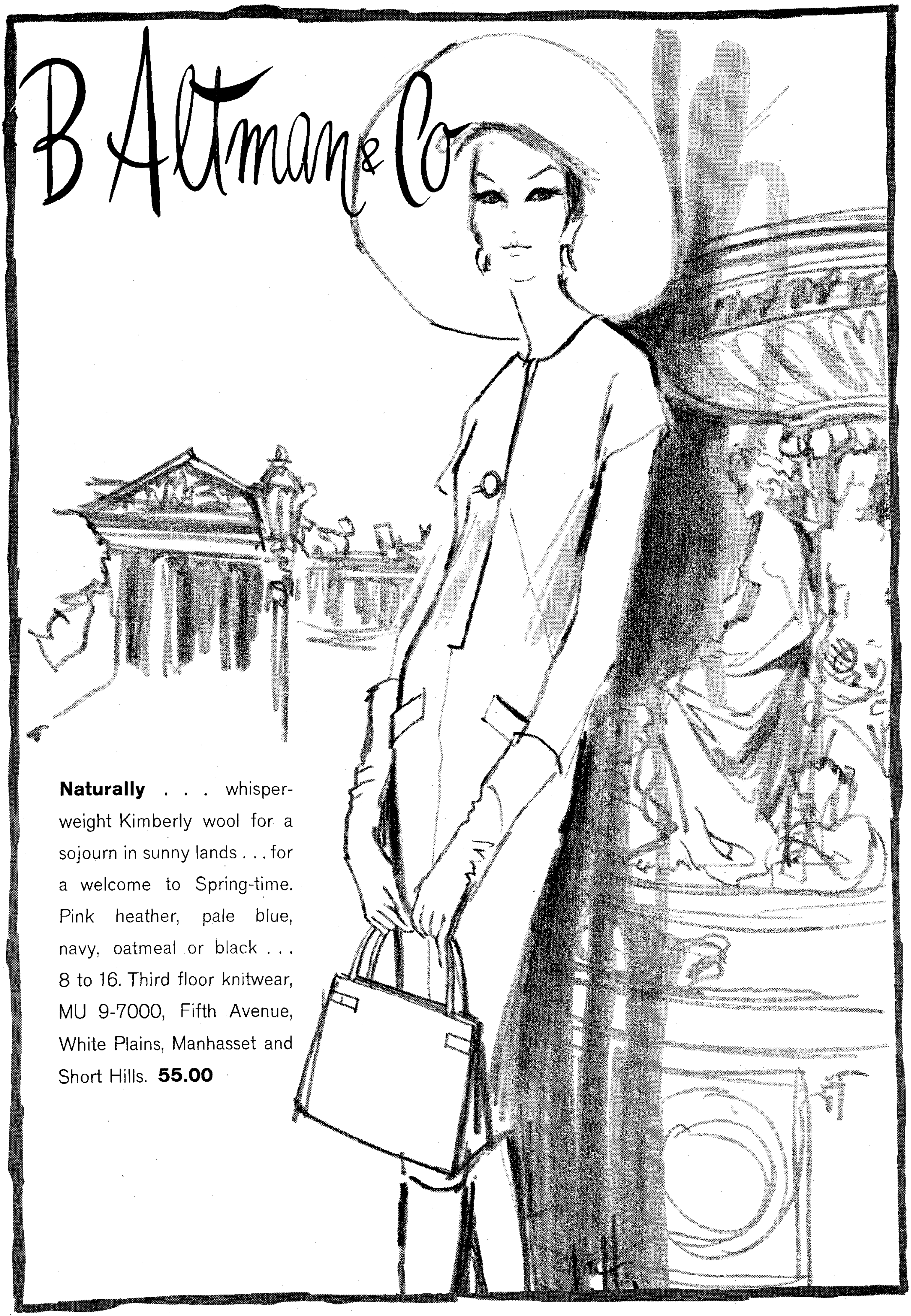

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THE NEW YORKER

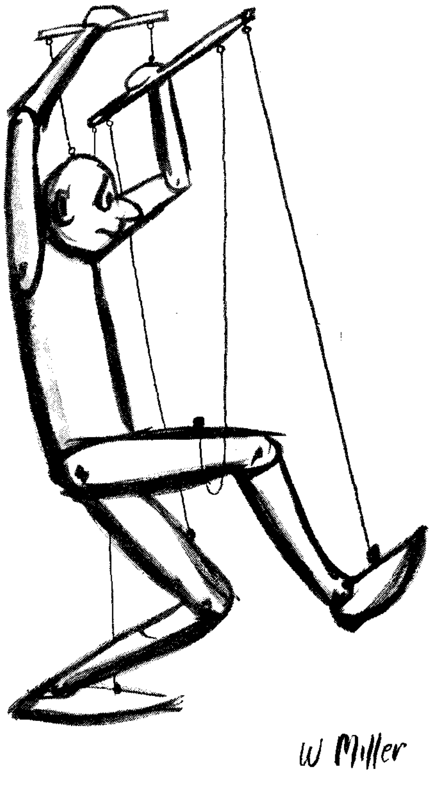
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE saw a piece of pollution the other day. It may have been a piece of smog. Anyway, it was a piece of something, about the size of a warped hat check but thinner than the thinnest tissue paper, and coal black, as if it had been worn beyond use by countless unwashed fingers. We almost ran into it—or it almost ran into us—on the corner of Fifty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, and for us the incident has taken on an occult significance. The most disconcerting thing about the encounter was that we didn't feel the outrage one should on coming face to face with raw fallout. In fact, there was something perversely appealing about this big black flake, floating down out of a winter-bright sky into a bustling lunch-hour crowd in front of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and not more than a block from the University Club. We had always imagined air pollution as skulking into our home incognito, worming itself under a drafty window. But here was an interloper so boldly, so publicly, so irremediably *dirt!* We can't help admiring the direct approach, even from scoundrels. "Better the Devil you see than the Devil you don't," we told ourself, stepping to one side as the flake settled to the gray pavement. "Better a macrobe than a microbe," we were about to add when a big man in a chesterfield rushed past, heedlessly crushing the piece of pollution beneath one rubber heel. We leaned over to see what was left. It may have been only our imagination, of course, but from the spot where the black flake had fallen we thought we saw a cloud of tiny black particles lifted on the arms of a miniature whirlwind, to eye level, and then scattered by invisible crosscurrents in a hundred new directions—toward the church, toward the club, toward our own office. We fled, holding our breath, but whenever we inhale now (even at home), we find it hard to shake the uneasy apprehension that we are being followed.

Doubleheader

YOU never can tell when or where taxonomy will rear her lovely Hydra's head. A while back, we accepted an invitation from M. and Mme. Claude Taittinger, of Reims, and M. Pierre-Christian Taittinger, the Mayor of Paris, to a champagne party "to celebrate the Fête du Cochelet" (the harvest festival) at the St. Regis, and this got us not only into a veritable sea of magnums of Taittinger Comtes de Champagne, Blanc de Blancs, Brut, '55, and Caviar Comtes de Champagne, *création du* Chef Castaybert (caviar-filled pastry), but into a web of family relationships that we have been climbing out of ever since. The party was a mammoth one—it spread over the Louis XVI Suite *and* the Versailles Room, while the entire Library Suite, of two large rooms, was used for checking guests' coats—and was dominated, or so it seemed to us, by a youngish man with a bold profile and an authoritative air, who introduced us to our hosts. As we left the receiving line, we asked him how the two male Taittingers were related.



"The Taittinger family has long been active in the commercial, industrial, and political life of France," he said, starting from way behind the scrimmage line. "Originally from Lorraine, it established itself in 1870 in Paris, where M. Pierre Taittinger became president of the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits and Mayor of Saint-Denis. In 1936, his son, Pierre Charles, who had acquired the ancient champagne house of Fourneaux, Forest et Successeurs, expanded it, changed its name to Taittinger, and began to produce a lighter champagne of superior quality by using a preponderance of white Chardonnay grapes over the black grapes that had been used. Later on, the Blanc de Blancs was developed, entirely from white grapes selected by *épluchage*—a technique involving the utilization, following a minute examination, of only perfect grapes."

We plucked a *brut* from a passing tray, examined it minutely, sampled it, pronounced its *épluchage* perfect, and asked our companion how Pierre-Christian was related to Pierre Charles.

"Son," he said. "The father was president of the Conseil Municipal de Paris, and also a member of L'Académie des Gastronomes; the son was elected Mayor of Paris last year. Another son, Jean, is Mayor of Reims; still another, Guy Napoléon Pierre Marie Jules, is a vice-president of the champagne company and a partner in the Worms banking house. Besides its champagne interests, the family controls the Hôtel de Crillon, the Hôtel du Louvre, the Hôtel du Palais d'Orsay, the Hôtel Lutetia, and the Hôtel Terminus Saint-Lazare, all in Paris, and the Grand Hôtel du Lion d'Or, in Reims. It also controls the department store Le Louvre, in Paris."

We asked him who the Wormses were.

"Very old family of bankers, related to the Rothschilds," he said.

We asked where Claude fitted in.

"Why, he's *another* son of Pierre Charles," he said. "He and Pierre-Christian are brothers. Claude is president of Taittinger Champagne. I'm its special representative in the United States. I've introduced it at many outstanding social events here."

We asked him his name, and he said it was Ivan Peter Obolensky.

We asked if he was related to Ivan Obolensky the publisher.

"Distant cousin," he said. "His paternal grandfather, Prince Platon Obolensky, and my paternal grandfather, Prince Alexander Obolensky, were first cousins. I was born with the title of prince, but, being an American citizen, I don't use it. As a matter of fact, I'm a double Obolensky; my father, Peter, married Olga Obolensky, the daughter of Ivan Mihaílovich Obolensky, who was the Governor General of Finland and a second cousin of his. My mother now lives in New York. My wife is an American, and we have twin nine-year-old girls."

We asked what Obolenskys, apart from the three Ivans, were not to be confused with what other Obolenskys, and the Taittinger Obolensky said, "My brother Alexander, or Alex, who heads his own catering service, on East Ninety-sixth Street, is not to be confused with my grandfather Alexander, who inherited a crystal factory and was head of the Conservatory of Music in St. Petersburg; with my great-uncle Alexis, who helped draft Nicholas the Second's manifesto proclaiming a constitutional government in 1905; with a second cousin of mine who came here from Italy, Alexis Niholayevich Obolensky, who is a translator and lives in Butler, New Jersey; or with my first cousin Alexis, who runs a real-estate firm in Palm Beach. *This* Alexis is the son of my Aunt Luba, the former Princess Troubetzkoy, who married my father's brother Alexis, or Aliosha, who became a singer. Father had another brother, Alexander, now dead, who was called Sasha. Thank you for your interest in my family."

We asked Ivan P. what his Aunt Luba did.

"She runs Princess Obolensky, Inc., a ladies' shop at 417 Park Avenue," he said. "And there's a Lev Obolensky on East Eighty-ninth Street, a newcomer to these shores—he came here from Czechoslovakia—but a very brilliant guy. I believe he's a management engineer. I'll tell you one thing: I think all the Obolenskys drink Taittinger."

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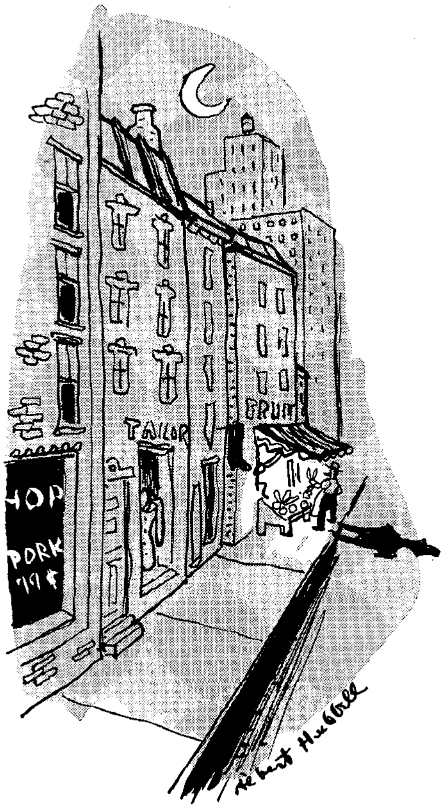
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Brown Shutters, a guest house in Bass River, on Cape Cod, has painted all its shutters gray.

The Arts of Osborn

THERE'S something wonderfully traditional about the annual meeting of the New York Zoological Society in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf. Its atmosphere, despite the surroundings and the vast number of guests (two thousand, as a rule), is agreeably small-town, with cries of "Good to see you!" rising on all sides; in the foyer of the Ballroom, the exhibits of animals, down from Fordham Road or up from Coney Island for the night, have an impromptu air; the ice water is free; and the comments made by Dr. Fairfield Osborn in the president's report, which starts things off, have a kind of nostalgic continuity from year to year. The other evening, at the Society's sixty-seventh get-together, we heard him advise the assembled multitude (twenty-three hundred, this time), as he had done, in our presence, many times before, that the animals of Africa are threatened with extinction; that he doesn't like what is happening to wildlife in general (threat of extinction); that the Zoo's finances are in excellent shape but could stand improvement; that membership and annual attendance are at new highs (forty-three hundred and three million, respectively); and that the arts of nature are at least as important as the arts of man—so why do the museums of the arts of man get more money than the museums of the arts of nature?



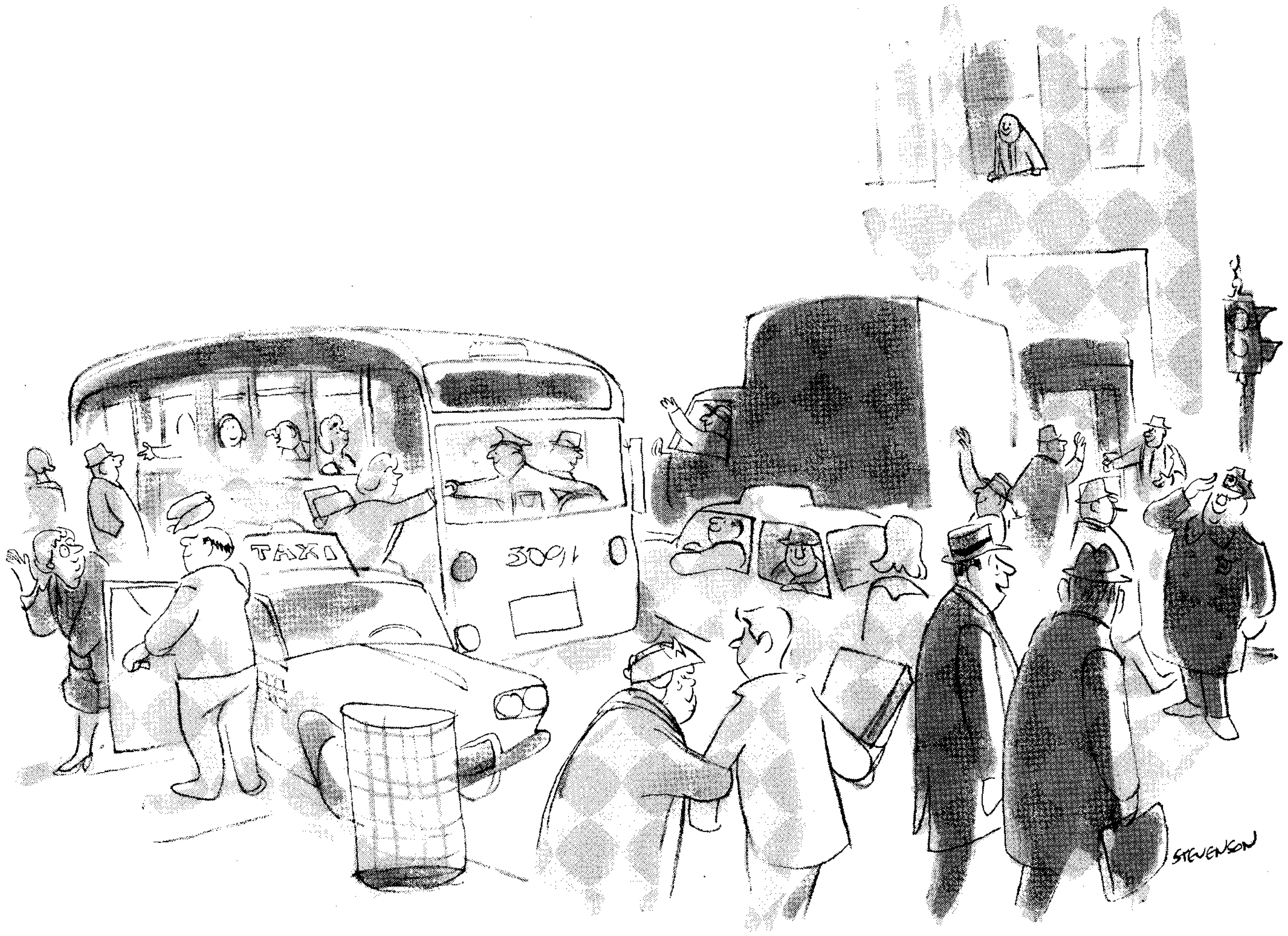
"We don't like what's happening to the grizzly bear, the mountain lion, and the wolf," Dr. Osborn continued. "These superb American mammals are part of our heritage and must be preserved. Building up the Aquarium is a little like getting a man in orbit in a missile around the world, but we're on the road to success. We have a six-hundred-and-twenty-four-thousand-dollar grant from the National Institutes of Health, for a new marine laboratory, which we must match by June 30, 1963. What was it St. Francis of Assisi, a good man, said? He thanked the Lord for placing him amongst animals."

"I don't like what's happening to deer right in this room," a sharp-eyed lady at our right, who had been gazing at the ceiling, whispered to us. Looking up, we noted two *repoussé* bronze plaques that showed Diana chasing a deer with bow and arrow.

Eyes front again, we enjoyed a film on the Aquarium that began by showing Mr. Bernard Gimbel, a Society benefactor, in the act of patting a walrus named Olaf and giving it a herring, and wound up by showing a staff diver in the act of feeding fish to a couple of belugas, or white whales, under water, and another film, "The Galápagos Today," in which the Society's fifth expedition to those islands made famous by Darwin studied huge tortoises and marine iguanas—both threatened with extinction.

An albatross flew into this picture, and Captain Jean Delacour, the distinguished aviculturist of Clères, who was at our left, awoke from a nap, thanks to extrasensory perception; applauded; and reclosed his eyes.

Next, Dr. Osborn presented the Society's gold medal to Dr. Bernhard Grzimek (pronounced "Jimek"), "not because he is director of the Frankfurt Zoo and a professor at the University of Giessen but because he and his son Michael have so incredibly symbolized the crisis facing the animals of Africa today." Dr. O. went on to say that in 1957 Dr. G. and his son flew, in a



"*Have you noticed an easing of tensions ever since the State of the Union Message?*"

• •

single-engine Piper, from Frankfurt to East Africa, and spent nearly a year there, mostly in the Serengeti National Park, making a survey of the animals and working on a documentary film. In January, 1959, on another trip, Michael was killed when a vulture flew into a wing of his plane; the Society's gold medal bears his name as well as his father's.

The presentation of the medal and an anti-animal-extinction speech by its recipient were followed by two more films—Masai cattle herds and last year's new arrivals at the Zoo (among others, a baby camel and a baby giraffe, both born *in situ*, and two white rhinoceroses, imported from Zululand). We examined the denizens of the foyer, who included some iguanas (stuffed); a macaque, a ferret, a hedgehog, a skunk, a skink, a screech owl, and a spectacled owl (all live); and Mrs. Donald M. Oenslager (live, unspectacled). Cornering Dr. Osborn for a moment, we asked if he would care to expand his remarks on the arts of nature vis-à-vis the arts of man.

"I don't want to make any invidious comparisons," he said, "and I yield to no man in admiration of the 'Mona Lisa,' and I'm a fan of the Picasso fish—a species of Hawaiian triggerfish—but the two million three hundred thousand dollars that the Metropolitan Museum paid for Rembrandt's 'Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer' is just about what we've raised for our whole development program to date, and the Museum of Modern Art, which had seven hundred thousand visitors last year—rather *special* kinds of persons, really, and a little more than one-fifth of the number we had—has recently raised twenty-three million dollars for its new building and endowment fund, while our aim is to raise seven million for ours. Art is a tremendously stylish thing culturally—you've made Heaven if you give to it—but the Zoo is one of the last islands in this great metropolis, and more and more people need it."

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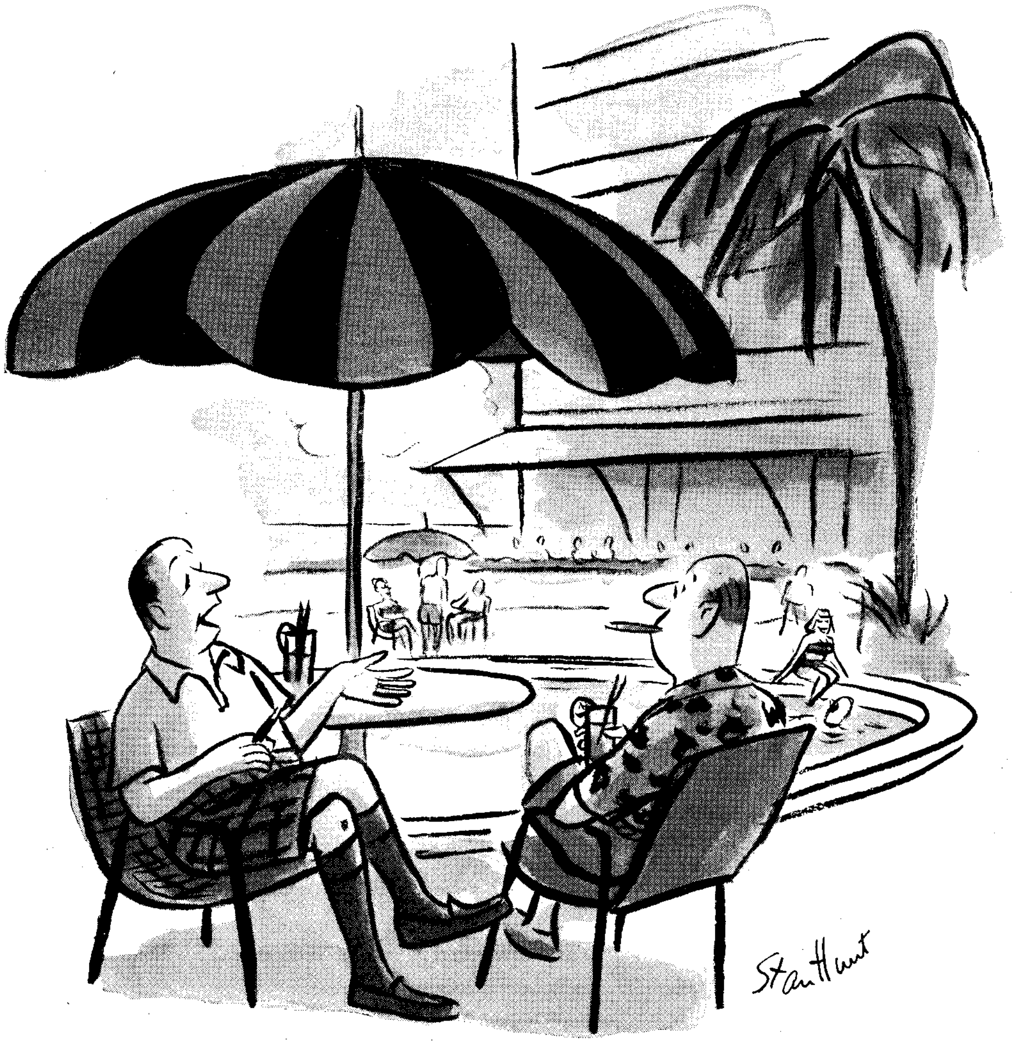
OVERHEARD at Rockefeller Plaza: "Margaret has moved, and is so pleased at having a Schrafft's right around the corner that she never goes anywhere any more."

Funny Man

ONE recent afternoon, over coffee and coffeecake, we had a quiet, rambling talk with Bert Lahr. Offstage, Mr. Lahr, who is sixty-seven and is currently playing six roles, including those of a shady Hollywood producer, a waspish lady magazine publisher, and a garbage-disposal king, in S. J. Perelman's wild comedic enterprise "The Beauty Part," is a shy, soft-voiced, melancholy man. "It's been murder with this newspaper strike," Mr. Lahr told us. "Normally, with the kind of reviews we got, we'd be sold out for two months in advance, but as it is, we're selling out performance by performance, with a steady line of maybe six customers at the box office all day long. Word of mouth is having its effect, however, and we're beginning to get a little advance business. We're going to run, thank God. I quite honestly feel that it's the funniest show I've ever been in."

We realized that this was a strong



"So I walked up to this bank teller—just kidding, you know—and said, 'This is a stickup,' and he believed me."

• •

statement upon learning from Mr. Lahr that he's been in funny shows of one sort or another since 1910, when, at the age of fifteen, by singing a sentimental ballad called "Garland of Old-Fashioned Roses" at an audition, he landed a job as a singer and comic in a small-time touring vaudeville company, in which he appeared in a so-called school act—songs and dances and cutting up in a classroom setting. The son of an immigrant German interior decorator, he was born in the Yorkville section of Manhattan, and he had left school early to work at a series of odd jobs before finding himself in vaudeville. Between 1910 and 1913, he toured the country in a succession of school acts, with names like "Nine Crazy Kids," "College Days," and "Boys and Girls of Avenue B." Then, at seventeen, he graduated from the small-time vaudeville circuits into burlesque, where he worked as a thirty-five-dollar-a-week "Dutch" comedian, doing German-dialect routines, one of which, called "The Dutch Cop," quickly made him a headliner. With time out to serve as an enlisted man in the Navy during the First World War, he continued in burlesque until 1919. Then he and his first wife, a Spanish dancer named Mercedes Delpino, whom he had married in 1917, formed a vaudeville act called Lahr & Mercedes, in which Mrs. Lahr did some spirited flamenco dancing, only to be arrested by Mr. Lahr as the Dutch Cop. In the twenties, Lahr & Mercedes was a big-time vaudeville act, and, of course, regularly played the Palace. In 1927, the Lahrs' act was included in a short-lived Broadway revue called "Delmar's Revels." Though the show flopped, it led to a part for Mr. Lahr in a 1928 Broadway musical comedy called "Hold Everything," in which, at last abandoning the Dutch Cop, he played the comic, non-dialect role of a punch-drunk ex-fighter. "I remember the night 'Hold Everything' opened," Mr. Lahr told us. "After the show—it was a rainy night in early October—I took a long walk by myself around the West Side, and then, finally getting up my courage, I bought the morning papers to read the reviews. 'New Comedy King Crowned,' was the headline in the *Journal*, and they were talking about me. I was in, I was a star. I'd worked a long time for that night."

From "Hold Everything," Mr. Lahr told us, he went on to other Broadway musical-comedy hits, including "Flying High," in 1930; "Hot-Cha!," in 1932; "Life Begins at 8:40," in 1934; "George White's Scandals," in 1935; "The Show Is On," in 1936, in which he appeared with Bea Lillie; and "Du Barry Was a Lady," in 1939, in which he was co-starred with Ethel Merman. During these years, he also shuttled to and from Hollywood, where he appeared in a series of fairly undistinguished and now forgotten motion pictures, making his first film, "Faint Heart," in 1931, and going on to make some twenty others, including "Love and Hisses" and "Merry-Go-Round of 1938." In 1939, he made a really successful movie—"The Wizard of Oz," in which he played the Cowardly Lion. "That was my one big Hollywood hit, but, in a way, it hurt my picture career," said Mr. Lahr, shaking his head sadly. "After that, I was typecast as a lion, and there just weren't many *parts* for lions. In any case, I've made very few movies since 'The Wizard of Oz,' but I'll always be glad I made that; they show it on television every year at Christmas, and there's a whole new audience of kids who know me."

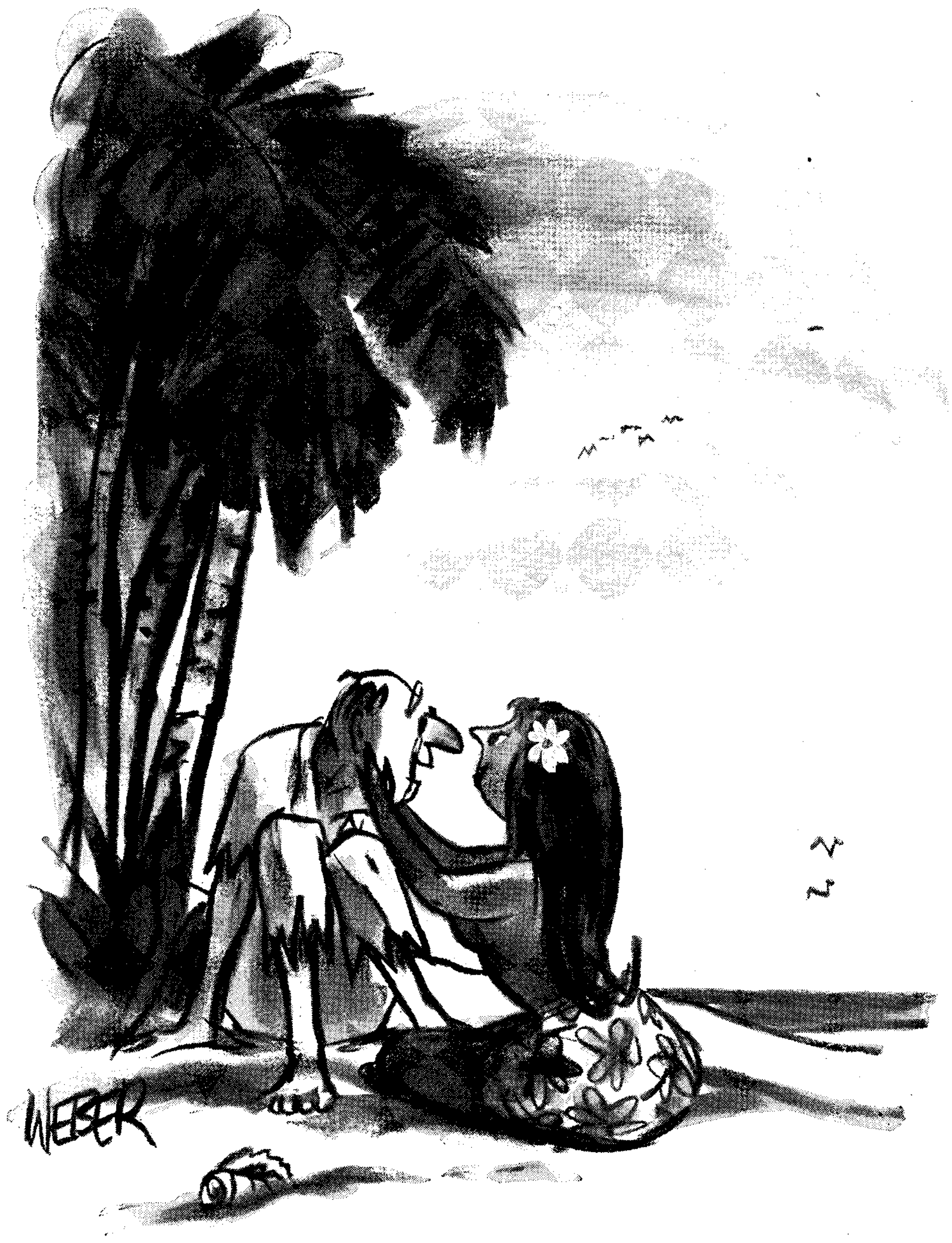
After his enormous successes in the thirties, Mr. Lahr had a relatively tough time of it in the forties—a situation he attributes mainly to the rise in popularity of musicals like "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel." "Rodgers and Hammerstein changed everything in the Broadway musical world," he said. "In the thirties, people used to write musicals specially for funny men, like Bobby Clark or Victor Moore, or myself, but suddenly the funny man was out. Everyone wanted ballet and dream sequences and schmalzy love stories with wholesome American backgrounds—operetta stuff. I did a few things, like 'Seven Lively Arts,' which Billy Rose produced in 1944, but times were hard for the old-fashioned knockabout funny man. It's only in the last year or so that things have begun to look a little better for us; with Zero Mostel in 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,' Sid Caesar in 'Little Me,' and myself in 'The Beauty Part,' funny men are at last back on Broadway in leading parts. It's too bad that it didn't happen sooner, though; poor Bobby Clark, who was one of the great funny men of all time, ended his career in a character role, playing the Devil in a road company of 'Damn Yankees.' I've always thought, by the way, that the test of a real funny man is whether or not he can get a laugh without saying a word—just come onstage, and have the audience laughing before he even opens his mouth. Unlike most of today's comedians, who are really monologists, Bobby Clark and the other old-timers could get that kind of laugh every time."

Owing to the shortage of parts for funny men, Mr. Lahr himself has in recent years tried his hand at a number of character parts—in television dramas, in a touring company of "Harvey," and in the Broadway revival of "Burlesque," in which he played the role of Skid Johnson, a washed-up burlesque comic. His most notable appearance as a character actor, however, was as Estragon in the 1956 Broadway production of Samuel Beckett's "Waiting for Godot." "In my entire career in show business, 'Waiting for Godot' was the most satisfying thing I've ever done," Mr. Lahr told us. "At the time, a lot of people were saying that I was nothing but a mugger, a low comic, but I think I proved in 'Godot' that I knew how to act. 'Godot' was a high-class show, with a high-class audience, and at the end of each performance they didn't just applaud, they stood up and shouted 'Bravo!' Me, the old Dutch Cop, and people were shouting 'Bravo!' " In 1957, Mr. Lahr appeared in Peter Glenville's adaptation of "Hotel Paradiso," a French play by Georges Feydeau and Maurice Desvallières, and in 1959, with Nancy Walker, in the revue "The Girls Against the Boys," which lasted only two weeks. " 'The Girls Against the Boys' was a real disappointment," said Mr. Lahr. "After that, I licked my wounds for a while, did some fishing, which is my favorite form of recreation, and went on a reading kick—my favorites are Samuel Johnson and Boswell. But then, in a tryout down in Bucks County, I got involved in 'The Beauty Part,' and decided to do it on Broadway."

Mr. Lahr has two children in college—John, who is twenty-one and a senior at Yale, where he is one of the editors of the *Daily News*, and Jane, who is nineteen and a freshman at Bennett College. They are the children of Mr. Lahr's present wife, a former showgirl named Mildred Schroeder, whom he married in 1940, and Mr. Lahr also has a child by his first wife—a son, Herbert, who is thirty-four and lives in Tucson, Arizona, where he doubles as a businessman and the master of ceremonies on a radio show for children. "My kids are what keep me going," said Mr. Lahr. "You know, this is a tough business for an old man—romping around the stage and taking falls. But I like doing 'The Beauty Part,' especially when I'm playing a wild millionaire miser in the second act. In the old days, when I was a kid on the Columbia burlesque wheel, I couldn't wait for the curtain to go up. In those days, we played two shows a day—twelve a week, and out West, where we played on Sunday, fourteen a week. We were on the road forty weeks a year. We'd do six weeks around New York—a week in the old Columbia Theatre, on Broadway (it's now the De Mille, a movie house), a week in the Bronx, two weeks in Brooklyn, a week in Newark, and a week out in Paterson. Then we'd hit the road—Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit. We'd go everywhere by train. We'd play two weeks in Chicago. Omaha. Definitely Omaha. Kansas City. Those were the days. Baltimore. Washington. Philadelphia. Philly was a good audience town in those days. Pittsburgh. St. Louis. Forty weeks. I couldn't wait for the curtain to go up."

Vendetta

A MOTHER we know whose young daughter attends a private elementary school has let us in on the child's deportment grade for her first term. Her teacher had written on the report card, "Good, despite a slight tendency to vengeance."



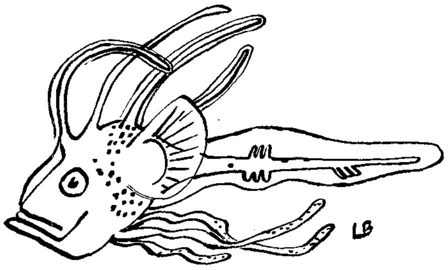
"By George, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to teach you how to play golf!"

CHRISTMAS WITH CHARLES STREET

WHEN parents become separated or divorced, their children cannot avoid taking sides. It is an extremely difficult and often heartbreaking decision to have to make. Only when one parent is an ogre, or a lout, or a lush, or a sadist is it an easy decision. But when one parent is marvellous and the other parent only average, then the decision is a terrible one. Of course, the easy decision, the almost automatic decision, is the one in which the child chooses to go to the parent who is marvellous, leaving the one who is only average alone. But what happens when you love them both? What happens when two of the three children have already decided that the divorce was the average one's fault—that it could not have been the fault of the marvellous one—and the third child, the youngest, knows that his choice can only be to choose the side of the one who was not marvellous, because, unlike the other children, he resembles that one, thinks like that one, and, worse, feels sorry for that one?

MY father, Stewart Wilkinson, was fifty when he and my mother were divorced. My older brother, Carter, was twenty-three and repeating his senior year in college. My sister was twenty-one and beginning her senior year at a girls' college. I was eighteen and starting Yale. Because I was the youngest, I was supposed to be the one most affected by the divorce. But at eighteen a young man has already grown away from his family, and is more concerned about his independence than he will be at twenty-one or twenty-three. I had already spent most of my life away from my parents; at nine I was sent off to boarding school. Therefore, I don't believe I was hurt the most by the divorce, but how can I know? What is true is that I had more restrictions placed on my actions when our parents separated. My brother and sister were assumed to be more mature, more self-reliant, more independent. But, because I was the youngest—and forever would be the youngest—I was the one who was expected to be with the "family" for holidays and special occasions. My father's family is from Maryland, and it is a big family, the type of Southern family that takes enormous pride in turning out for family—family parties, family holidays, family weddings, family deaths. My mother's side are New York, and good New York—the old New York. They had family occasions, too, but these were limited to the immediate family and did not depend so much on tradition to make them successful. Christmas with my mother would have been relaxed and warm and good. Christmas with my father, however, meant going first to Philadelphia, where my father lived, and then driving with him to Baltimore, in order to spend Christmas with the family, in the family house on Charles Street. So many cousins, uncles, aunts, old nurses, and friends of the family crowded into the house that it often appeared to be Christmas *with* Charles Street. There would always be Christmas Eve lunch at my uncle's and aunt's house, Christmas Eve dinner at the huge house of my father's first cousin and his family. Christmas morning would be spent at the house of whomever we were staying with—usually my uncle and aunt. Then off to Carter Hall for lunch with fifty cousins, aunts, great-uncles, great-aunts, and family friends. Carter Hall is the family house. It has been in the family for two hundred years, and it is traditional for the family to come there for Christmas lunch. I must admit these big lunches were fun, but I cannot say they were warm or relaxed. Tradition got in the way of intimacy. And there was one further difficulty: I was brought up in the North. When the Second World War started, I was five years old. My mother took my brother and sister and me to New York, to live with our grandmother. When the war ended and my father came home, we moved to Philadelphia. Because I did not spend more than a few days a year with my father's family in Baltimore, I never felt quite at ease or was quite able to be myself at that big family party on Christmas Day. There were too many anecdotes I didn't understand, too many great-aunts whose names I couldn't remember, too many cousins who made fun of my Northern accent, my Yankee clothes, my inability to tell a Southern victory from a Southern defeat. I will never forget the embarrassment I brought on myself by effusively greeting and kissing one of the maids, who I was certain must be a great-aunt.

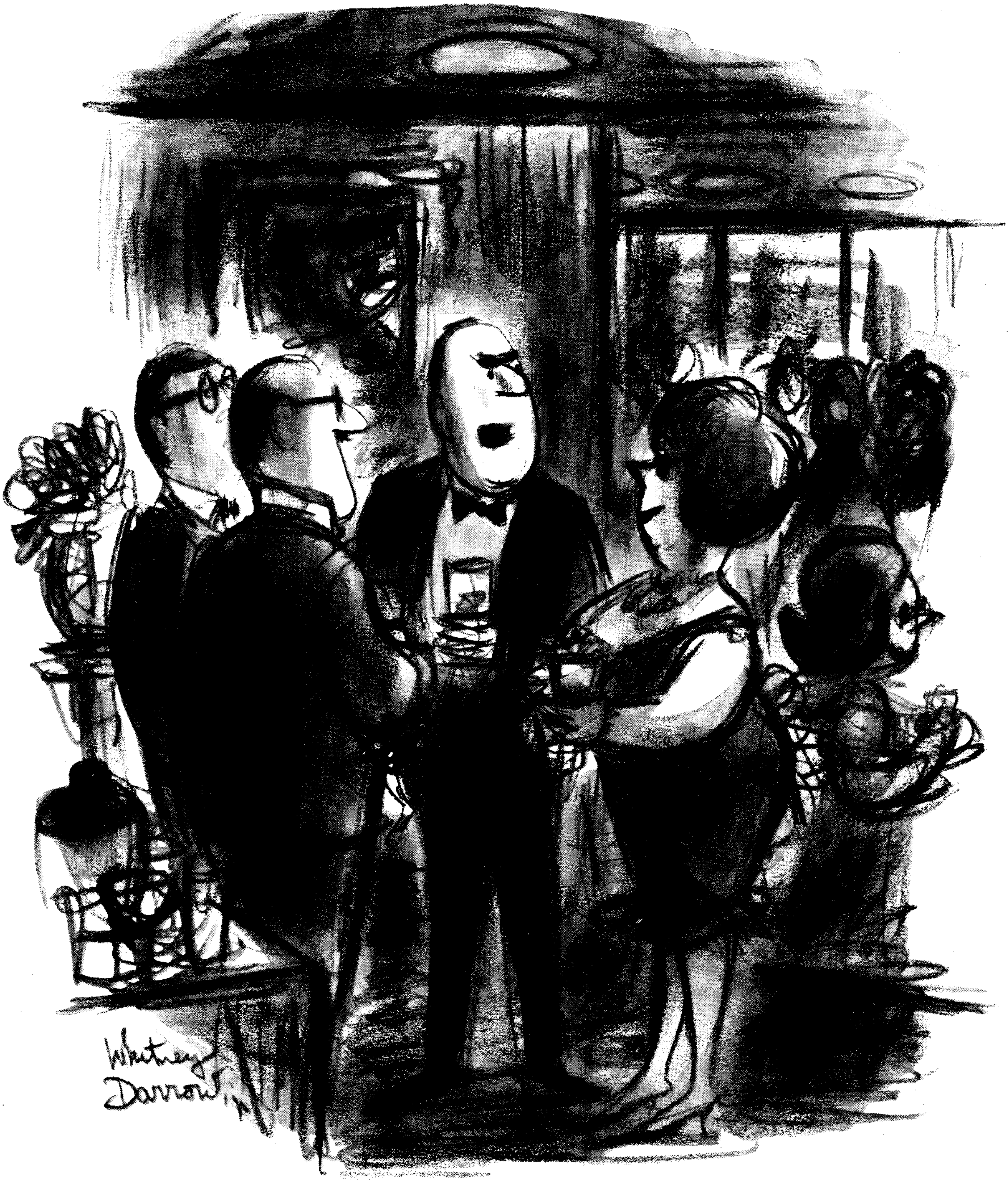
My father and brother had long since given up trying to understand each other. There never had been much affection between them. I think this was largely my father's fault; he is a man incapable of expressing emotion. I have always had the feeling that he is so self-centered, so self-conscious, so self-wary that he doesn't dare attempt to understand someone else, because it might result in the other person's presuming to understand him. He can only feel the effect he thinks he is making on the other person. Every emotion he feels is directed toward himself and how it affects him. I do know that for years my brother made every effort to please my father. He would take a job on an Oklahoma oil rig because my father wanted him to gain "experience." He would play football even though he was too small, because he hoped my father would be proud of him. Even though he was accepted at Yale, he chose to go to the college where my grandfather, after whom my brother was named, had gone, and where my father had gone, and where nine out of ten of the male members of my father's side of the family had gone. My brother did not join the family fraternity, for a fraternity is only as good as the friends you have in it, and none of my brother's friends were joining the fraternity that year. (I joined the chapter at Yale.) Carter was aware that this would be a disappointment to our father, but he didn't know that Dad would take it so seriously. My father had been on the staff of the humor magazine, so my brother tried out for a place on the staff, and when he was later elected editor, he was sure my father would be proud of him. Carter sent my father copies of several issues of the magazine. My father sent them back with the stories marked "Not Funny" or "Too Long" or "Pointless," and the jokes in the back marked "My God, we had this one when I was there!" or "Bad Taste" or "Dirty!" Naturally my brother stopped sending him copies of the magazine. I remember once visiting my brother at the university. On his bureau he had a framed photograph of Gargantua the Ape snarling. It was signed, "Love, Dad."



My sister, Page, was frankly terrified of my father. As an example of how well *they* were able to talk to each other—Seeing Page for the first time since she had gone away for the fall term of some school, Dad exclaimed, "My God, what have you done to your hair!" My sister burst into tears and fled from the room.

That leaves me, Philip Sadler Wilkinson, called P.S. by everyone but my family.

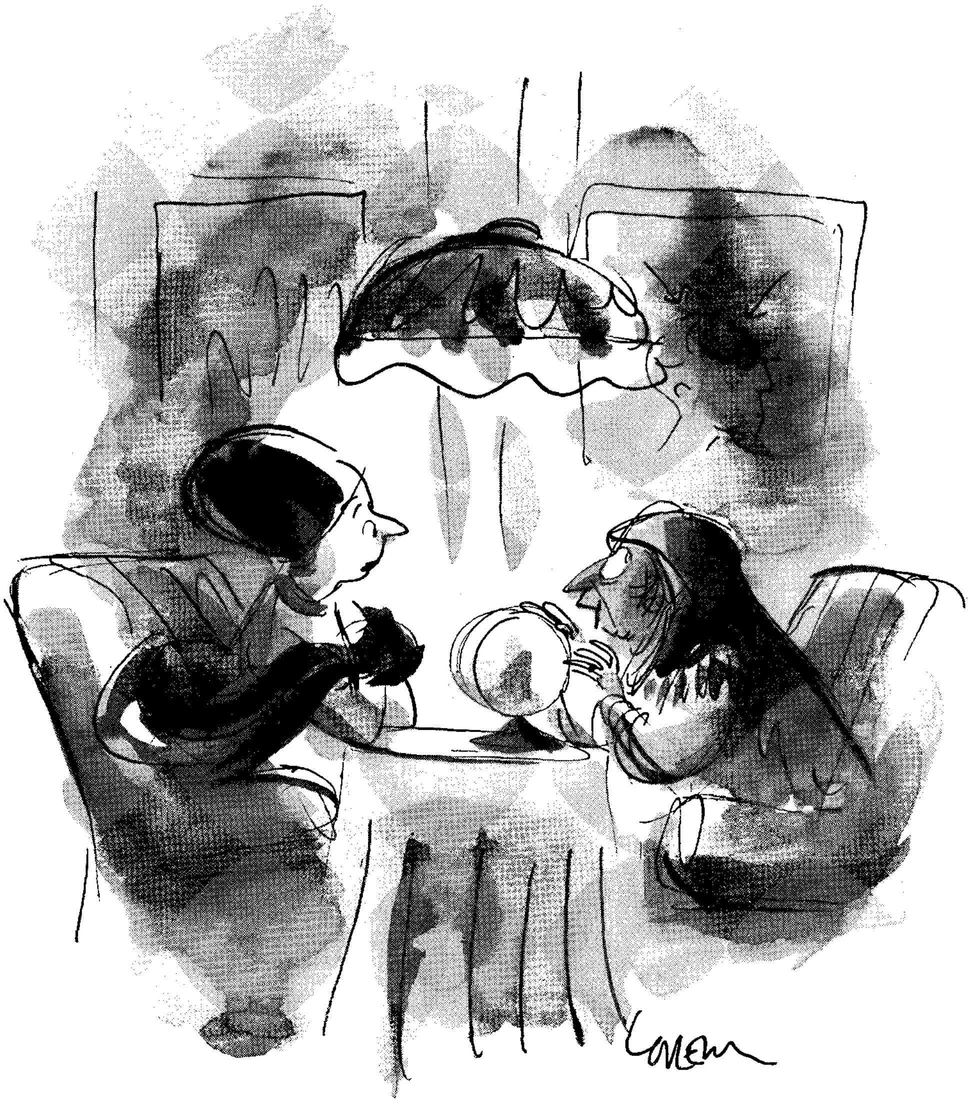
Perhaps experience with my older



"Oh, for heaven's sake, Marjorie! We're discussing deterrents, not detergents."

• •

brother and sister had tempered my father's touch so that he did not make the same mistakes with me, or perhaps he saw enough of himself in me so that he could guess the effect his words would have on me by trying them out first on himself. Also, I had been given some warning by his behavior with Carter and Page so that I was able to compensate for his absolutely uncanny ability for saying exactly the wrong thing. At any rate, I was left holding my father. My brother and sister, even before the divorce, would do anything in their power to avoid having to spend any length of time with him. I have tried to figure out why my father behaved the way he did toward us, and the only explanation that seems at all reasonable is that he was embarrassed and uneasy with us. I'm sure we made him nervous. (God knows he made us nervous!) And I think it was this nervousness that made him blurt out some unforgivable



"My goodness! Prices are down, employment is up, the world is at peace— Oops, I'm looking in the wrong direction!"

• •

remark to us, a remark that would hurt us terribly.

Usually it was possible to work out the times we were to spend with our parents, but Christmas was impossible. It was only one day, but you had to spend it with just one of them. My mother was living in New York City, my father, as I have said, in Philadelphia. My brother and sister would have already decided to spend Christmas with our mother. I could have chosen to do this, too, but someone had to spend Christmas with our father. I don't think I will ever be able to forgive my brother and sister for forcing me to be the one. Nor can I forgive them for not having the compassion to put themselves in my father's position—the position of a man who knows his children don't want to be with him for Christmas.

I WOULD take the train to Philadelphia, and a cab over to his house, and arrive in the late afternoon, on the twenty-third of December. I would pay the cab, push the doorbell, and then stand outside in the cold, next to my suitcase, waiting for him to answer the doorbell and wishing to God I were with my brother and sister in that warm apartment in New York. In a minute he would open the door, saying, "Come in. Come in, Son. Have a nice trip? . . . Fine. . . . Good. Well, come in, come in."

I would walk inside the house and he would clap me on the back a couple of times and say, "You know where your room is. I've got about a thousand things to do. The gas heater is leaking. The sink in the kitchen is clogged up. I can't get a plumber until after the New Year. All day I've been bothered by telephone calls from the most extraordinary people. I've got at least a dozen letters to write. Only take me about fifteen more minutes, twenty at the most, and then I'll knock off. We can sit down together then, O.K.? I'm terribly sorry to run off, but you go on up to your room, and I'll be with you in about fifteen or twenty minutes." Then my father would rush back upstairs in a muck of embarrassment, anxiety, terror—all the emotions I had just felt as I stood by the front door with my suitcase. When I was certain the door to his office was closed and that I wouldn't meet him on the stairs, I'd follow him up and turn into the room he so hopefully called my room. There was nothing of mine in it. It was like coming into a guest room at someone's house and having them say "This is your room"—meaning while you were there. The lamp on the bureau I had given him several Christmases ago. He had, in a sense, given it back to me. Because my father often had people staying with him, whatever articles I did have at my father's house were stored in the basement, in boxes and in trunks. I was a guest, in the guest room, and in an attempt to make myself feel it was my room I would unpack my suitcase, even though I would have to pack it again the next morning when we drove to Baltimore. On the bureau Dad would have placed the one or two invitations that he had regretted for me, a few advertisements—fifteen ball-point pens for a dollar, or a shop where I could have suits altered, or a humorous statuette—that he felt I would be interested in. There would be several copies of *Punch*, with notes telling me which stories I should read. I was at that time trying out for the Yale *Record*, and I am certain he was trying to show me what was funny, so I wouldn't make the same mistakes my brother had. By the time I had unpacked and finished reading what he had set out for me, I would hear him come out of his study. From the hallway—he avoided coming into the room—he would ask, "Is there anything you need?"

"No, sir."

"You saw all the stuff I put on the bureau?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you run on downstairs, and I'll join you in a minute."

"All right, sir."

"And get some ice out. We need ice. Got to have a Martini, don't we." It wasn't a question.

"Fine, sir," I'd say, and I would be a little pleased that he thought me old enough to have a Martini with him. I'd wait until I heard him go into his room, and then I'd cross the hall, go downstairs, and get out the ice tray.

In a few minutes Dad would join me in the living room. He is a very good-looking man, and aware of it. He would be wearing a pair of neatly tailored light-gray flannels, highly polished shoes, a soft tweed sports coat he told me he had had made in Scotland, a tailored oxford-blue shirt, a tight-knit Italian tie held in place with a gold pin. In his breast pocket he would have a neatly folded blue Irish-linen handkerchief with his initials, S. T. W., in maroon, and not showing. He'd give me a couple of pats as he passed me, but then keep going, over to the bar. He'd make a big business out of mixing the Martinis, while I stood slightly to his left and behind him. He would pour a small amount into his glass, which I had brought frosted from the icebox, taste it thoughtfully, then fill both glasses, twist two pieces of lemon rind and drop them in, hand me my drink and clink the two glasses and say something like, "Health, chum."

I'd say, "Same to you, sir," and we'd cross back to the fireplace. He would sit in one of the comfortable chairs and I would sit across from him on the couch. There would be a little sparring while he kicked the footstool over to me and I kicked it back to him, and then he'd say, "Well, you look fine, sport."

"Thank you," I'd say. "You look pretty good yourself."

I'd light a cigarette and look around, in panic, for an ashtray. There would be none, as my father had given up smoking and used the no-ashtray business to tell me how much better he now felt. I'd get up and bring one in from the kitchen, and as I was about to sit down again he would say, "Let me look at you."

I would stand there awkwardly and turn around when he said turn around, and finally he would release me and I would sit down. I would put my cigarette into the ashtray and notice how the smoke was drifting toward him. He would ask me if I felt all right, and add that he thought I looked a little tired and had lost some weight. "I might have lost a couple of pounds," I would say, "but I feel fine," and he would say, "Well, you look fine."

We would sit across from each other, he looking worriedly at a crack in the wall above the portrait of Great-Great-Grandmother Wilkinson, I, awkward, noticing my cigarette had gone out and not daring to light it again.

I would take another sip of the Martini and try not to wince at its strength. I would not have eaten lunch on the train and would already feel a little high from the sudden surge of alcohol. I would race through my activities of the past months, trying to find an incident that might amuse him. Just as I felt I had one, he would speak: "I saw a great friend of yours the other day," and he would name a man whom I knew slightly but who was a great friend of my father's. "His son is a junior now at New Haven, you know."

"I didn't know."

"Well, I told him you were at Yale and he is going to have his son look you up, take you to dinner at his club or something."

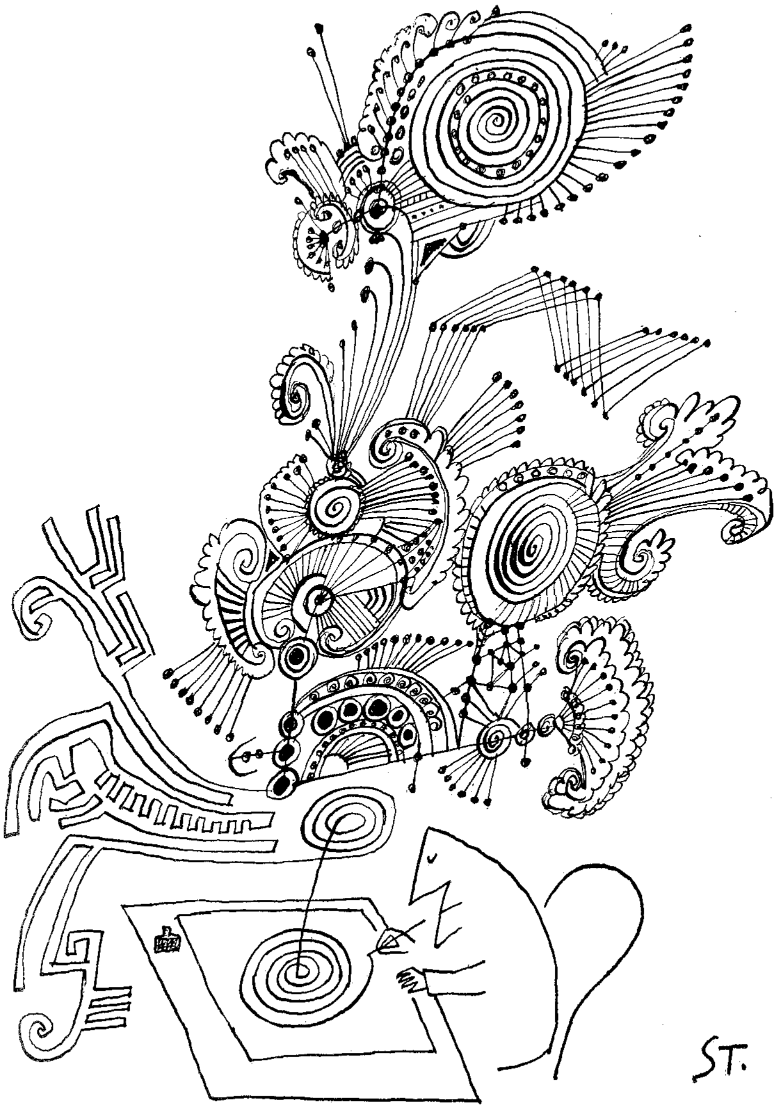
"Good, that would be nice," I'd say, knowing, as I was certain my father must, that a Yale junior does not invite the freshman son of his father's friend to lunch or dinner or anything at his club. Then I would tell him my anecdote, which he would find only mildly amusing but which would remind him of one of his own, which he'd tell. And then it would be time to get dressed for dinner.

"I hope you don't have any plans for dinner," he would say.

"Of course not," I would say, wishing to God I did.

And then there would be twenty minutes of bathing and dressing, and we would meet back downstairs in the living room for the pre-leaving-for-dinner Martini. This one would be stronger than the first, and I would get a little more tight. Then we would get into his car, a Lancia, and I would hope that the cold winter air would sober me up, at least enough to have the third Martini when we arrived at the restaurant.

Dinner would again be dedicated to steering conversation away from any topic that might be revealing or personal. There would be anecdote matched by anecdote, discussion of this restaurant compared to another, one foreign beer to another, this year's Yale-Harvard game with games in the past. Finally, there would be coffee and the check. Then we would get back into my father's car. He would want to stop off at a friend's house for brandy, more coffee, and more anecdotes. The entire evening would be a determined attempt on the part of both of us to avoid any exchange of ideas that might lead to a better understanding of each other. The hesitancy on my part stemmed from a feeling that Dad wouldn't be interested. It was as though he had decided what I was like, and no attempts on my part to break out of character were permissible. I don't feel he ever wanted me to understand him; he wanted me to appreciate him, to appreciate the sacrifices he was making for me by sending me to college. But it is difficult for a son to see that as



SACRIFICE OF A RED SQUIRREL

Leaping from oak to oak, tangled-up in the woods,
Gray squirrels and reds
Scrambled in elegant furs with nuts in their heads.
That was their life; they didn't know any other.
Spring, once arrayed
In sun-checkered flowers, stood in its climate of shade,
Crying
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

Three boys strolled up to the woods from neighboring farms
With a twenty-two gun.
They wanted a red squirrel fur. Red squirrel, run!
That was their life. Why should they learn of another?
Quick targets in trees
Were trophies of summer, red squirrels the rarest of these,
Crying
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

Bang went the gun. Gray squirrels ran into their holes;
And red squirrel now,
With a front leg flapping, clung to the uppermost bough,
Quivering with life. If he would know of another
Some instinct must hide
An eye of himself around on the opposite side,
Crying
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

Red was the sheen of his coat; then it glistened in sun
Redder than red.
Teetering high on his claws, he chattered and bled
And hung to his home. How could he cling to another?
Then up came a stone
And tickled the paw of the leg with the bullet-hung bone,
Crying
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

Then up came showers of stones and bangs from the gun,
Shouts from the boys,
And the green home trembled over that chaos of noise.
Alive to this life, and not having known any other,
Red squirrel, come down!
Crawl at their feet and ride in their sack to the town,
Crying
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

And now in their halls he hangs on a missile of skins,
While mere boys comb
The wing-diving furs that flew in the airiest home.
And that is their life; they still do not know any other.
Oh, wild riddled woods,
Autumnal with reds, quake in your great green hoods
And cry
Squirrels, beware, beware;
Red squirrel, run!
The fixed ideas are coming to hunt you down.

—JOSEPH LANGLAND

* * *

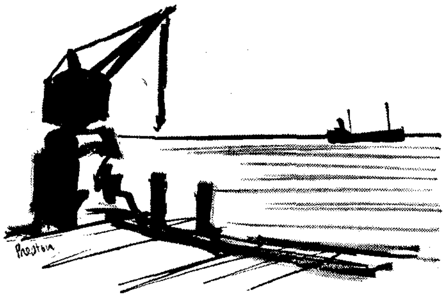
a sacrifice. If my father were poor, then it would have been a sacrifice. But my father is not poor. It was not so much a sacrifice as an obligation. After all, his father sent him through college. No doubt he wished my grandfather were alive to send me through, too.

We would come home from his friend's house, go upstairs, shake hands briskly, and he would say, "It's nice having you here, Son. We had a good time tonight, didn't we." Again statement, not question.

"Yes, sir," I would say. And we would separate.

THE next morning, no matter how hard I tried not to, I would always sleep later than my father. He would bang on my door and yell, "C'mon, c'mon! Get outta bed!" I would tell him I *was* up, and lie there hating him for not knowing how to wake a person. I would wish I had been the first to wake up, so that I could have gone down to *his* room and crashed and pounded insanely against *his* door and shouted at him to get up. But I would know that I'd never have had nerve enough to do it.

He would make a big business out of fixing my breakfast. There would be a slice of cold toast with chips of butter on it, some orange juice, and hot water for instant coffee. He would ask me if I was all packed up, and I would have to say no, and he would look at his watch and shake his head. I would finish the piece of toast, take the half-drunk cup of bitter coffee upstairs with me, and open my suitcase again. As I put the shirts in, I would suddenly see the brightly wrapped Christmas presents I had brought down with me, and remember that today was Christmas Eve, and feel, for a moment, the tenderness and excitement of that day.



"What's happening up there!" my father would yell.

I would finish packing and join him downstairs. He would make me run back up to check the lights, and when I came down he would be waiting in the car. I would offer to drive, he would refuse my offer, and he would start the car, and I would be trapped.

Trapped, as he fought his way into the traffic, fought his way through Chester to Wilmington, fought the other cars for right of way with an angry urgency, determined not to let another car pass him or go slower than he wanted to go; and then we'd be on U.S. 40, with seventy miles to Baltimore. I would be trapped, as I had been every time I had ever made this trip; and I would be sick, knowing that I would be counting the minutes between cigarettes, that I would be hearing from him over and over again stories about the family in Baltimore, that his driving would worry me, and, most of all, that I would be ashamed of myself for feeling that way.

I would light a cigarette, bravely

ignoring his look of pain at having to share the car with someone who smoked. He would open the air vent, adjust the vertical side window, and then the nightmare would begin: "I haven't heard a word from your brother or sister," he would say.

"Ummm."

"I'm not sure I have their addresses correctly." He would recite for me their addresses, knowing full well that they were correct.

"Well," I would say, "senior year is very busy, you know. I mean, I'm sure they have an enormous amount of work to do."

"I suppose so. But somehow, when I was a senior, I always found time to write my father. I wrote your brother and sister twice during the past week, asking them whether they would be coming to Baltimore. I haven't heard from them. I can only suppose they haven't received my letters. I suppose the Christmas mail rush is responsible. I'm sure they would let me know. But I haven't heard from them. Maybe they'll be in Baltimore when we arrive."

"No, they're both with Mom," I would say coldly, angrily, enviously, bitterly wishing to God I were there with them. "I have their Christmas presents to you and the family in my suitcase."

"Well, of course, I couldn't get them anything very grand," he'd say, and I would sit there raging at his hypocrisy. He would buy his suits in England, he would drive a Lancia, he would wear Peal shoes and drink the most expensive liquor. He would use an outrageously priced foreign aftershave. His shirts would be made for him, his attaché case would come from a good leather shop in London and be made for him. Oh, God, the little things that would make me furious! He never used paper napkins—always linen. His writing paper came from Tiffany's. These little unnecessary expenses, and yet he would say, "Well, of course, I couldn't get them anything very grand." He could sit next to me in this luxurious steel trap of a car and try to pass himself off as a pauper. In a few moments, I would calm down and say something like, "Well, I'm sure they aren't expecting much," and then be plunged into a wildly exuberant hope that he might take what I had said the wrong way and think I meant that because he had been so cheap with us in the past we had no reason to expect anything else. But, of course, it would never occur to him that we were anything other than ungrateful—after all, he was sending us all to college.

"Don't just glower at him, Daughter. Bat him over the head!"

"So they're spending Christmas with your mother."

"Yeah."

"They won't be coming down to Baltimore then at all?"

"Nope!"

I would notice a road sign that announced that Baltimore was fifty-five miles away, and I would tell myself that it was only an hour more, an hour and fifteen minutes to my uncle's house, where we would be spending Christmas.

"How is your mother?"

"Oh, fine, Dad. Just fine. She looks very well. She sends her best."

"I just don't understand your mother. I just don't understand why she did this to me. She never could understand why I went into the Navy during the war. She always felt I was running away from her. She couldn't understand that I was doing it *for* her, for us . . . so that . . . so that you could be proud, or not ashamed, of me. I didn't have to go. I could have stayed out of it because of my age, and because of you children. But I couldn't bring myself to do that. And your mother never could forgive me for doing what I *had* to do. She always believed that I volunteered, enlisted just to get away from her and you children."

"Ummm."

Then there would be a long pause. I would reach for my second cigarette and he would open the ashtray and double-check the vent and window. I would light my cigarette, blowing the smoke toward the slightly opened window, loving the taste of the smoke, and he would say, "You really smoke too much." And the cigarette would become dry and chalky in my mouth. He would tell me how he had stopped smoking. How it was a stupid, dirty, expensive habit. And I would sit there listening to him, the cigarette burning down between my fingers, not daring to take another puff, until finally, the end glowing hot next to my fingers, I'd push the cigarette out the side vent, scattering ashes onto my suit, spreading gray specks up my father's sleeve, and I would be horrified. I would try to brush the ashes away and instead rub them in; mumble apologies. After a period of time, enough time for me to realize how stupid it was to smoke, how obviously dangerous it was inside a car, he would speak again. And I'd sit there trapped, the captive son, stuck inside the moving car.

"Do you suppose your brother is all right?" he would ask.

"How do you mean 'all right'?"

"Is there anything the matter with him?"

"Not that I know of," I'd say. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing."

I would begin to think that he might know something about my brother that I didn't, and I would ask again, "Why did you ask? *Is* something wrong?"

"I don't know. Is there?"

"No, no, there isn't. Not that I know of, anyway."

"Does he write you?"

"Well, no, Dad, but we have sort of an arrangement—an agreement. I don't write him and he doesn't have to write me."

Another long pause. "Tucker Whipple's son is in Carter's class at the university. He says Carter has some girl he's spending a lot of time with."

Judy Perkins! "Who?"

"I don't know her name. But do you suppose he's serious about her?"

"Oh, I doubt it."

"Good," my father would say. "I hope not. Your brother certainly isn't in any position to be getting serious about any girl. Or ready for the responsibility of being a husband or father. God knows what kind of a job he could get."

It isn't his job that makes his ability to be a good husband or father. The job hasn't got anything to do with it. "Well, I guess there are plenty of good job openings for seniors."

"For graduates. He has to graduate first. And besides, he doesn't seem to be interested in anything. There isn't a thing that interests him."

"Aw, Dad, he just needs time."

"Time! My God, he already has had— This is his fifth year at the university! How much more time does he need?"

"Well, I think he's interested in writing. I think he wants to write."

"He never tells *me* anything," Dad would say.

"Ummm." *Somewhere along the line, somewhere after Carter was editor of the school yearbook and after he was editor of the college magazine and after he wrote that play for the dramat— somewhere along the line, Dad, you might have noticed he was interested in writing.*

"He never writes me. As far as I know, he never writes his grandmother, either. I honestly don't know what's the matter with your brother and sister. . . . God knows, I've done everything I could to teach them common good manners. . . ."

Oh, it's Mom's fault? "Well, it's a little hard to write when you don't have anything to say."

"You don't need to have anything to say when you write your grandmother. All you have to do is write her—tell her that you're fine and you want to see her soon and things like that."

"Ummm."

"That's all it takes."

"Ummm."

"Your grandmother likes to get letters."

"Yes, sir." *Here it comes.*

"When was the last time you wrote your grandmother?"

"I don't know. I don't remember exactly. . . . I don't think it was too long ago—maybe a couple of months."

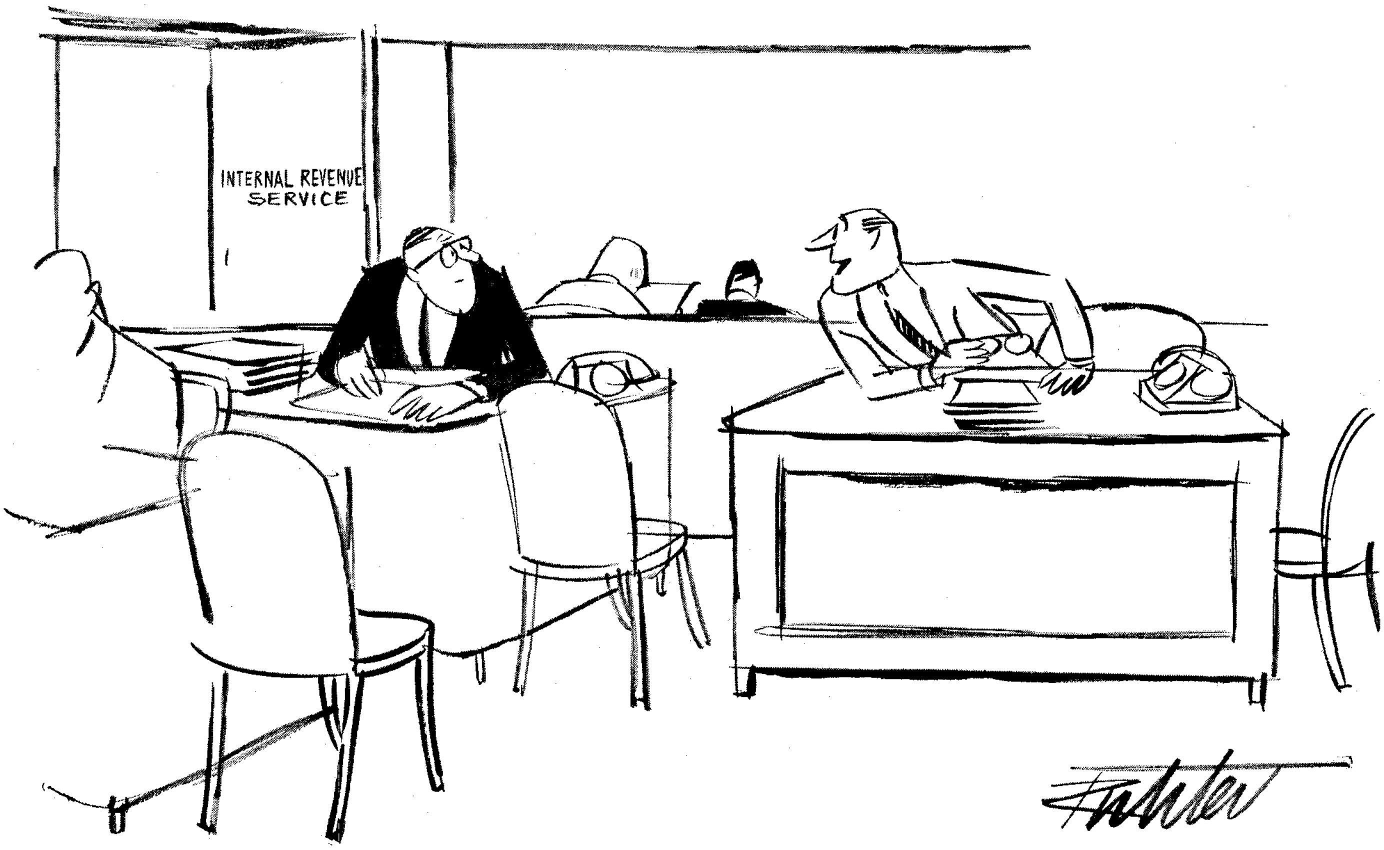
"I'm sure it pleased her a great deal."

"Yes, well, I hope so."

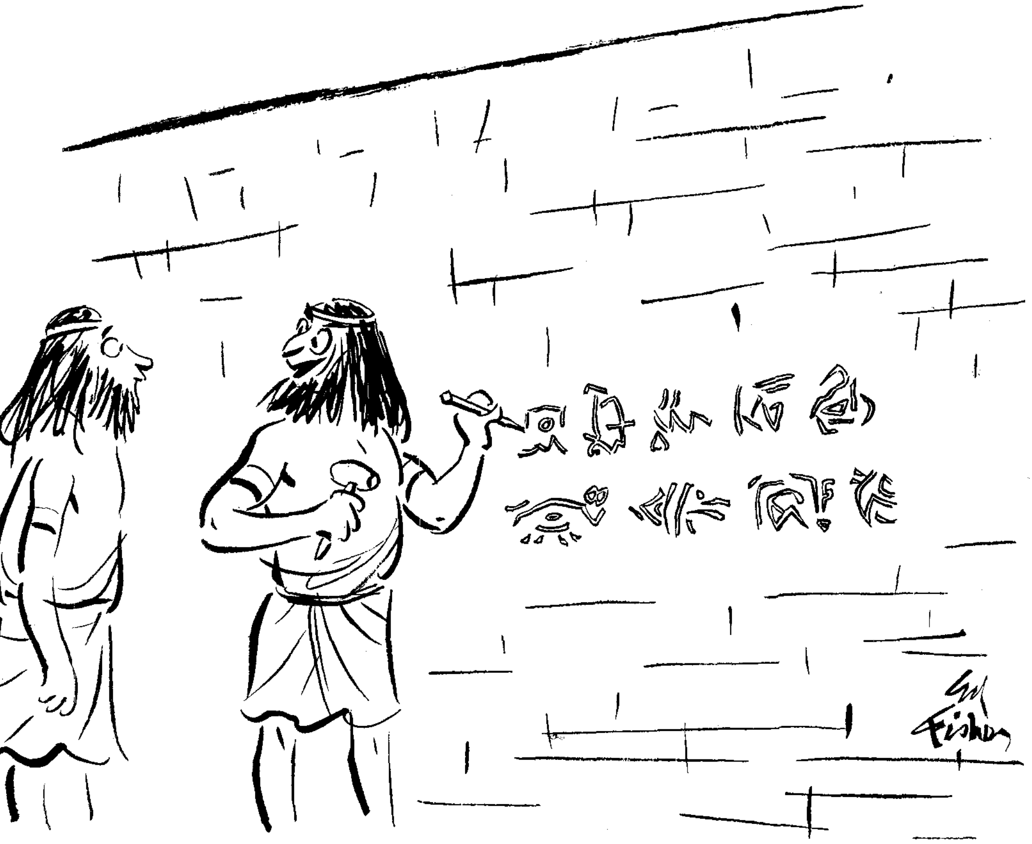
"I'm sure it did. We'll stop off to see her before we go on to the house."

Oh, God. "Yes, sir."

WE arrived at my uncle's house in time for lunch. I got out of the car, and lifted the suitcases out. Free at last, I could talk to someone my own age. There were cousins to see, and dogs to pat, and an uncle and aunt whom I was honestly and deeply fond of. But most of all there was the relief of knowing it was over—that my father and I could carefully avoid talking to each other and yet keep up appearances. There would be too many



"I'll audit yours if you'll audit mine."



"It doesn't mean a thing, but boy, will it drive them crazy a thousand years from now!"

people for us to get stuck with each other again. There would be certain father-and-son rites that we would have to perform in, but from now on, or at least from now until the drive back to Philadelphia on the day after Christmas, we were through.

Lunch was very pleasant. My uncle and I were both happy to see each other. We had a lot to talk about, and I could open up with him, because I felt that he was really interested in what I was doing. Perhaps this was because my uncle and aunt had never had a son. I have never questioned it or wondered about it. I have been happy just to accept it.

I spent the afternoon with my cousins, going from house to house, having a drink at each house, until finally it was time to go to dinner at the great big house of my second cousin. Dad was Home. It was Christmas Eve. He was with the Family. He didn't have to think, he didn't have to impress. He was the prodigal, the one who led the glamorous life in the outside world. I heard him telling the others what a good time he and I had been having together, and how sorry my brother and sister were that they couldn't be there. He had on his evening Family Occasion suit—a dark suit, almost a tailcoat, the type of suit my grandfather had worn at this Christmas Eve dinner. He was wearing one of those detachable-collar shirts and a silvery tie, the sort that you see nowadays only at weddings, and he had a sprig of mistletoe in his lapel. I stood watching him for a minute, loving him—he looked so comfortable with the family and with old friends who by this time were almost, if not quite, family. He beckoned to me, and I went over to listen to a story one of the older-generation cousins was telling about a servant of my grandfather's. And then Dad held me there to listen to one he wanted to tell. It could have been and should have been so very nice. But it wasn't. I don't know why it wasn't. A lot of the young female cousins were listening to my father, and he loved having them around him. He had started telling them how I was just like him, tall and skinny. And that instead of waders I would have to wear exactly what his grandfather told him he would have to wear—umbrella covers. And the girls were laughing and looking over at me, and I walked away, getting angrier and angrier.

Then the pretty new wife of one of my cousins came in, carrying her new baby, and she became the center of attraction. Her husband was explaining how worried he had been during the delivery—how he had been like every new father since time began, nervous and excited and twice as sick as his wife—and Dad said, "That's absurd! I never got the least bit excited about any of my children when they were born. Saw no reason to."

It was the type of remark he would make, which I had heard him make there before, and it shouldn't have bothered me, but it did, and I said to him, in a voice that everyone could hear, "I know you never got excited about us, Dad. Don't you think you've made that clear by this time?"

And when I saw the awful look on his face, the pain that lanced through his eyes—when I saw him become slightly smaller, trying to smile, trying to make it into a joke—I could only share the humiliation he was now feeling, and I hated myself. I hated my brother and my sister, who had put me in the position of being down in Baltimore for Christmas. But most of all, but most of all I hated my father, who was standing there across the room from me, showing his hurt, showing that he was embarrassed, showing his bewilderment that his son could have said such a thing to him.

—C. D. B. Bryan

• •

A POOL

This is a pool which bears deep looking into
Beneath moon-shadow trees, beneath the mud
I imagine at its bottom, and beneath
All its appearances as just a pool.
It is a special pool because the train
I am in has stopped indefinitely beside it.
I am the National Limited standing still.
I am the pool my eyes are stopped beside.
I am all Ohio deep in night and snow.
I am midway somewhere. Where, I do not know.

—Thomas Whitbread

"KEEJAH," "TRANSFERS," AND OTHER RECENT WORKS

(A CLUSTER OF ALL-PURPOSE BOOK REVIEWS FOR THOSE WHO MISS, AS EVERYBODY DOES, THEIR SUNDAY "TIMES")

Spears Like Arrows

KEEJAH. A Biography of Westwell Ames, Jr. By Vernon Appleby. Illustrated with Photographs and Maps by Theodosia Ames, Sr. 573 pp. New York: Harper-Woolworth. $11.75.

By HERBERT F. ROBINSON

ALONG the valley of the Brahmaputra, in the northeast corner of India, lies a humid, hot, soggy, uncomfortable, and unhealthy land mass where tea for the cups of the civilized world has been grown for many generations by an indomitable band of British tea planters. The rainfall is heavier than in any other place in the world. In general, conditions there have always been ghastly. The planters and their families lived in bungalows, the servants were uneducated, and there was a paucity of clubs. As late as 1943, there was only one club for each foursome of planters, whereas in such areas as Razpur, Lizpur, and Hallahatnabad there were at least half as many clubs as there were colonists, and it was not uncommon, especially in Hallahatnabad, for an average Briton in the prime of life to have one club for himself, another for his wife, and a putter for each of his progeny.

Even the few clubs that were in existence in those times in the valley of the Brahmaputra were not infrequently warped. After being used for eighteen holes in a downpour, the clubs naturally needed to be wiped dry, in order to prevent warping, but after the Boorjab Incident in August, 1939, all the native wipers had taken to the adjacent Naga Hills. There the shiftless wipers lived in rude settlements of their own and appeared to encounter no difficulty in getting along peacefully with the indigenous inhabitants, who in those years were known as the Naga Head-Hunters, but who are presently designated simply as Nagas and have lately established their independence. It is in the Naga Hills, where the altitude is considerable and the precipitation above reproach, that the keejah has its habitat. The Nagas and the wipers customarily hunted the keejah with spears that were like arrows, only longer. And it was into the Naga Hills, of course, that Westwell Ames, Jr., and his mother, Theodosia, made their way late in 1944, ostensibly in search of a wiper to take care of the club that Major Ames, Westwell's father, shared with five other planters. Instead, Westwell Ames learned to hunt the keejah with spears, and his mother learned how to take photographs and make maps. The rest is history.

In reconstructing for our enjoyment the life led by Ames and Mrs. Ames in the Naga Hills, Vernon Appleby, who holds the chair of Assamese History at Pulham University, is at his best. With an impenetrable style, limitless patience, and a Rumpelmayer grant, he avoids all but a brief mention of the failure of Major Ames to attempt to retrieve his wife and only son from the Naga Hills, and it is only by reading between the lines that we are able to discover that the Major, having evidently given up all hope of procuring a wiper, trained a young Sikh to perform this chore, and from then on appears to have washed his hands of the whole matter. Appleby wisely concentrates on the personalities of Westwell Ames, Jr., and Mrs. Ames, Sr. The book tingles with suspense from start to finish, for although Ames never manages to kill or wound a keejah, we are led to believe, time after time, that he is about to do so. Mrs. Ames' photographs of the Nagas and the wipers going about their domestic duties are superb, and her maps are clear and easy to follow.

Herbert F. Robinson holds the chair of Assistant Professor of Assamese History at Pulham University.

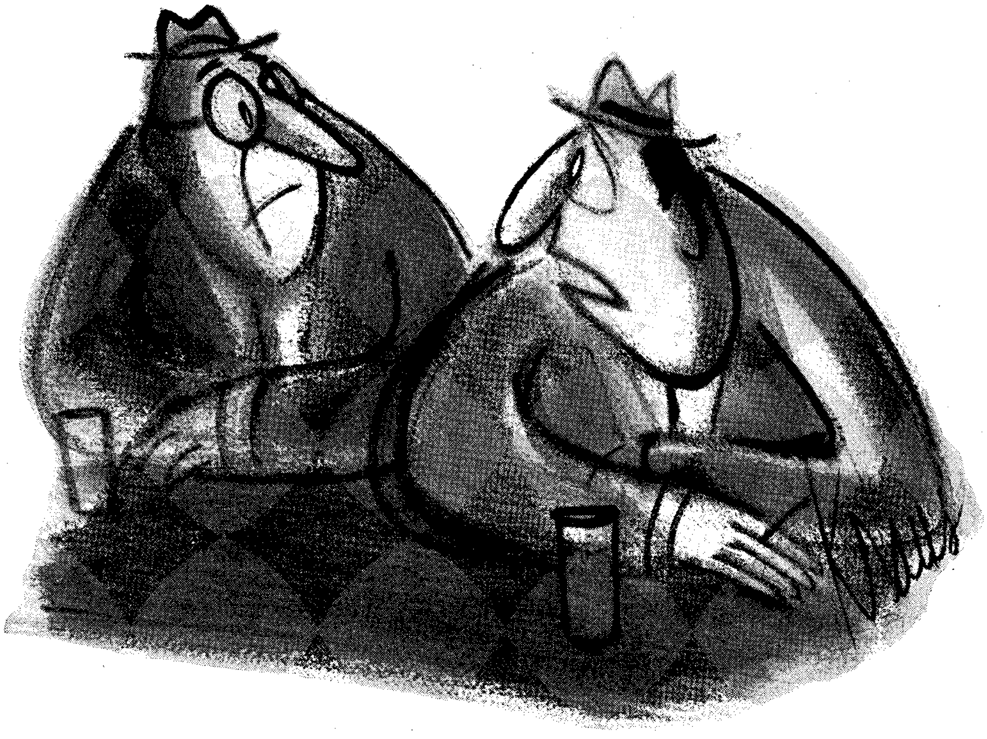
On Ancient DeKalb

INTERBOROUGH TRANSFERS: A Trolley-Car Saga. By Fenway Hawkins. 187 pp. New York: Haphazard House. $7.50.

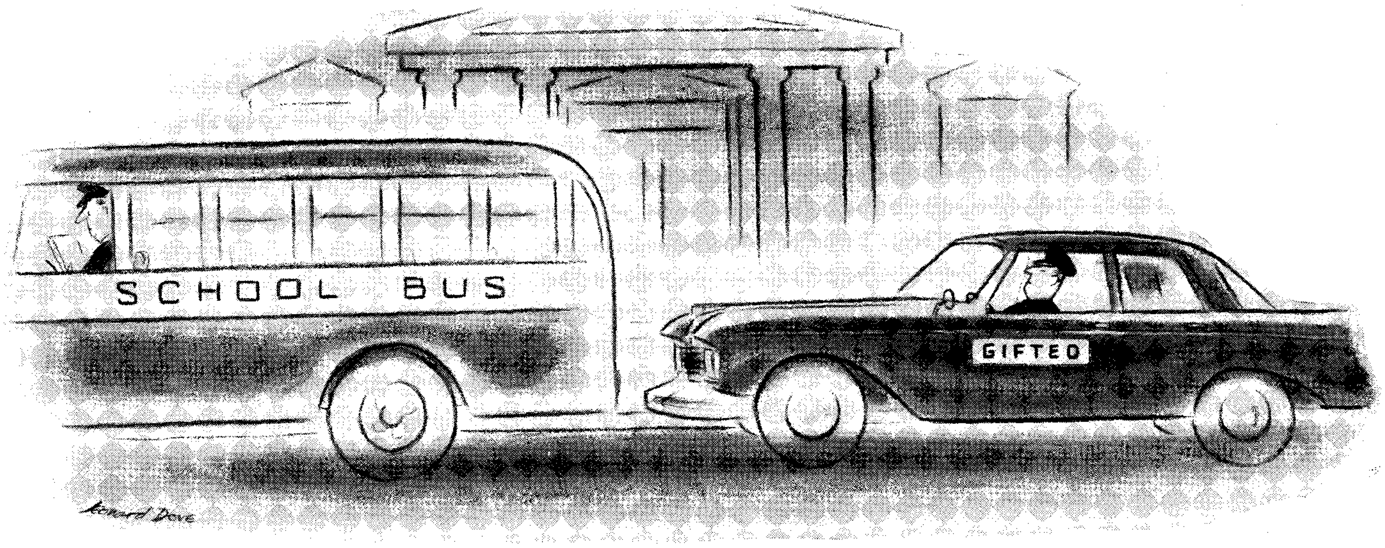
By HAWKINS FENWAY

"COINCIDENCE," as Dr. Johnson said, "is the mother of all orphans." Be that as it may, it was not coincidence that started Fenway Hawkins, back in 1925, on the literary highroad that has at last led him to this triumphant delineation of urban transportation in days that are now forever dead. For Hawkins is a creative researcher of the first water. And he is a highly imaginative man. It is this quality which gives to his latest book the conciseness of Conrad, the depth of Dickens, the subtlety of Twain, and the verisimilitude of Culp. It is this quality which enables us to see, between the inconspicuous pores of the complexion of his prose, the very marrow of what it was like, in the bones of yesteryear, out there beyond the setting sun on ancient DeKalb.

To many young people of the present generation, what is DeKalb? That is to say, what is DeKalb to many young people of the present generation? To such young people, DeKalb is simply an avenue in the borough



"The courage I've got. It's the convictions I'm lacking."



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(once the proud city) of Brooklyn, where the subway used to end. But what is DeKalb to Hawkins? And in asking that rhetorical question I am not talking about Hawkins the cross street, I am talking about Hawkins the author. DeKalb to Hawkins, the cross street, is a matter of eighteen city blocks. What I am talking about is not that. I am talking about what DeKalb *means* to Hawkins, the author. And to answer that question we must go far back in time and far west on the map of the United States of America.

It was in San Francisco, circa 1925, that a boy of seven in knee breeches came upon his first trolley-car transfer on Telegraph Hill. Strictly speaking, that transfer wasn't a trolley-car transfer, it was a *cable-car* transfer, but to Hawkins it seemed like a trolley-car transfer. In any event, it was this transfer—a nondescript, oblong piece of paper covered with printing and punched here and there by a nondescript, oblong conductor—that set the imagination of Fenway Hawkins on fire. Without more ado, he began collecting transfers. And it was on his vast collection of San Francisco trolley-car *and* cable-car transfers that he based his first, rather tentative and tenuous, but nonetheless overpowering, first volume, with the youthfully exuberant title of "'Fers in 'Frisco"—later changed, in the seventh edition, to "Transfers in San Francisco." As everybody knows, Hawkins attended public schools in San Francisco, took his B.A. degree at the University of Northeast California, an M.A. at Johns Hopkins, and a Ph.D. at Hops Johnkins, majoring in English the whole time without conquering it. Then he returned to San Francisco and made his way eastward once more, using his transfers. The rest is geography.

True, a captious critic could find minor flaws in "Interborough," and he has. To get to Fulton Street by way of Ocean Parkway from Flatbush Avenue and DeKalb, one didn't transfer at Ocean Parkway but at Hazard Boulevard. Aztec Street is not in Brooklyn Heights but in the Brownsville district. Orp Place is west, not east, of Hapgood's Gowanus. Brooklyn is spelled with a "y," not with an "i." The Dodgers was not a softball aggregation but a quirnam. Nevertheless, this is a book for one and all, young and old, male and female. And Fenway Hawkins has only one peer.

Hawkins Fenway holds the chair of Imperceptible Syntax at Kalakuana College, Hawaii. He is the author of "Transfers on Waikiki," to be published by Doubleday-Tiffany next week and to be reviewed in these columns by Fenway Hawkins.

Between the States

CAVES OF THE CIVIL WAR. Vol. III. By Abercrombie Tuft. 456 pp. New York: Eversharp Press. $6.38.

TALLOW AT VICKSBURG. Vol. II. By H. B. Knob. 326¼ pp. New York: Scribner-Kresge. $5.78.

GRANT AND LEATHER. By Turner Florsheim. 345½ pp. New York: Dodd-Viking. $4.67.

LEE'S FOOTWEAR. By Albert Cordovan. 432 pp. New York: Viking-Dodd. $5.51.

By POTTER DAVIES

THAT caverns and footwear played important, though interdependent, parts in the War Between the States is a concept that has only recently begun to approach general acceptance among students of that conflict and among the publishers of books about that conflict by those students. It seems unfortunate that Abercrombie Tuft and H. B. Knob have worked separately instead of in collaboration, for while Tuft has completed his third volume on the caves that influenced the conflict, and Knob has only completed his second, the valuable research that Knob has done in connection with the various grades of candles employed by both Union and Confederate troops during their sojourns in underground sanctuaries while battle was raging overhead might well have served to make Tuft's study clearer and sharper.

Turner Florsheim and Albert Cordovan, on the other hand, have come up with completely fresh and diverting accounts of, respectively, the shoes Grant wore in and out of combat, and the shoes Lee wore both in wartime and in peacetime. Interestingly enough, Florsheim appears to have obliterated for all time the erroneous assumption that because Grant wore 10-Cs at Culpeper, that was the size of shoe he always wore. From old documents and with the help of a shoe-measuring stick of the most modern variety, Florsheim establishes beyond much doubt that the reason Grant wore 10-Cs at Culpeper was simply that he had developed severe corns at Rattleberry and that, once he was able to rest his extremities in a cave under Culpeper during that conflict, he went back to his usual 10-Bs, and from then until the completion of his memoirs never once put any other size on his feet. Cordovan is similarly entrancing in regard to Lee.

Potter Davies devotes all his energies to reviewing books about the Civil War.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

PROFILES

A SCIENTIST'S ADVICE—II

Jerome B. Wiesner

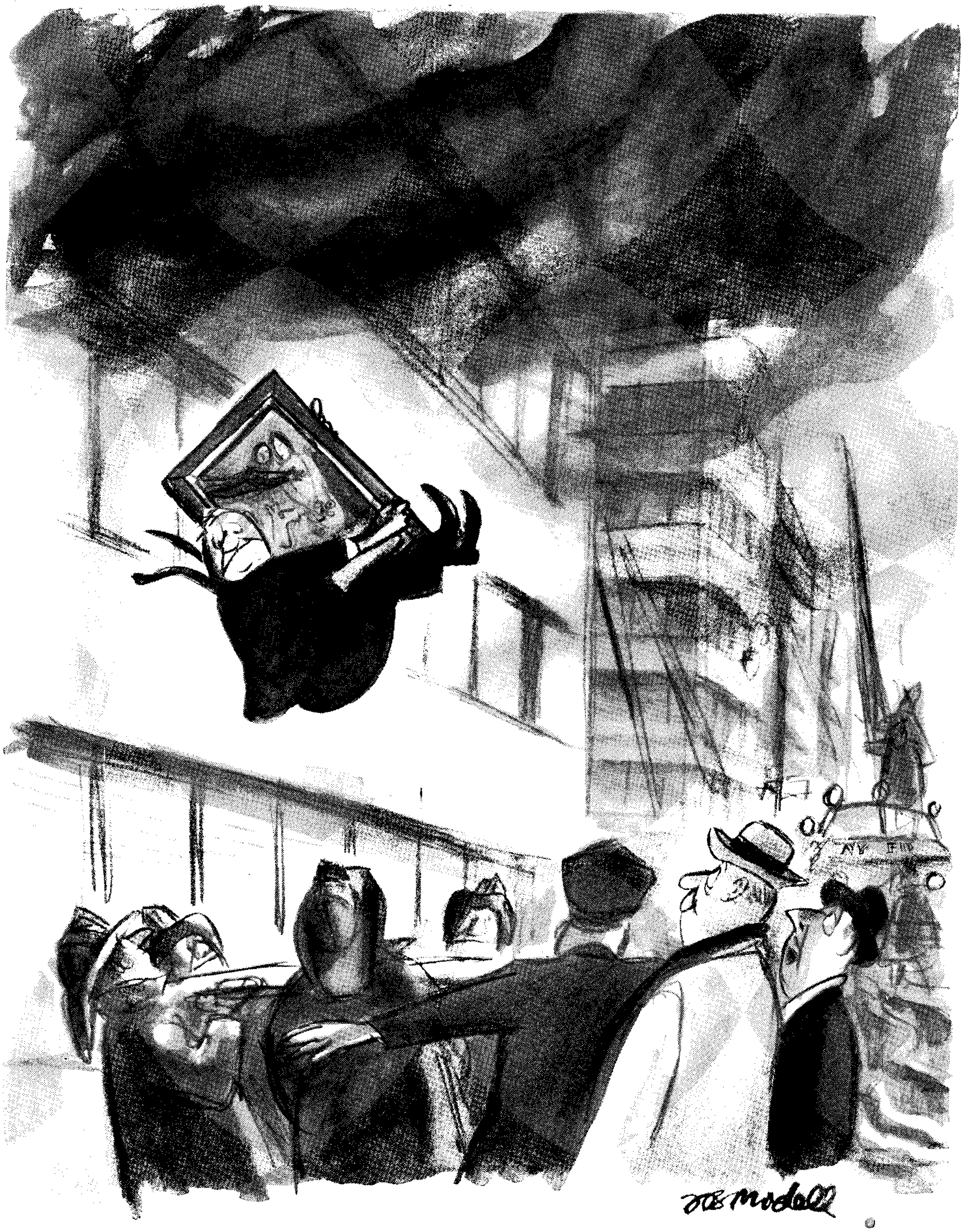
Dr. Jerome Bert Wiesner, an energetic but deeply reflective professor of electrical engineering who is President Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, and thus his chief scientific adviser, began making his mark as a scientist and technologist in 1929, when he was a boy of fourteen in Dearborn, Michigan. In that year, climbing half a dozen poles of a power line run by the Detroit Edison Company, he strung up a telephone wire from his own home to the home of one of his high-school classmates, a few blocks away. His private utility was eventually discontinued when his wire tangled with the power line, causing a blackout in much of Dearborn. At about the same time, he was making more socially acceptable contributions to the advancement of science by putting together various sorts of apparatus for his school's physics laboratory, an automatic scoreboard for the gymnasium, and any number of radio transmitters. He did not neglect his schoolwork for such projects, however; indeed, he was an outstanding student. "Mathematics and astronomy were my passions when I was in high school," he said not long ago. "I can't remember a time when I wasn't thinking about science and engineering." His interests also included subjects that do not always fascinate the scientifically talented, among them literature, music, and, most notably, social issues. "It was my father who first made me curious about the way things were going in the world," he recalls. "He and I would argue a lot about politics and justice and economics." Wiesner's father, a native of Austria, and his mother, a native of Hungary, had moved from Detroit, where their son was born, to Dearborn in 1918; they bought a small drygoods store there, and did moderately well, thanks to the patronage of employees at the local Ford plant. The family, which also included Wiesner's younger sister, Edna, lived in an apartment at the rear of the store and had a pleasant garden in the back yard. The boy held down an assortment of after-school jobs, one of them as a caddie at the Dearborn Country Club, a golf course that the Ford Company maintained for its top executives. Henry Ford himself often drove to the club in a Model T—he didn't play golf, but he did like to stroll around the course—and when he left, he would give Wiesner and two or three other caddies a lift home. In time, Ford became interested enough in young Wiesner to visit his high school and inspect his automatic scoreboard. The last time Ford gave Wiesner a lift was on a summer afternoon in 1934. Wiesner, who by that time had been attending the University of Michigan for a year, was walking down a dusty road when the industrialist pulled up alongside him and invited him to get in. When Ford heard that the young man was going to college, he expressed disappointment. "Mr. Ford seemed to think education was a waste of time for anyone who could do things with his hands," Wiesner says.

Wiesner worked his way through the University of Michigan, majoring in mathematics and electrical engineering. He lived in a university-run coöperative, and in all seasons he wore a black turtleneck sweater. "Jerry has filled out a bit since those days, but at Ann Arbor his face, above that black turtleneck, was bony and gaunt, and his deep-brown eyes were soulful," a college friend who is now a physicist recently recalled. "He had a St. Bernard named Thag—short for Pythagoras—who was allowed to go to classes with him, and Thag's eyes were soulful, too." Most of Wiesner's jobs at school were menial, up until his senior year, when he found one that not only paid well but introduced him to people outside his ordinary circle of math and engineering majors. This was the post of associate director in charge of technical and recording equipment at WUOM, the university's radio station. Here he met a wide variety of students and faculty members who worked for the station as writers, actors, and lecturers, and found their company exhilarating. "It didn't take me long to realize that, like my new friends, I wanted to use my particular skills, which happened to be technical, for communicating with the general public," he says.

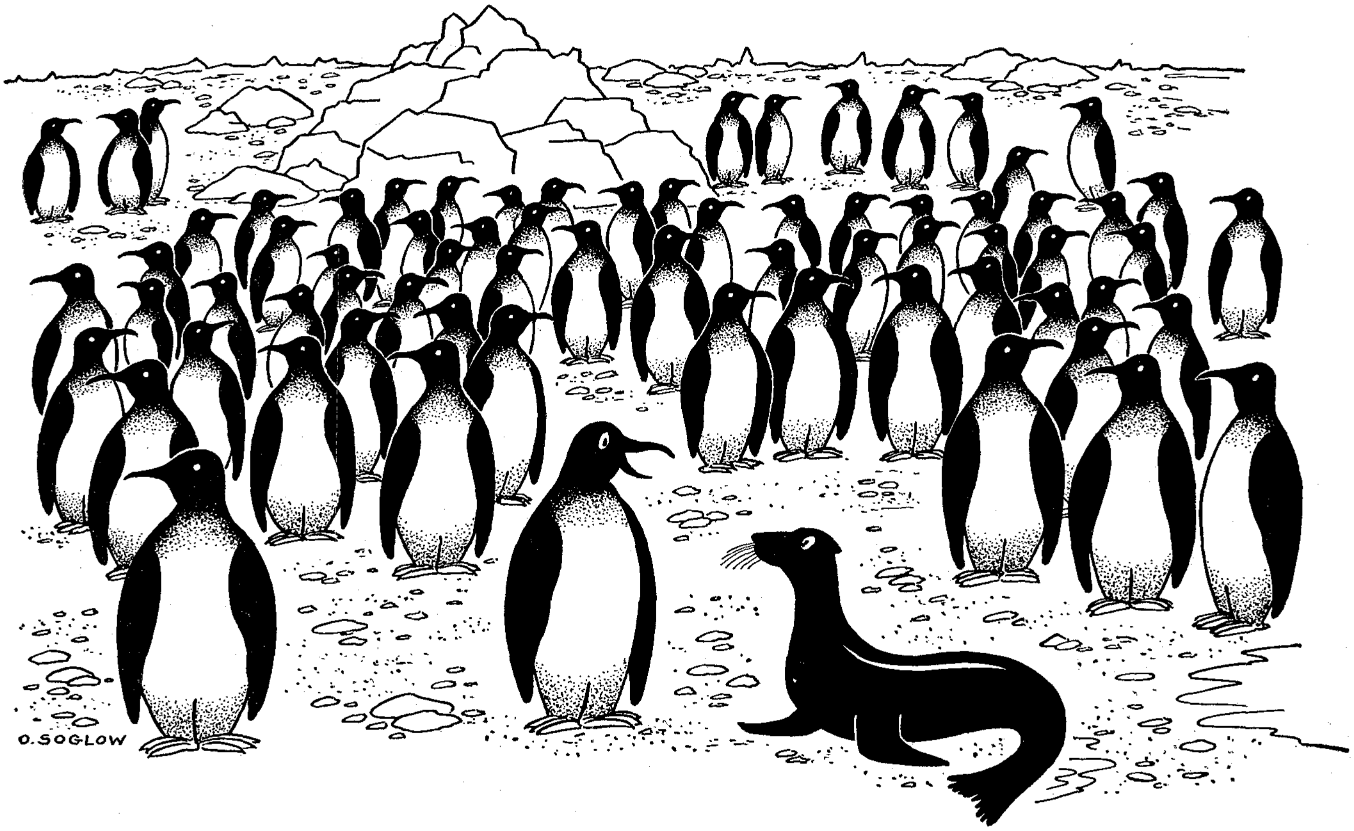
Wiesner received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1937 and his Master of Science degree in 1938, after which he embarked on his Ph.D. studies, while continuing his work with WUOM and also teaching an undergraduate course in broadcasting techniques. One of his students was a math major from Johnstown, Pennsylvania, named Laya Wainger—an attractive junior with a high forehead and slanting brown eyes. Everyone had a pretty good idea why she was studying broadcasting techniques. For some months, she and Wiesner had been seen strolling about the campus together, with Thag in tow, and eating together in nearby restaurants. The two were married in the summer of 1940, and Wiesner decided to interrupt his studies to take a job in Washington. (It was a long interruption, lasting until 1950, when Wiesner returned to Michigan to acquire his doctorate, and by that time his professional accomplishments were such that he may have been as well qualified as his examiners. "We didn't question Wiesner," one of them has said. "He instructed us. On every aspect of his field of research—microwave gaseous discharges—he was ready with a brilliant twenty-minute lecture.") Wiesner's post in Washington was that of chief engineer of the Library of Congress. During the next two years, in the line of duty, he accompanied Alan Lomax, the folklorist, on a tour of the South. The two men stopped off in numerous villages in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina that were soon to be flooded by T.V.A. dams, and interviewed scores of about-to-be-displaced persons, recording songs and recollections of the region. "Jerry came back with many beautiful recordings," says Archibald MacLeish, the poet, who was then head of the Library. "I remember him as a wonderfully brash young man, full of drive and outspoken about everything, which, alas, wasn't true of most Library people." Wiesner also had a hand in turning out many "Talking Books," which were records for the blind, and he developed what turned out to be a lasting interest in communications research for both the blind and the deaf. Over the years, he has collaborated with several scientists, one of them a blind physicist, on experiments aimed at feeding electronic signals through the fingertips or other parts of the skin, and at present he is chairman of the Technical Advisory Committee of the American Foundation for the Blind.

In May, 1942, Wiesner first laid eyes on the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which has since figured prominently in his career. M.I.T. was then the headquarters of the Radiation Laboratory, where radar techniques and equipment were being developed for use against the Axis. Practically every American scientist of note put in time with the Laboratory during the war years, and Wiesner was recruited for it by Dr. Samuel A. Goudsmit, a former professor of physics at the University of Michigan, who was serving as head of the Laboratory's Theory Group. Wiesner's immediate chief was Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias, an M.I.T. physics professor and the head of the Laboratory's Microwave Components Division. In 1944, with Zacharias's support, he was appointed Group Leader of Project Cadillac—an all-out effort to devise an airborne radar warning system that could save our warships from the suicide dives of Japanese kamikaze pilots, who had learned to come in low and avoid being detected by the radar equipment then in use. As Group Leader, Wiesner issued orders to several hundred researchers, scattered all over the country; Project Cadillac commanded priorities as high as those of our nuclear-bomb effort, and it succeeded in designing radar equipment that could spot the kamikazes. "Jerry was then only twenty-eight," Zacharias recalls, "but he impressed me as one of the best electrical engineers I'd ever seen, and he seemed positively eager for responsibility, which is important for an engineer. Unlike a physicist, an engineer can't wait for genius to strike. He has to deliver his work on time, or *x* number of people will be standing around unemployed." Wiesner's work wasn't all indoors. During his years with the Laboratory, he often worked side by side with servicemen testing electronic equipment, and went on flights to test the equipment further. More than once, he was on hand at Quonset Point Naval Air Base, in Rhode Island, in the dark hours of early morning to put the finishing touches on the radar equipment of fighters bound for the Pacific. Later on, he did the same thing at the Presque Isle Air Force Base, in Maine, for B-17s taking off for Britain with different radar apparatus. In recognition of his work, he was awarded the Certificate of Merit by President Truman.

After the war ended, Wiesner and



"I believe you're right. It is a Chagall."



"That's what I like about you. You're not like all the rest."

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his wife spent a year in Los Alamos, New Mexico, where he helped plan the electronic instrumentation for the Bikini bomb tests. The Wiesners' first child, Stephen, who is now twenty, had been born in Cambridge, and their second, Zachary (after Dr. Zacharias), was born in Los Alamos. Since then, they have had two more children—Lisa, who is thirteen, and Joshua, who is ten. In the fall of 1946, Wiesner took a job on the M.I.T. faculty as a professor of communications engineering. It was a perfect move, he says, for he was introduced to remarkable equipment and worked with remarkable colleagues, all of them eager to put to use the wartime advances that had been made in the field of communications. "Communications," of course, covers a wide variety of activities, but at M.I.T., and other scientific centers, it includes the branch of knowledge that has come into being with the development of electrical communication and control systems and computers; as the study of communications, in this sense, has become refined, it had led to new understandings in many other fields, all broadly within the domain of epistemology, or the study of knowledge itself. One of Wiesner's colleagues was the mathematician Dr. Norbert Wiener, who pioneered the new field and gave it the name of cybernetics. In Wiesner's early days at M.I.T., Wiener organized a series of supper seminars dealing with the wider implications of cybernetics, which were held in a restaurant near the campus, and were attended by mathematicians, physicists, electrical engineers, philologists, psychologists, biologists, and neurosurgeons, all of whom hoped that the discussions might lead to fresh insights into their own disciplines. It was a hope based on the resemblance between electrical signals and the signals transmitted by our nerve fibres—on the fact that electrical systems and nervous systems often appear to handle signals in the same way—and it was a hope that, to a surprising degree, has been realized over the years. The seminars, which Wiesner regards as one of the intellectual high points of his life, confirmed a conviction he had long held—that the various types of communications have much in common. "Communication is dependent on symbols, for messages can be transmitted only by means of symbols that have an agreed-upon meaning, and this applies whether the messages are being transmitted between two devices, two human beings, or two cultures," Wiesner has said. "If the symbols don't mean the same thing to the sender and the receiver, communication is blurred. Take the word 'rain,' for instance. It has one set of connotations for a Berber in the Sahara and another set for an Indian in the monsoon country. Linguists, you know, speak of such confusions as 'semantic noise,' and 'noise' is also the term that engineers use to describe random electrical signals that blur messages."

Wiesner himself has done considerable research on the second sort of noise, and has written several papers on it. Another paper, which he wrote in collaboration with Dr. Y. W. Lee, a professor of electrical engineering at M.I.T., is concerned with such matters as improving techniques for radar sensitivity—techniques that have enabled scientists at M.I.T. to make radar contact with Venus. Still another has to do with the scatter propagation of radio waves, which enables us to send and receive signals, or "see," beyond the horizon; its findings have had far-reaching military applications, particularly in the setting up of warning systems against surprise attacks. Wiesner has written other papers, too, but his scholarly output is meagre compared to his production of government reports. "As a scientist, Jerry has to pay a price for his social-mindedness," one M.I.T. colleague recently said. Nevertheless, Wiesner's scientific accomplishments are of sufficiently high calibre to have won him admission to the National Academy of Sciences, in 1960—a distinction that is shared by very few engineers. "Jerry is definitely

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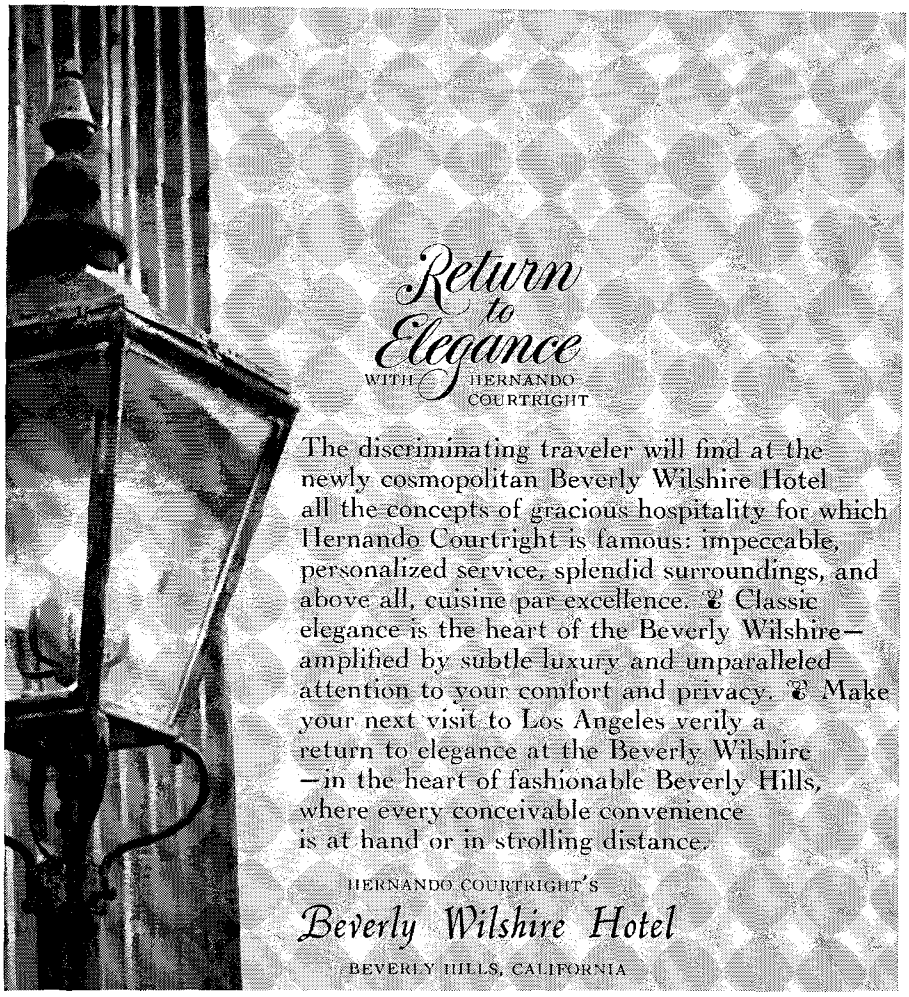
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one of the men who have raised electronics from a fairly primitive pursuit to one with philosophical value," says I. I. Rabi, a Nobel Prize winner in physics who was associate director of the Radiation Laboratory from 1940 to 1945. Discussing Wiesner's place in the communications movement, another physicist, an M.I.T. professor, has said, "Perhaps one might put it that Wiener preached the gospel and Wiesner organized the church. Jerry's real strength, I think, lies in his ability to spot the potential importance of an idea long before others do. He wants to assist in the realization of the new physics. I don't know that I would call his a creative mind—he isn't likely to supply the things that are missing. But give him a chance at the components that are present, and you can bet on him to put them in place, so keen is his organizing intelligence."

Whatever Wiesner's position in the hierarchy of the communications movement may be, he became director of the M.I.T. Research Laboratory of Electronics in 1952, and in 1959 was given the additional post of chairman of the school's Department of Electrical Engineering. The Laboratory is one of the world's great communications-research centers, with a staff of five hundred and fifty and with an astonishing array of computers that—given the proper "programming," or instructions—are capable of doing such things as proving geometric theorems, translating Russian into understandable, if unidiomatic, English, and pairing off to play chess. Three years ago, as part of M.I.T.'s centennial celebration, one of these machines "wrote" a television Western about a robber and a sheriff, with appropriate gunplay. The play was put on in the course of a C.B.S. television program called "The Thinking Machine," in October, 1960, and Wiesner was on hand to explain to the actor David Wayne, appearing as the average man, how the computer-author operated. "We forgot to instruct the machine to put in a heroine," Wiesner recalls. Shortly after he became the White House science adviser, the same machine sent him a letter. "Dear Jerry, I miss you," it went. "I hope you are enjoying your job in Washington." As head of the Laboratory, Wiesner found it highly stimulating to watch the machines perform tasks set by, for example, a neurosurgeon, an art historian, a sociologist, or a philologist. "Jerry is excellent at what the computer people call code-switching," Dr. Roman Jakobson, one of the world's renowned philologists, who teaches at both M.I.T. and Harvard,

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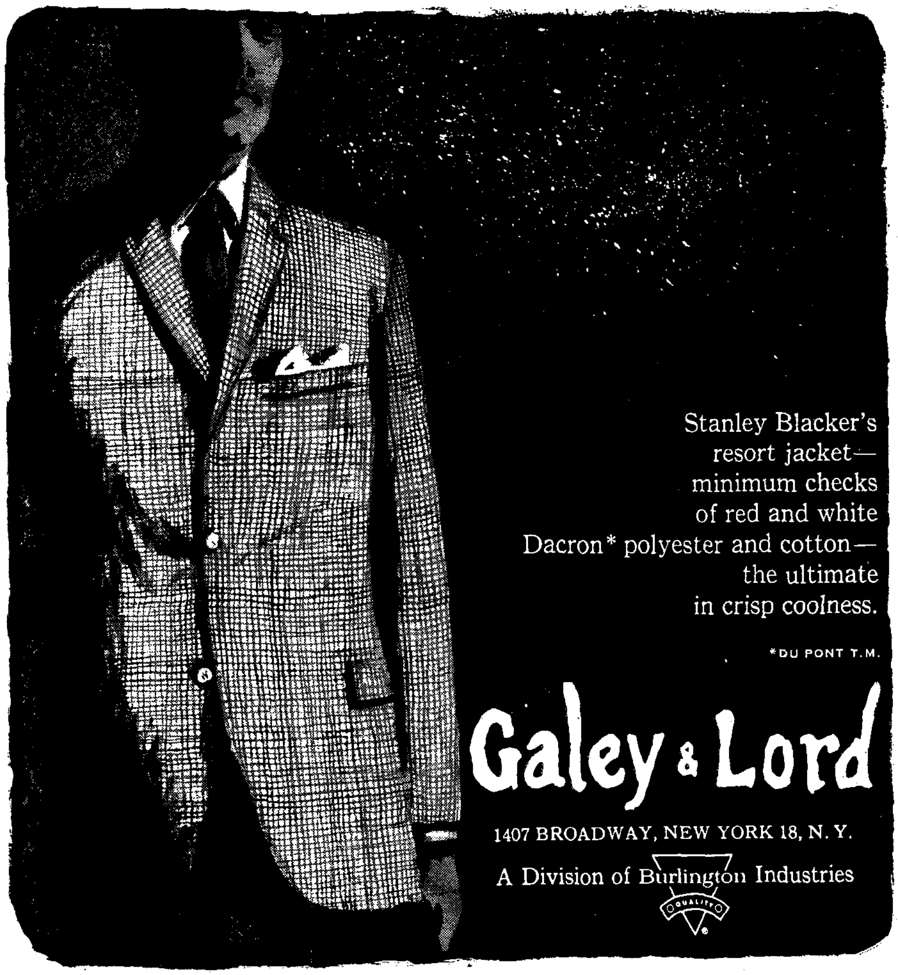

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once said. "I do not know what the cost is to him of being a constructive busybody, but he is able to juggle ten different matters without neglecting any of the important aspects of any of them." While running the Laboratory, Wiesner found time to join other faculty members in a successful drive to create new courses in history, literature, and economics and to find scholars of stature to teach them. "Wiesner has had a pervasive influence here," says Dr. James R. Killian, the chairman of M.I.T.'s board of trustees, who was also one of Wiesner's two predecessors in the post of White House scientific adviser. "He is not so much a day-by-day manager as an innovator—a remarkably fine one, always throwing up ideas, doing something about them with enormous energy, and, it goes without saying, using his gifts as a first-rate engineer-scientist."

As an administrator, Wiesner did not exactly run a taut ship; the Laboratory had no tidy table of organization and no titles, and there was little severity about enforcing budgets and little hesitation in delegating authority. He did, however, have his own way of instilling a strong feeling of cohesion and discipline. "Once Jerry was back of you, there was nothing halfway about it, and that spurred you on," Professor Walter Rosenblith, an M.I.T. biophysicist whose special field is the communications processes of the brain, has said. "I believe it's his sense of commitment—or perhaps backbone is what I mean—that gives him his extra drive, and that drive certainly explains, in part, why he's come to be the President's scientific adviser."

In those years, Wiesner's sense of commitment spread beyond M.I.T. One afternoon in September, 1959, while he was alone in his home, in Watertown, Massachusetts, just outside Cambridge, nursing a case of the flu, a deputation of neighbors came to the door; they were looking for Mrs. Wiesner.

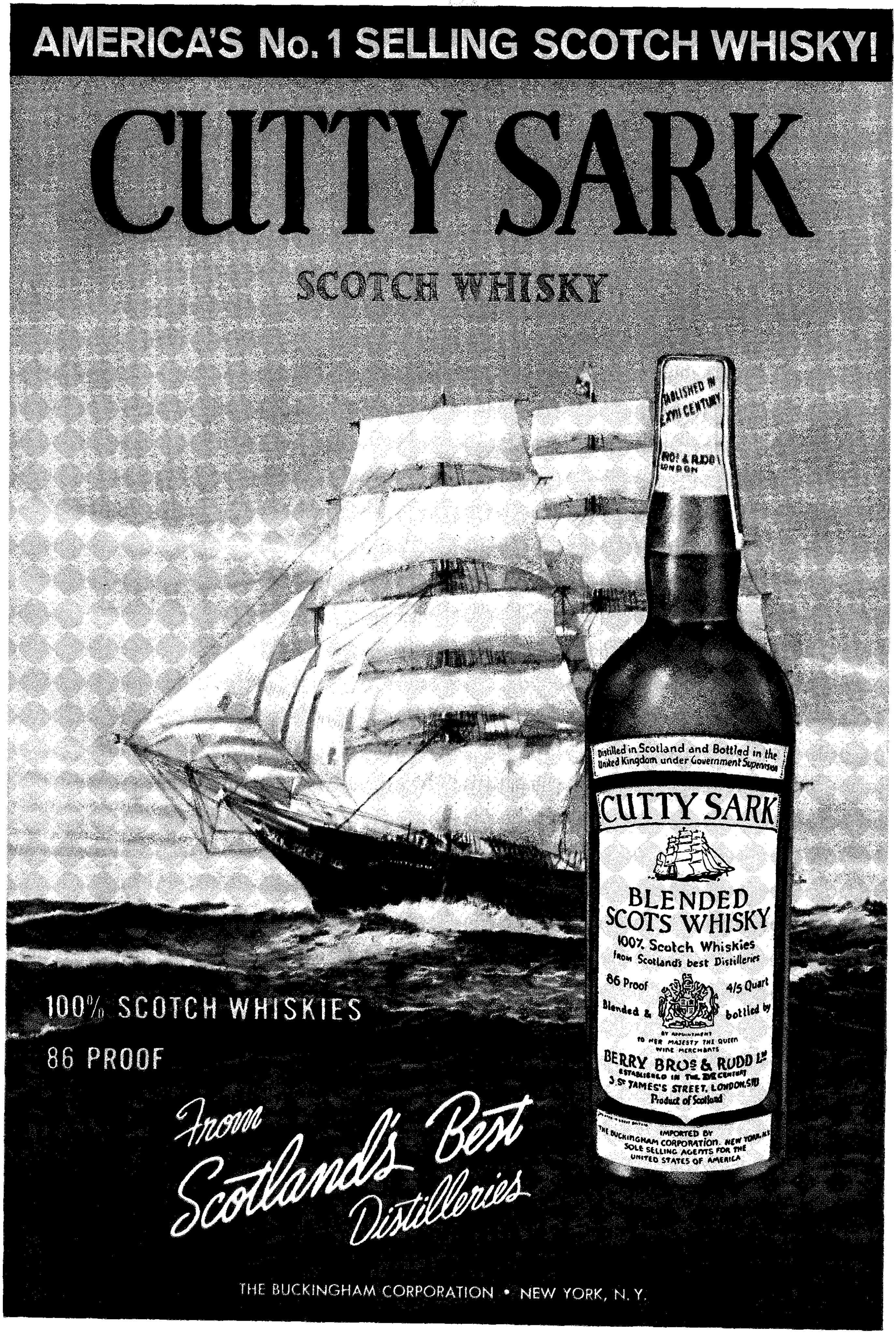
"We'd like her to run for the Watertown Planning Board on the Democratic ticket," a spokesman informed the scientist.

"She's not home," Wiesner said. "How about my running?"

"That would be wonderful, Professor Wiesner," the spokesman said, and the group departed.

As soon as Wiesner was back on his feet, he began campaigning, and on Election Day he won a decisive victory. He was still grappling with Watertown's traffic and zoning problems when President-elect Kennedy called him to Washington.

Wiesner's sense of commitment had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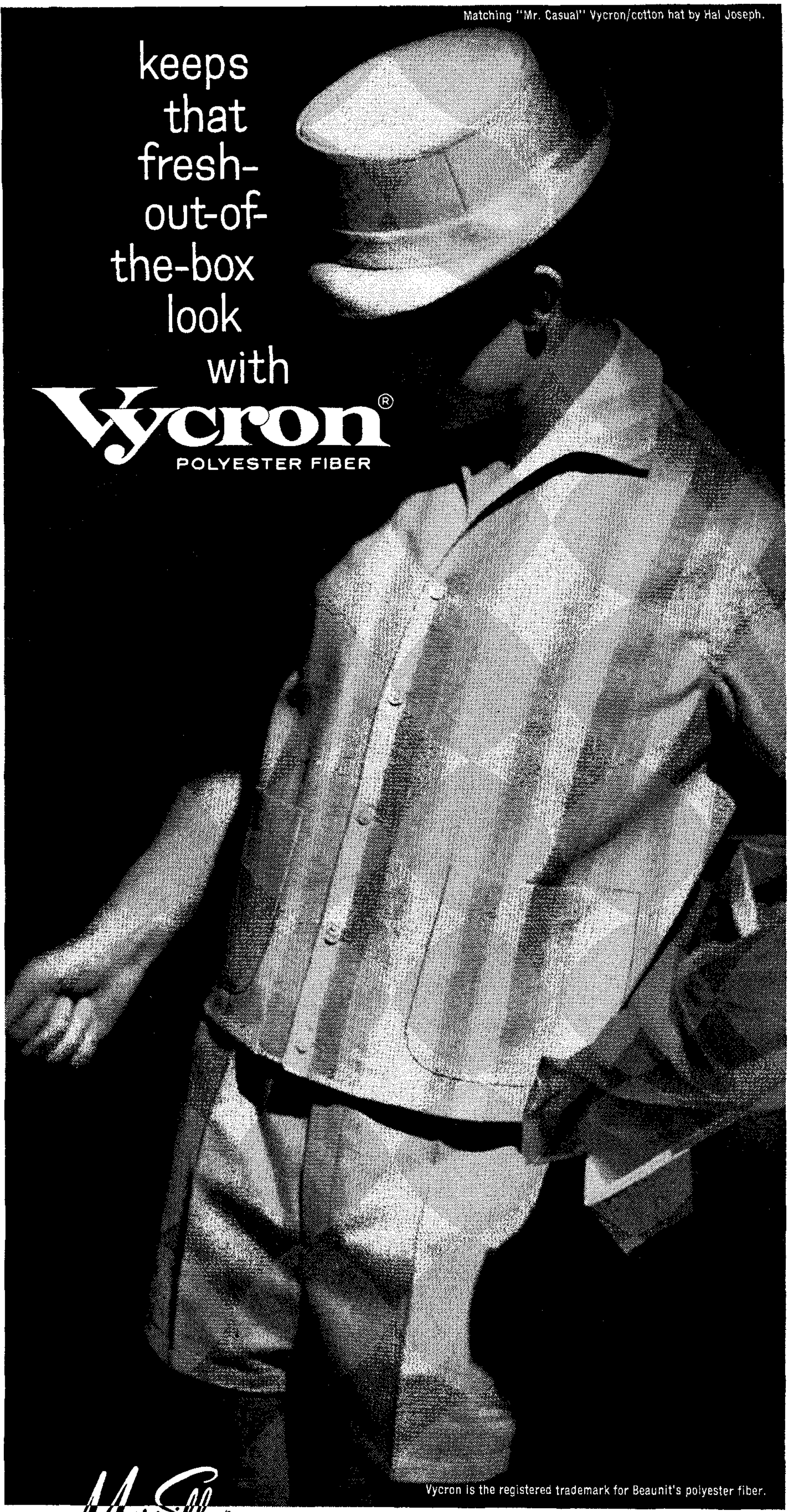
been demonstrated in a different way in 1953, when he found himself up against McCarthyism. His difficulties arose out of a charge of "sabotage" that had been made against the "Voice of America" staff by one of its employees and that was being investigated by the Senate Permanent Investigating Subcommittee. The charge hinged on whether the State Department had chosen the proper sites for two transmitters that would send "Voice" radio programs abroad. The Radio Corporation of America and the Army Signal Corps, after making surveys, had already agreed that the sites were proper when a representative of Senator McCarthy came to M.I.T. to ask Wiesner to declare publicly that the Department's choice amounted to sabotage. "I refused, and the man turned nasty," Wiesner recounts. The next thing he knew, a friend of his in Washington informed him that his security clearance, which was vital to his work, was in jeopardy. Wiesner never did lose his clearance, but the possibility shook him. "I decided to make money," he says. "I wanted to be financially independent, so that no matter what happened, I could always express my opinions. There may have been a variety of reasons back of my decision, but the McCarthy business was certainly one of them." In 1955, with Zacharias, Rabi, and several other physicists and engineers, Wiesner founded Hycon Electric, Inc., a firm that specialized in developing and marketing various types of electronic equipment and in taking on research jobs for the government. In due course, Wiesner became the chairman of the board, and the firm changed its name to the Hermes Electronic Company. In the late nineteen-fifties, too, working on a retainer basis, he served as a consultant to several other companies. His earnings from these ventures into the business world have enabled him to do various things he might otherwise never have contemplated. For instance, in recent years he has bought a summer home and a tract of land on Martha's Vineyard, has contributed rather sizable sums to independent radio and television stations around the country, and has come to the assistance of less affluent friends and colleagues; according to Professor Max F. Millikan, director of M.I.T.'s Center for International Studies, he helped buy a special type of computer for a student—a man of forty with a family—who needed it in preparing his doctoral thesis. Indeed, his earnings probably enabled him to afford to accept his present position, which pays twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars a year—less than half of what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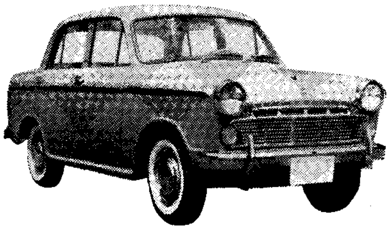

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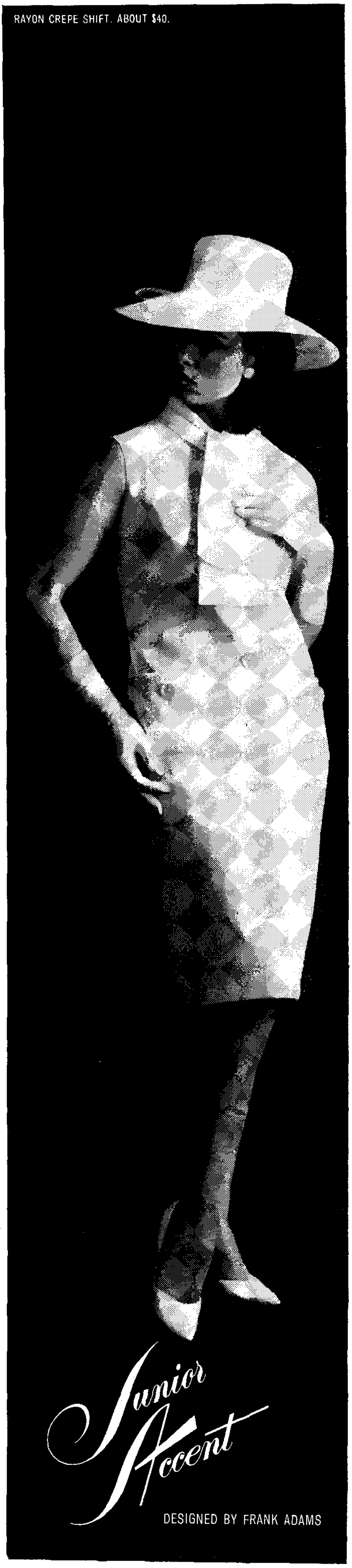
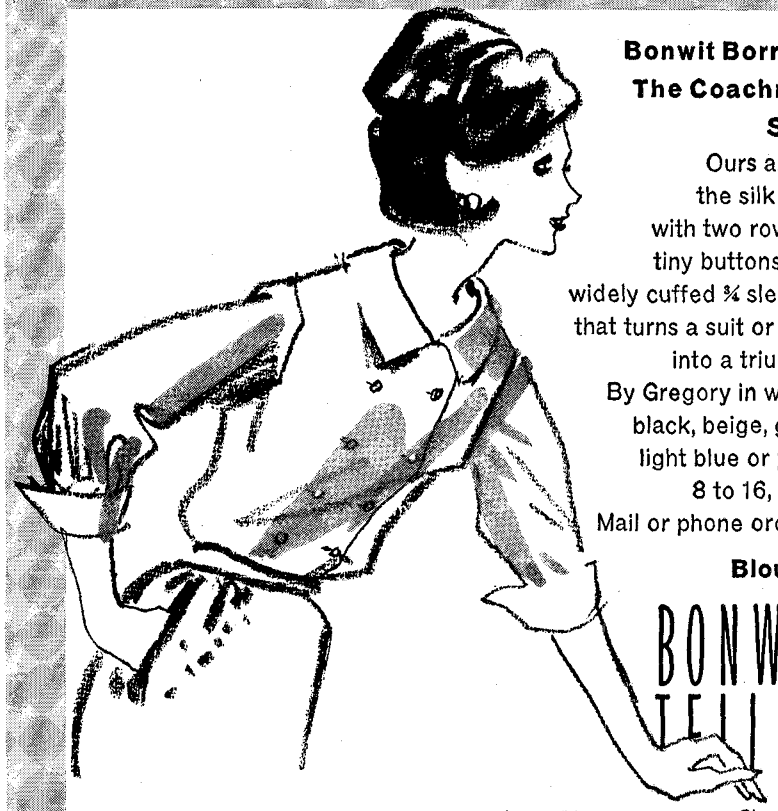
he earned as an M.I.T. professor, corporation executive, and industrial consultant.

Busy as Wiesner was during the fifties, he found time to carry out a number of government assignments, including service on President Eisenhower's Science Advisory Committee. He was summoned to Washington so frequently that sometimes for months at a stretch he could devote no more than fifteen minutes every two weeks to each of a number of graduate students whom he was advising on their research. "It's a tribute to Jerry that the students remained with him," one colleague says. Nor was Washington the only place he visited; he went, it seemed, wherever armament or disarmament was being discussed. Sometimes he gave his attention to military research, and at other times, acting either in behalf of our government or as a private citizen, he attended conferences aimed at arresting the arms race. To all these pursuits, he brought his customary indefatigability—a trait that made him a key figure in conferences rather than just another participant. A Harvard physicist who has served on many committees with Wiesner has said, "Committee decisions usually end up being made by a couple of fellows who are willing to stay on and work like dogs after everybody else has gone home. Well, Jerry was always one of those fellows."

Wiesner was as busy with extracurricular activities at home as he was abroad. M.I.T. itself was the scene of many weapons studies in which he had a hand, and as for the exploring of arms-control ideas, there was no end of that in Cambridge. Many distinguished men in and around Cambridge were concerned about the arms race, among them McGeorge Bundy, who was then Dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences and is now the President's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs; Carl Kaysen, a Harvard professor of economics who is now Bundy's right-hand man in Washington; Walt Whitman Rostow, a professor of economic history at M.I.T. who has become chairman of the State Department's Policy Planning Council; Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the Harvard historian, who is now a special assistant to the President; J. Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist, who is now Ambassador to India; Edward M. Purcell, a Harvard professor and a Nobel laureate in physics; Edwin H. Land, the physicist who invented the Polaroid camera; and Wiesner's friend Zacharias. So often did Wiesner and thirty-five or





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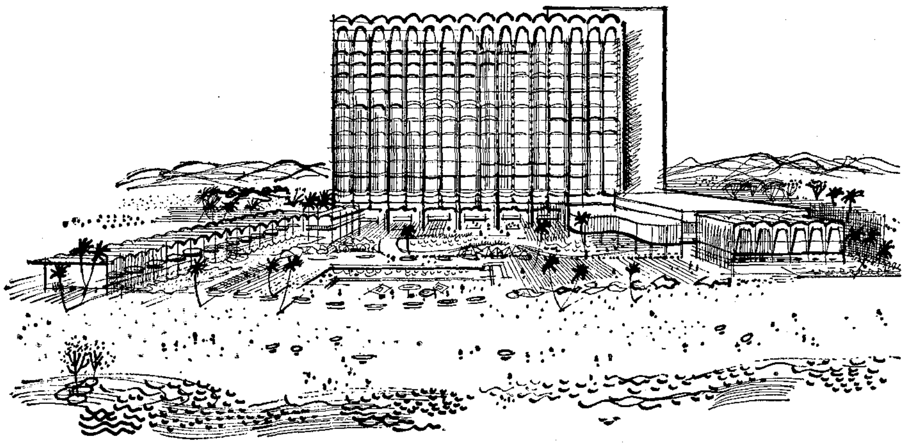


forty associates weigh the complexities of arms control and other military and political issues—usually in a free university classroom or at someone's home—that, in spirit at least, they eventually constituted a kind of informal club. Numerous articles, broadcasts, and letters to newspapers on the subject of arms control resulted from this Cambridge ferment, but up until the winter of 1960 the informal club carried no political weight. That changed, however, when it acquired an ex-officio member in the person of Senator John F. Kennedy. Often, upon returning to Boston from Washington, the Senator would draw on the supply of brain power so conveniently at hand on the west bank of the Charles. Right at the start, Wiesner was put forward as a man who could supply the Senator with expert knowledge of our defenses and of approaches to arms control—issues that were bound to arise in the coming campaign for the Presidency—and the Senator learned through inquiries he made in Cambridge, Washington, and elsewhere that Wiesner was in fact probably as well informed on these matters as anyone in the country. Moreover, as the Senator also learned, Wiesner's reputation among scientists everywhere could hardly have been higher. "By the time Kennedy came into his life, Jerry was one of a certain élite who could be bought not by money but only by a national problem," Herbert G. Weiss, an electrical engineer who is associated with the Lincoln Laboratory at M.I.T., recently told a friend.

As the year went on, Senator Kennedy saw more and more of Wiesner during his visits to Boston. The association continued throughout the campaign, in which Wiesner worked closely with writers who were preparing speeches on disarmament, defense, and related issues. After the Democratic victory, there was little suspense among scientists as to whom the President-elect was likely to choose as his Special Assistant for Science and Technology. Early in January, at a gathering in Schlesinger's home, the President-elect, momentarily finding himself alone with Wiesner, invited him to join the new administration.

WIESNER'S working quarters in Washington are in the Old State Department Building, an ornate five-story structure, some twenty yards from the West Wing of the White House, that now serves as a part of the President's Executive Offices. The Special Assistant for Science and Technology and his aides occupy a corner of the sec-

A Study in Scarlet

In less than 45 years, Communism has already brought more than one-third of the world under its control. By all democratic standards, this is a highly improper fraction.

Yet, the free-world still isn't adequately aware (despite reminders from Cuba, Berlin and Vietnam) of international Marxism's ambition to become the only wheel in town.

This state of affairs is precisely what motivates NBC's new "Profile on Communism," a series of four, prime-nighttime specials that may rank as television's most significant contribution to an understanding of the nature of Communism.

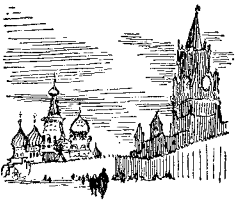
Close to the Action

The first two of the four programs will be NBC White Papers under the executive production of Irving Gitlin; and the initial of these—"The Death of Stalin"—will be aired this Sunday, Jan. 27. It will lean heavily on first-hand accounts of diplomats, newsmen and government officials at or near Communist fountainheads of power at critical junctures in Red growth. Their reports will show, among other things, that undeviating mistrust has always dominated Communist thinking.

More than ten years ago, for example, the terribly suspicious Stalin had already expelled American ambassador George Kennan. Five months later, Joseph himself—in apparently good health at 72—died in circumstances as eerie as the 39 steppes.

Why didn't any of Stalin's natural heirs — Beria, Malenkov or Molotov—take over for the next quarter-century? Just how did Nikita Khrushchev, a party secretary virtually unknown outside his country, wind up as today's undisputed strong-man of the Soviet realm?

These and many other riddles will be explored in the two White Papers, the second of which ("The Rise of Khrushchev") goes on exactly one Sunday later. Narrating these openers for Gitlin and writer-producer Fred Freed will be Chet Huntley. This is the same trio which figured so largely in last season's unforgettable White Papers on "Red China" and "Khrushchev and Berlin."



Some time later this season will come the third and fourth of this current series. The earlier of this pair will be a primer for teen-agers, "Who Goes There?" and will be written and narrated by Bob ("Update") Abernethy. In it, producer Robert J. ("The Trial of Adolph Eichmann") Northshield will explain such historical matters as why Communism found such great receptivity in the Soviet Union.

The last program of the four will be a 90 minute study entitled "An Encyclopedia of Communism." It will be a first-of-its-kind analysis of Red strengths and weaknesses in the satellite nations, the "uncommitted" countries, and the newer states of Africa and Asia. Writer-producer is Lou ("Shakespeare: Soul of an Age") Hazam.

When "The Profile on Communism" series runs to its conclusion, the American televiewer should have the clearest idea ever of the background and design of world Marxism.

Behind the Timing

There can be little speculation why NBC is putting the cream of its journalistic and artistic resources into this coming series. The suspenseful week off the Cuba coast this past October demonstrated that the scope of the Soviet design in the Western Hemisphere mustn't be underevaluated for a moment. The earliest signs may be subtle—like the installation of Soviet missile bases outside of Havana. The next indications could be unmistakable.

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ond floor, sharing the building with the staffs of the President's Special Assistant for National Security Affairs, the President's Council of Economic Advisers, the Director of the Budget, and other executive agencies. Wiesner has twenty-eight people working for him, a small staff, considering that, directly or indirectly, what goes on in his office may influence the government's annual expenditure of fourteen billion dollars for research-and-development undertakings. However, Wiesner may call upon a wide variety of organizations for assistance, including the President's Science Advisory Committee, which is composed of distinguished consultants, and whose panels concern themselves with all branches of science; the Federal Council for Science and Technology, which is made up of the chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, the Defense Department's Director of Research and Engineering, and other ranking officials responsible for scientific matters inside the government, and which deliberates on such matters as recruiting trained manpower, smoothing out inter-agency difficulties, and shaping policy on research grants to universities; the National Science Foundation, which makes grants for basic research; and the National Academy of Sciences, which conducts long-range studies on behalf of the government.

Wiesner hopes that his staff will retain its present compactness. He has no dreams of leading a phalanx of thousands, for bigness, he believes, would undermine the value of his office, which, as he points out, is consultative rather than executive. "It's that consultant function of ours that frees us from bureaucratic encrustation," he says. "We deal in ideas and problems, not in power plays." As Wiesner sees it, his assignment is to try to give the President the proper perspective on scientific issues and to relate technical questions to policy considerations in such a way that Mr. Kennedy may pass on their merits. To be sure, Wiesner adds, he may be deputized to handle particular jobs on his own, but his primary task is to sort out and assess conflicting opinions, summarizing their pros and cons for the President. His view of the scientific scene, he says, must always be a broad one; above all, it must be free from "mission bias"—a Washington phrase for the average agency's narrow, and perhaps justifiable, instinct to further its own interests, if only through simple aggrandizement. Wiesner's approach is certainly in keeping with the original conception of the job, according to Killian, the first of the three men who have held

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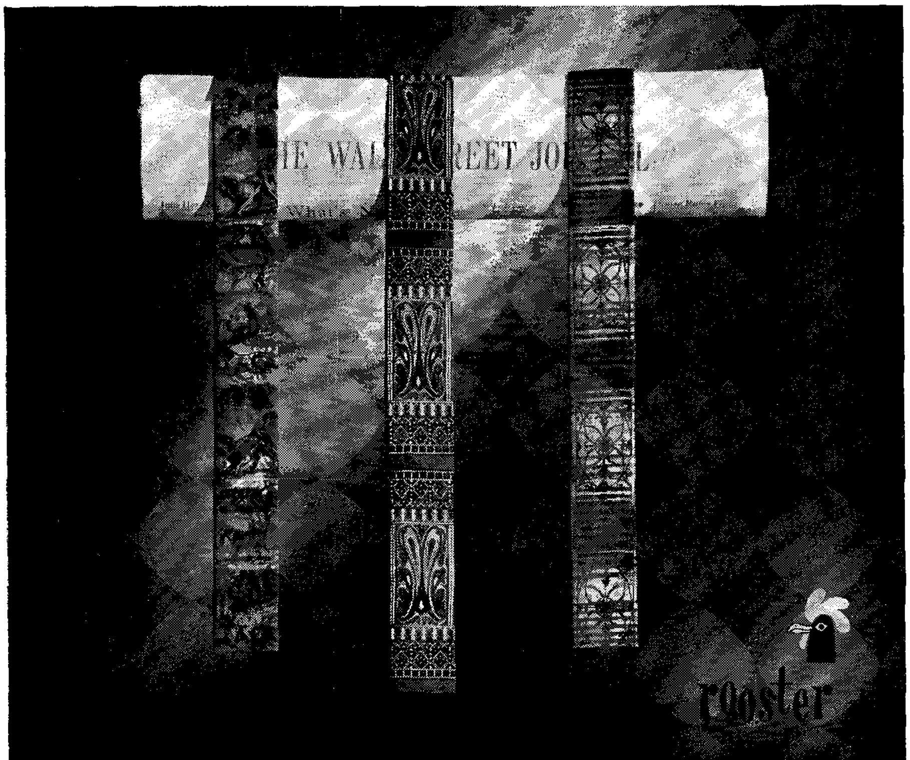

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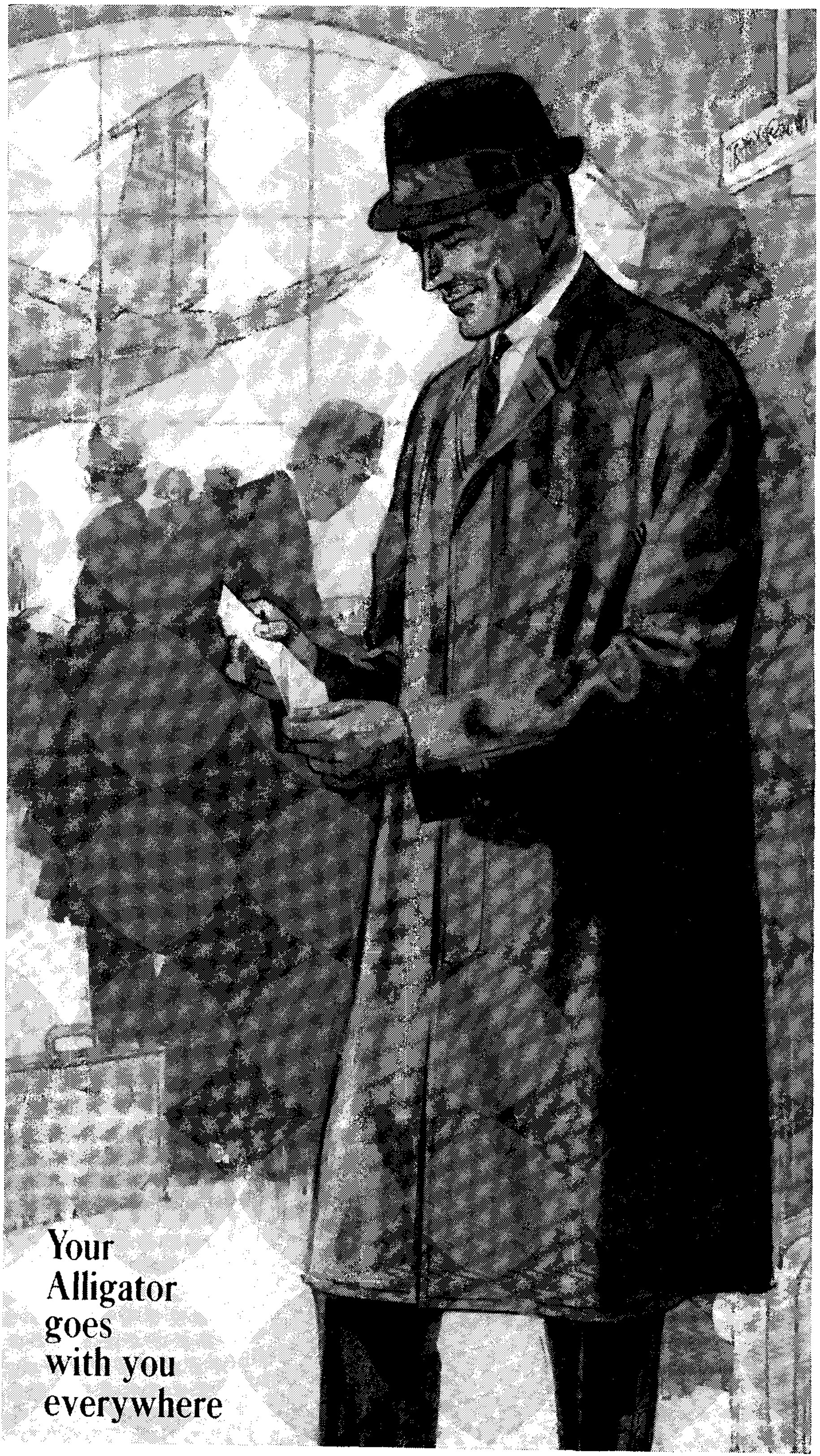
it. (The second was Dr. George Kistiakowsky, a noted Harvard chemist, who served from 1959 to 1961.) "When President Eisenhower asked me to come down from M.I.T., in November, 1957, he told me that he wanted someone to help him who wasn't involved in internal administration warfare," Killian recently recalled. "The President wanted a consulting engineer, so to speak, with whom he could count on maintaining a confidential relationship." Besides being a "consulting engineer," according to David Z. Beckler, a federal official of long standing who is now one of Wiesner's aides, the adviser should be a science reporter for the President. "The adviser is the man who stands on deck and watches for icebergs," Beckler has said, adding that the need for an adviser became startlingly clear on October 4, 1957, with the launching of the Soviet Union's first Sputnik. The President, a flabbergasted layman casting about for an explanation, discovered that there wasn't really anyone he could turn to—that his administration included no one scientist in a position to keep him posted, responsibly and consistently, on scientific developments. "The way things stood, the President couldn't have justifiably bawled out anyone, even if he'd wanted to," Beckler has observed.

Consultative or not, Wiesner's role is by no means a passive one. Figuratively speaking—and sometimes literally, too—he may wander all over the federal establishment in the course of one of his arduous days, which last well into the evening. Wiesner generally arrives at the Old State Department Building at eight-thirty in the morning, after a twenty-minute trip in a chauffeur-driven government car from his home in Chevy Chase. At that hour, he rarely knows what the day holds in store, partly because the President may want him at any moment and partly because he consistently tends to overload his calendar. "He always thinks there's room on it for just one more appointment," his secretary, Miss Irene Benik, remarked the other day. Still, he is fairly sure that he will have to cope with a few emergencies before the day is over. A report may suddenly come in to the effect that an important phase of our overseas technical-aid program is in danger of being bungled, in which case Secretary of State Rusk may want to get together with Wiesner. There may be a fresh public outcry about fallout, prompting Wiesner to ask the Federal Radiation Council to try once again to evaluate conflicting expert views on "permissible" levels of exposure. If there has just been a rash of near collisions between military and commercial planes, there may be a meeting in Wiesner's office attended by representatives of the Federal Aviation Agency and the Defense Department. His day will almost certainly include a number of not-so-urgent matters as well. When the President decorated the seven astronauts, Wiesner and Mrs. Kennedy were delegated to chat with them for an hour. Occasionally, Wiesner is called on to do some decorating himself; not long ago, for instance, he presented medals to the young winners of a science competition. Groups of high-school science teachers visiting Washington are likely to call on him and ask him for a few words on the state of American science and technology. High foreign dignitaries are likely to do the same, and Wiesner, naturally, must appear at his most leisurely during their usually leisurely visits. And there is always correspondence to handle—exasperating piles of it, Wiesner says, though now and then a piece of mail comes through that presents a pleasant problem. A few months ago, he was touched, and made a trifle nostalgic, when a revered M.I.T. mathematician wrote him that the proprietress of a Chinese restaurant near the school was afraid her cuisine would fall off unless the State Department let her have a decent chef from Formosa. The mathematician said he hoped that "notwithstanding the heavy labors you have and the work of life and death which you are engaged in . . . you can find it possible to drop a hint at the right place."

Wiesner is often to be seen, coatless, in his outer office, striding about restlessly as he dictates a letter to Miss Benik or her assistant, and occasionally picking up a phone or permitting himself the solace of a sour ball—one of a supply that he keeps in an old-fashioned glass candy jar for waiting visitors. His own office is a comfortable, spacious, high-ceilinged room with a fine view of the White House lawn; it easily accommodates not only Wiesner's large desk, a Barca Lounger, and a movable blackboard but a long conference table with places for ten. The walls are adorned with framed color photographs of rural New England scenes and a photograph of the President, inscribed, "To Jerry, who makes the complex simple."

The sight of the inscription may remind Wiesner of an intricate, highly expensive apparatus for nuclear research that he wants to discuss with the President—a type of linear accelerator, or atom smasher, that may cost the government more than a hundred million dollars. Wiesner has described the equip-



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ment in memorandums to the President, but he intends to discuss it with him further. Being a notoriously impulsive phoner, he is tempted to dial Mr. Kennedy. He holds off, though, because he is reluctant to take up Mr. Kennedy's time. However, the President, who is quite a phoner himself, rings his adviser a little later. He has read the memorandums, the President says, and he has a few questions. Is Wiesner free? Dropping everything, Wiesner takes the familiar walk to the White House, his brain spinning with possible ways of further simplifying the complex for his distinguished student. The two men, bent over a scratch pad in a small library in the White House living quarters, make rapid headway with the accelerator. As it happens, Wiesner said recently, the President is an easy man to tutor. "It's a break for me that he is," Wiesner continued. "The fact is that he goes straight to the heart of an issue. I'm not suggesting that he knows how to design a microwave antenna, but he can judge the comparative merits of different models, once things have been explained to him. And he doesn't make the sometimes fuzzy assumptions that a scientist might, so his questions often have a fresh, penetrating quality. When he first took office, I was one of a few men who had to brief him, over a period of weeks, on the technical facts of American military power. It was a concentrated dose of some pretty grim details that even Senators don't get to know, and throughout it all his questions remained cool and direct."

After leaving the President, Wiesner may reflect that his explanation of the accelerator was not precisely the academic matter it might have been at a university. Without mentioning it—without needing to—the President and his adviser were aware that they were discussing the atom smasher against a background made up of such factors as the state of research in rival nations and the budgetary competition that the accelerator might meet with from other American projects. No topic of discussion in the White House is ever academic, Wiesner has said, regardless of how purely technical it may appear to be. He has come to realize that the President of the United States is duty bound to reduce everything to political reality as he sees it. "The President must fit everything into the world picture," Wiesner once told a friend. "This is especially true when it comes to science, and not only because the effort may result in such prizes as superior weapons and propaganda coups. The President fully understands that there is another incentive,

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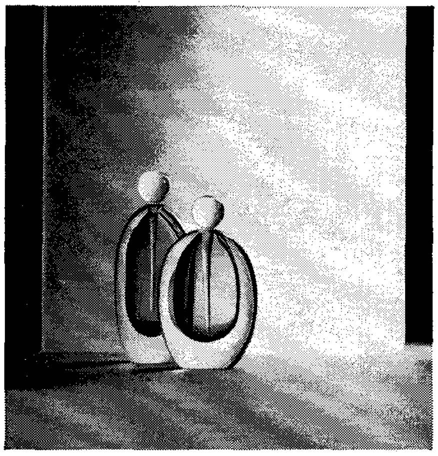

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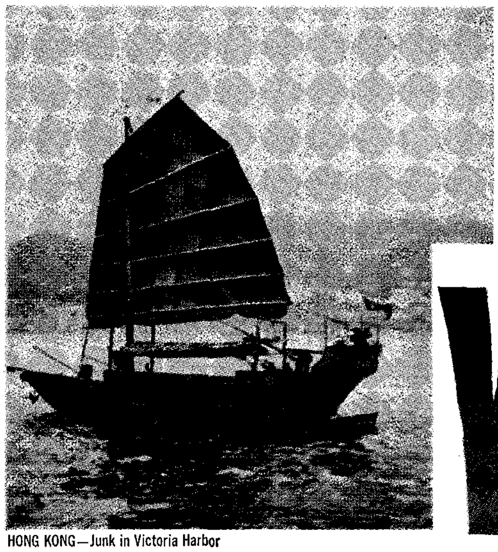
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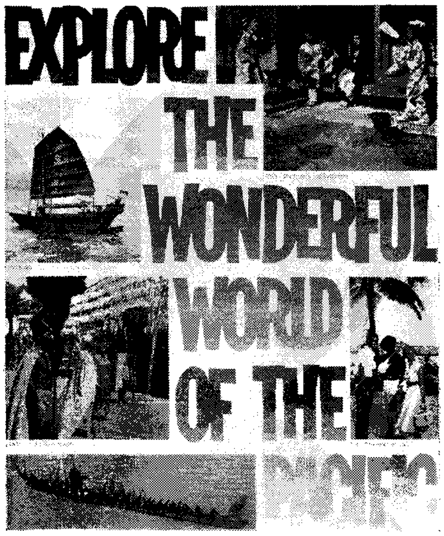

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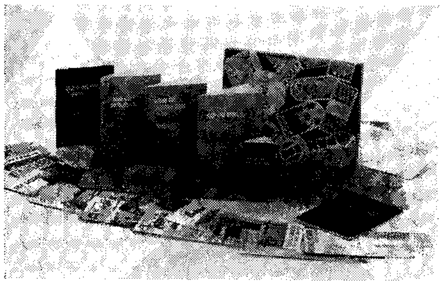

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beyond these. He knows that the country whose science is limber and alert and ingenious and imaginative is sure to count as a political force." As an example of the inextricability of science and the "world picture," Wiesner cites the problems surrounding aphthous fever, or hoof-and-mouth disease. The fever is a subject seemingly quite remote from international politics, yet for the better part of a year his office has been looking into a claim by the government of Argentina, where the disease is widespread among cattle, that its processed beef is safe for export to the American market. Obviously, this question has economic implications for Argentina that could strongly affect her political attitude toward us, and at present the entire affair is in the hands of experts, American and Argentine, who are trying, by means of vaccines and improved food processing, to bring about a happy ending. When the subject of experts comes up, Wiesner is sometimes impelled to make a few general remarks about them. "An expert is only a relative idea," he says, and goes on to explain that when he first described the nature of hoof-and-mouth disease to the President, Mr. Kennedy was quite aware that his adviser had himself been advised by a dozen virologists, biologists, entomologists, and food processors before coming to the White House. "The chain of *expertise* in science is unending," Wiesner says, "but, unfortunately, many people tend to regard experts as omniscient. This is a mistaken humility. Scientists don't want the public to be overawed by their technical jargon. Such a public attitude puts them in the position of being accountable not only for the scientific aspects of their work but for its social effects, too, which is not fair. If there's to be an expert on those effects, it should be the public itself."

Wiesner's talks at the White House often deal with what he calls "sleepless problems"—critical situations on which action must be taken before adequate information is available. Matters bearing on war and peace often fall into this category—test-ban and disarmament negotiations, for instance, and the deployment of our military resources. Wiesner is sometimes appalled by the speed with which the knottiest issue may have to be resolved; the kind of thinking he must do is a far cry from the quiet reflection that is possible at a university. "University scientists are seldom given a problem that has to be solved within a day or two," he says. "Down here, though, situations boil up

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fast, and you have to form your judgments equally fast. For instance, it would take a year to fully test and evaluate the unmanned automatic seismic stations that the Soviet Union has proposed as a device for eliminating the necessity for on-site inspection in policing a nuclear-test ban. But we can't let a year pass by without responding to a proposal of that kind, so we have to make a rapid assessment based on the information we have, and pass it on to our test-ban delegates in Geneva. Then, as we continue to study the matter, we can only hope the assessment will stand up. Of course, that same haste sometimes tends to make us too cautious—too repetitious—in our assessments."

Wiesner, of course, is not the only man with whom the President talks over "sleepless problems." Many other advisers, military and civilian, have their say about them before the President makes up his mind, and this is very much to Wiesner's liking, since he recognizes the fact that the problems are much too heavily charged with political elements to be settled solely on the basis of scientific considerations. The dilemmas that come before the President, he has said, cannot be made artificially simple, like controlled experiments in a laboratory. How, for instance, could the scientific method have been applied in our decision last April to resume atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons? On the one hand, aerial shots would be far cheaper and more informative than underground shots; on the other hand, such tests might not be so cheap in terms of political reaction around the world. With its jumble of technical and political aspects, the problem could be decided only by what Wiesner calls "a flash of intuition." "Even if the wisest Nobel laureate in physics were President, he would have to fall back on intuition," Wiesner has said. "Some problems are just too complicated for rational, logical solutions. They admit of insights, not answers." Wiesner, naturally, has his own political reactions, the same as anyone else, scientist or layman, but he does his best to present technical details objectively, and at least one military man who has attended White House talks with him is impressed with his efforts. "Time and again, I've heard Wiesner put technical stuff so lucidly and—well—so neutrally that I was sure he was risking the defeat of his own convictions," this officer recently told an acquaintance. A year or so ago, Wiesner arranged for Mr. Kennedy to discuss a possible nuclear-test ban with Dr. Edward Teller, "the father of the H-bomb." Teller's and Wiesner's conceptions of the arms race are almost diametrically opposed.

Back at his desk after his visit to the White House, Wiesner, glancing at his calendar, may note that a member of the Cabinet will be calling on him after lunch. Wiesner hopes that every Secretary who has not done so already will appoint an Assistant Secretary who could act as an adviser on science and technology—who would do for the Secretary, that is, what Wiesner does for the President. It is a dream of Wiesner's to see a science adviser in practically every federal agency, and of late he has been urging the scheme on Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman, arguing that such an Assistant Secretary would have plenty of work, for he would need to tie together such concerns of the department as improving strains of plants and animals, devising new ways of coping with plant diseases, and perfecting techniques of refrigeration. The new Assistant Secretaries might not do away with mission bias, Wiesner concedes, but they would spread scientific intelligence and perspective throughout the government. So far, two members of the Cabinet have accepted the idea—Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges. Both men are delighted with the way things have worked out. Udall's adviser, whom he appointed on Wiesner's recommendation, is Dr. Roger Revelle, of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. "Revelle has been of immense help to me, and I have Jerry to thank," Udall told a friend recently. "Jerry talked to me, with his usual depth and acuity, about science as an instrument of government. He pointed out that the field of natural resources, which is the responsibility of my department, is becoming increasingly complex, and then he explained how a scientific adviser could help me keep up with what's going on and also help me coördinate the work itself."

In the summer of 1961, when Mohammed Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, came to Washington on a state visit, Udall had particular reason to be grateful for Revelle's presence on his staff. President Ayub used the occasion to inform President Kennedy that water was drowning Pakistan's crops, ruining a hundred thousand acres yearly. Pakistan, it appeared, lay atop the world's largest underground reservoir; the water had risen close to the surface, absorbing salts as it did so, and consequently had prevented plants from

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growing, and even made the land barren. Mr. Kennedy told the Asian leader that he would have his scientific adviser look into the matter, and Wiesner, in turn, sought Revelle's advice. "I'm lucky that we have Roger in Interior—a man who not only knows water but has a broad outlook," Wiesner said at the time. Subsequently, he and Revelle made a field trip to Pakistan, where, protected from the sun by pith helmets, they travelled by jeep through much of the Punjab. The two men, with the assistance of a host of hydrologists, agronomists, chemists, economists, and other experts, came to the conclusion that they could turn the underground water into an asset by pumping it to the surface and using it for irrigation. Even more important, the group saw that Pakistan's agriculture was far too primitive, and Revelle has recommended a balanced program that he believes will eventually triple the country's crop yields. Farmers are being exposed to Western methods; they are being taught to plant seeds in rows instead of sowing them broadcast, and to use fertilizers and pesticides. "If all goes well," Wiesner said the other day, "Pakistan, which has the world's fifth-largest population, may be a modern country by 1980."

Wiesner thinks that our foreign aid in general can benefit from the sort of technical analysis that has been carried out in Pakistan. "At first, we not only made plenty of mistakes in our overseas operations but failed to recognize the successes we had," he observed not long ago. The relation between foreign aid, political and social progress, and science is a delicate and almost indefinable one, in his opinion, but he has said, "If there is any connection between a society's physical condition and the political conditions that its people are willing to tolerate—and I think there is—then scientific intelligence does have an impact on the political outcome." The statement, though cautious, reflects Wiesner's basic optimism. Research of all kinds, he believes, can make our overseas operations more efficient. Anthropology, for instance, has turned up useful data, according to Eugene B. Skolnikoff, a member of Wiesner's staff who, among other things, watches for snags in our foreign-aid program. We now know enough not to ship jeeps just anywhere; natives of some remote lands consider them "dead" when their sparkplugs give out, and thereupon push them off the road and abandon them. We have also learned that certain tribesmen are less than grateful when we

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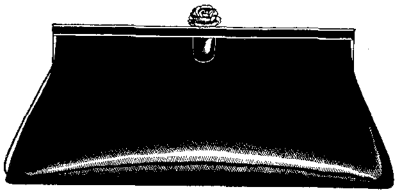

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Before the morning is over, Wiesner will very likely go back to the outer office, help himself to a sour ball, drop onto a leather sofa, and start dictating. An assistant may poke his head in to ask a question—perhaps Michael Michaelis, who serves as Wiesner's liaison with the Civilian Technology Panel, a group of assorted experts that works closely with the Commerce Department and the President's Council of Economic Advisers on matters having to do with the reinvigoration of American industry. Michaelis may ask Wiesner if he will have time later in the day to meet a visiting businessman. Despite a disapproving glance from Miss Benik, Wiesner will probably agree. Not long ago, Michaelis brought in Robert E. Simon, Jr., a man who has been planning to build a satellite city outside Washington, near the Dulles International Airport. Satellite cities interest Wiesner, because he considers them an integral part of our future civilian technology, and he is by no means satisfied with how far our present technology has brought us. "In relation to its potentialities," Wiesner has said, "the United States is as underdeveloped a country as Nigeria."

Wiesner undoubtedly had many things in mind when he said this, for he has long been preoccupied with ways of keeping the American plant from running down too badly. Our economy, he has noted, had better be in shape by the turn of the next century, for our population will have doubled by then and its needs will be immense. He believes that thirty or forty years from now the congestion may be such that many commuters to Washington will live in satellite cities somewhere in West Virginia. Wiesner envisions these commuters as coming to work aboard a jet-propelled train that travels at three hundred miles an hour. Trains, he predicts, are going to figure prominently in our lives within a few decades, and so are other forms of public ground transportation, for soon all planes will be travelling at supersonic speeds, which means that the distances between airports will have to be great. He deplores the moribund state of today's railroads, and he has assigned Michaelis the task of rounding up ideas for their improvement. Wiesner thinks that our rail lines are operating on the basis of a technology that was mainly developed about fifty years ago, but then, he says, so are some of our other

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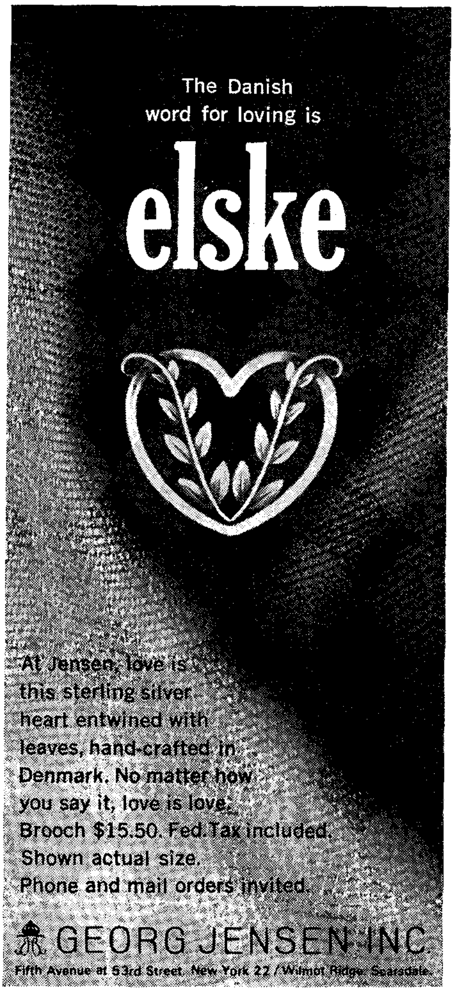
industries—textiles, for instance, and, to a lesser extent, housing. If industries like these are to be resuscitated, Wiesner says, they will need ideas that are both practical and radical. The right people and the right agencies have to be jogged into thinking up such ideas and putting them into effect, and his office is trying its best to bring these people and agencies together. The Civilian Technology Panel has been given the responsibility for effecting this, and it has the President's full blessing; in fact, Wiesner says, the panel owes its existence to Mr. Kennedy's concern about potential soft spots in our economy. "The President feels that our economy is in a position to be stimulated by innovation, and the industries where innovation is the rule—electronics and communications—seem to bear out his idea," Wiesner observes. "They're in a flourishing state, while our backward industries are showing neither a proper rate of growth nor a proper profit."

Returning to his desk, Wiesner may concern himself with the activities of another panel—a panel, headed by his old friend Zacharias, whose work could bring about an improvement in our civilian technology as well as in certain other fields. This is the Panel on Educational Research and Development, whose objective is to raise teaching standards in all subjects—scientific and non-scientific—from elementary school on up, and which has been at work since February, 1961, in conjunction with the Office of Education and the National Science Foundation. Wiesner hopes particularly that the panel may help America turn out more and better technicians—an accomplishment that, in his opinion, depends in large measure on the ability of scientists to persuade the public that the ways of science are not so mysterious. In an address before the annual dinner of the Wiezmann Institute in New York in December, 1961, he said, "Because I have a deep conviction that the practice of a science or of engineering in the proper social setting can be one of the most satisfying activities that man has ever devised for himself, I have a certain confidence that a widespread acquaintance with science and technology will of itself bring into being all the professional practitioners that we could possibly use, and perhaps a few more than that."

Such a "widespread acquaintance," according to Wiesner, is being stymied by inadequate teaching methods, and it is to the question of how to go about eliminating this inadequacy that Zacharias's panel is addressing its efforts. Certainly, Wiesner says, moving pictures,



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recordings, teaching machines, and experimental models can be put to wider and, at the same time, more judicious use in the dissemination of scientific knowledge than they are being put to now. It is odd, he thinks, that our university scientists and engineers, whose techniques have proved so effective in the laboratory, haven't really got around to making an applied science of teaching itself—the very activity for which they draw their pay. Wiesner would also like to see a keener interest in the so-called life sciences—biology, psychology, anthropology, and others—which haven't come in for the same degree of attention as physics. And he finds it dismaying to contemplate the great number of people who now pass their days in ignorance of the forces that are shaping their lives. "That's an awful plight, it seems to me," he says. "I imagine such people feel bewildered and put upon. It must be especially hard for them to have a satisfying, confident view of themselves or the world, and that's one thing all of us can use right now."

UNLESS something unforeseen arises, Wiesner will quite possibly be lunching at the Pentagon. More than half of his working time is taken up with matters relating to the Defense Department, and this is only natural, since more than half of the government's funds for research and development are spent by that agency. Wiesner has driven to the Pentagon hundreds of times in his government car but he has not yet come to think of these trips as routine. Whenever his car approaches the Pentagon, he is still conscious that he is about to set foot in one of the world's important buildings—one of those repositories of force to be found in every capital. Force, as Wiesner conceives of it, pervades everything, like air, and, perhaps more precisely than most people, he knows how it can be used for good or ill. The thought of its duality is likely to occur to him anew whenever he wanders the Pentagon's bays and rings to meet with our high-ranking military leaders.

Wiesner has regular luncheon appointments with two sets of Pentagon officials. Once a month, in the private dining room of Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, he meets with a group that includes the Secretary, Deputy Secretary Roswell L. Gilpatric, and Dr. Harold Brown, the Defense Department's Director of Defense Research and Engineering. Once a week, he and one of his assistants, Spurgeon Keeny, meet with Brown and the Assistant Secretaries for Research and De-

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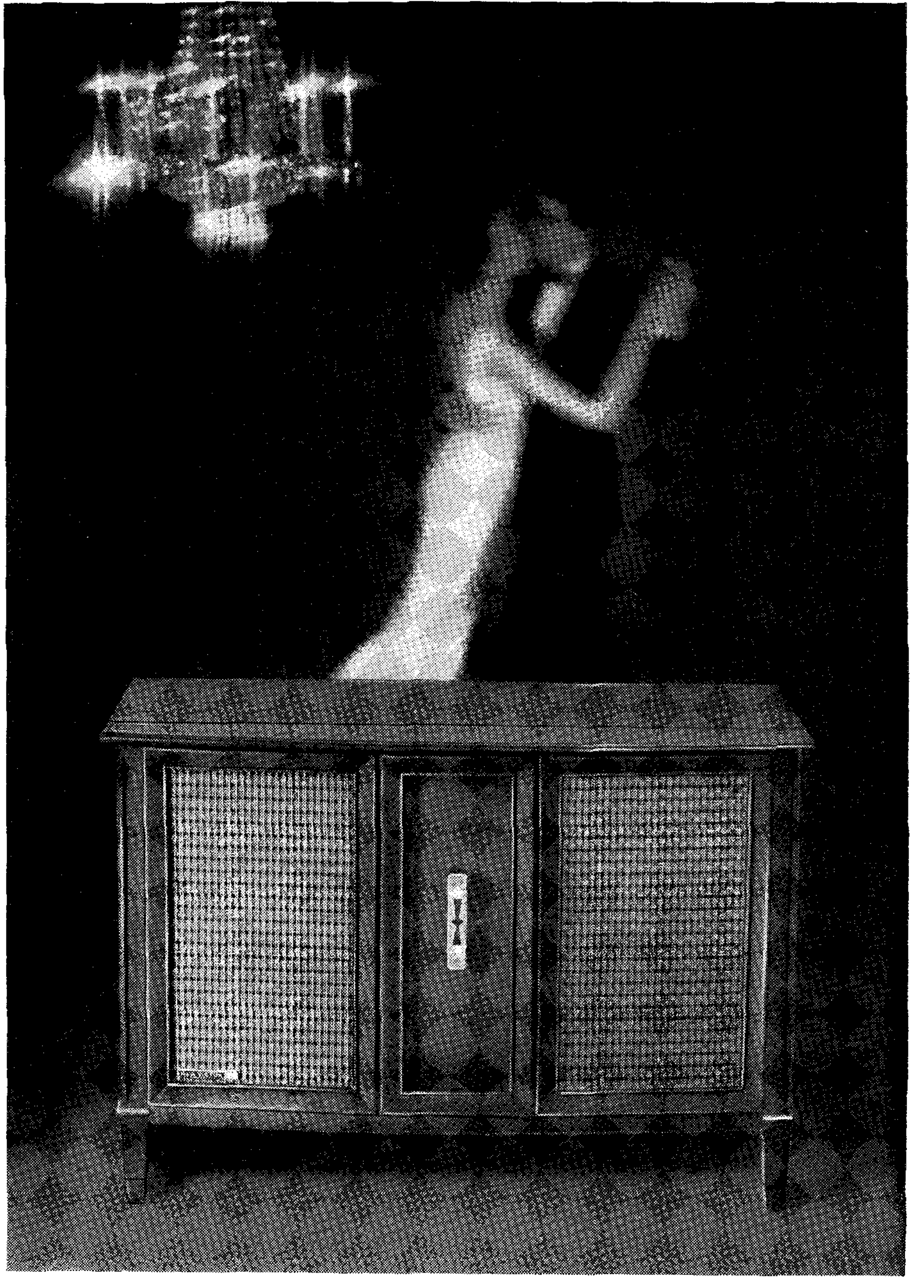

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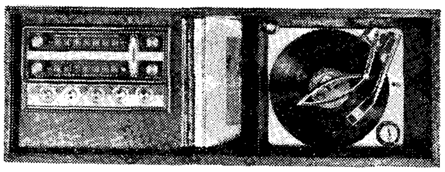

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velopment for the three services: James H. Wakelin, Jr., of the Navy; Finn J. Larsen, of the Army; and Brockway McMillan, of the Air Force. The atmosphere at these sessions is almost always cordial, even though Wiesner is the President's man, and is thus, in McNamara's words, thrust into the role of "an institutionalized gadfly." (The Secretary ritualistically opens each meeting by inquiring, "And now what are we doing wrong?") "Jerry never stops asking tough-minded, penetrating questions," McNamara recently told a friend. "I guess he's one of the brightest people I've ever met. His mind ranges far beyond the interests of the average scientist." Nevertheless, Wiesner tries to keep from being overinquisitive about the way things are actually run. "It must be frustrating for him now and then, because he knows so much about military problems himself," Brown has said. "I think he's operating most effectively in a difficult setup." The questions that Wiesner does ask are aimed at gathering information worth the President's attention. For instance, if our military establishment is *thinking* of replacing one kind of weapon with another, Mr. Kennedy might feel that such a step would convey an excessively bellicose impression to other governments. Or if the men in the dining rooms are comparing the merits of missiles and aircraft in particular situations, or trying to devise a space policy that would eliminate some of the rivalry between the Defense Department and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, the President will also have to be consulted on that matter. Ten years ago, Wiesner was alarmed by the backwardness of our military technology. Today, he also watches out for signs that the pendulum may have swung the other way. Are plans now afoot, for example, to land battalions on the moon? They are not, but the President's adviser must be alert for glamorous projects of this sort, which may be a little too glamorous for our practical good.

The conferees often bring up the subject of disarmament, which, Wiesner says, is not a fighting word in the Pentagon, as most people suspect. Nor is it true, he adds, that soldiers would necessarily be thrown out of work if disarmament ever arrived. Their discipline and their knowledge of weapons would make them exceptionally well-qualified sentinels of an arms-control treaty. A year ago, Wiesner has remarked, Secretary McNamara appointed eleven officers, headed by an admiral, to staff the Weapons Evaluation and Control Bu-

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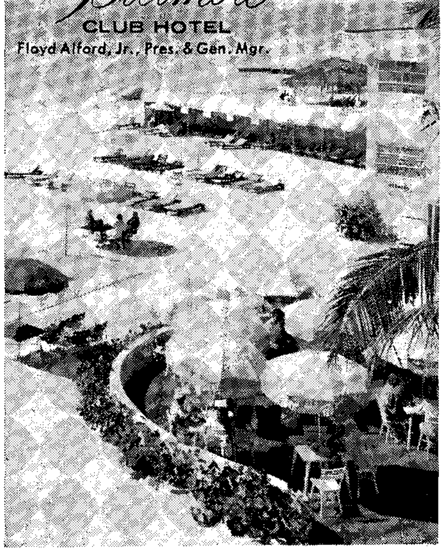

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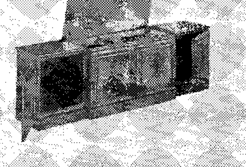

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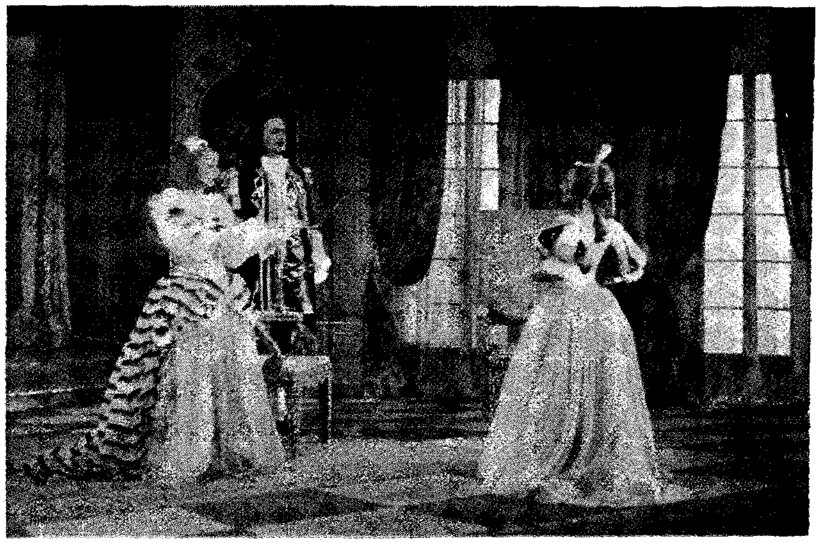
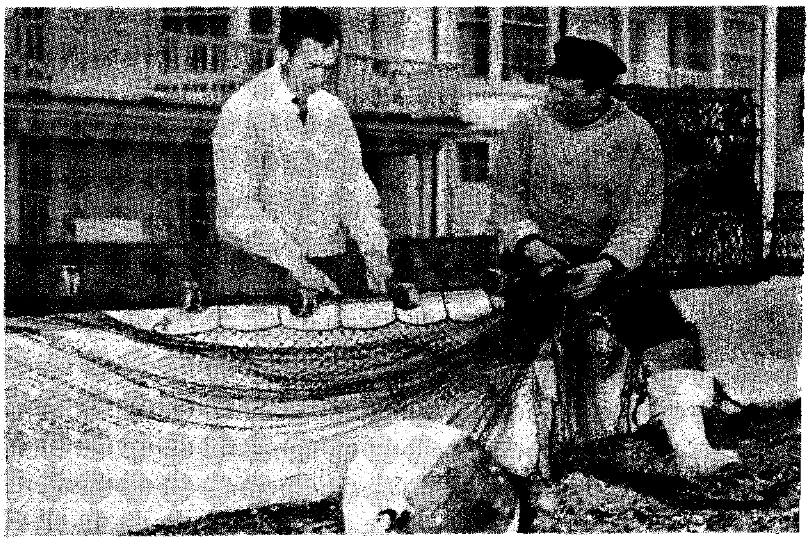
APRIL. The season of Shakespeare plays at Stratford begins early in April and ends in late November. Tickets from 55 cents. You can dine on the Royal Shakespeare Theatre's terrace and watch swans glide by on the Avon.

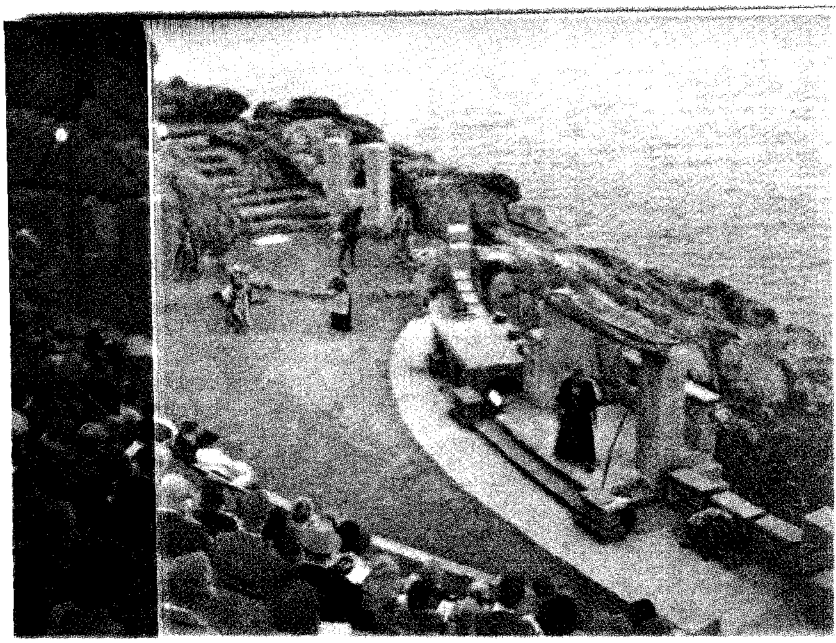


APRIL. This is a scene from Scotland's Pitlochry Festival of drama, music and art (Apr. 13-Oct. 5). Pitlochry is a tranquil town cradled by the Highlands—a perfect place to "loaf and invite the soul."

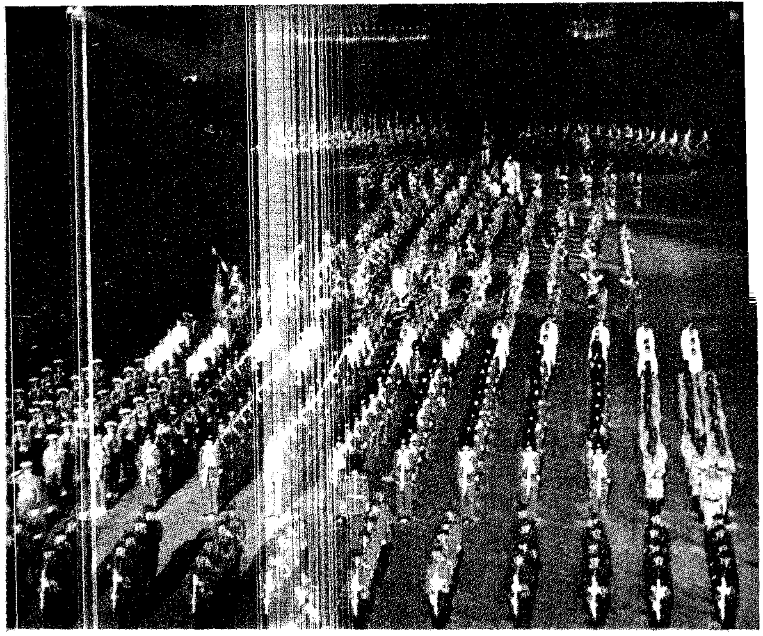
MAY. The Chelsea Flower Show (May 22-24) is one of London's *royal* events—an exuberance of blooms that makes any seed catalogue look like an understatement. There are at least *eight* other festivals in May.



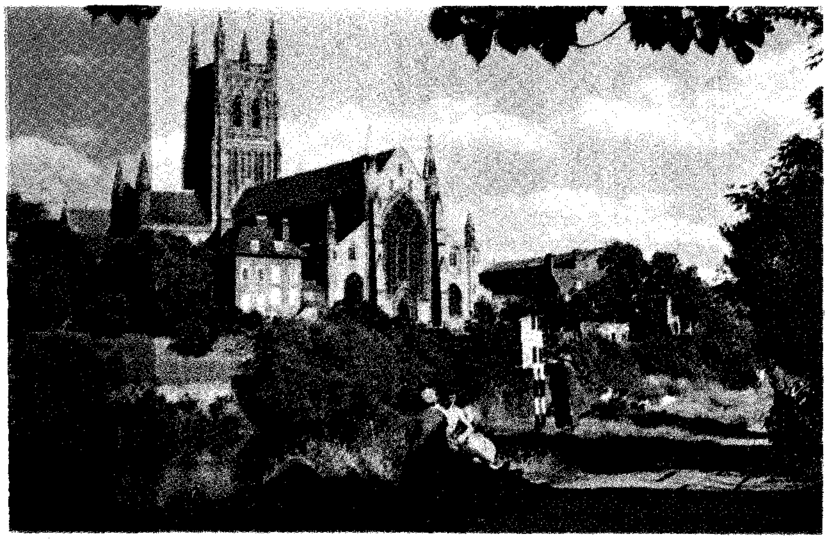
JUNE. Here you see the composer Benjamin Britten trading tales with a fisherman in Aldeburgh. Britten lives in this Suffolk village and runs its yearly festival of opera, concerts and *avant-garde* movies. June 20-30.



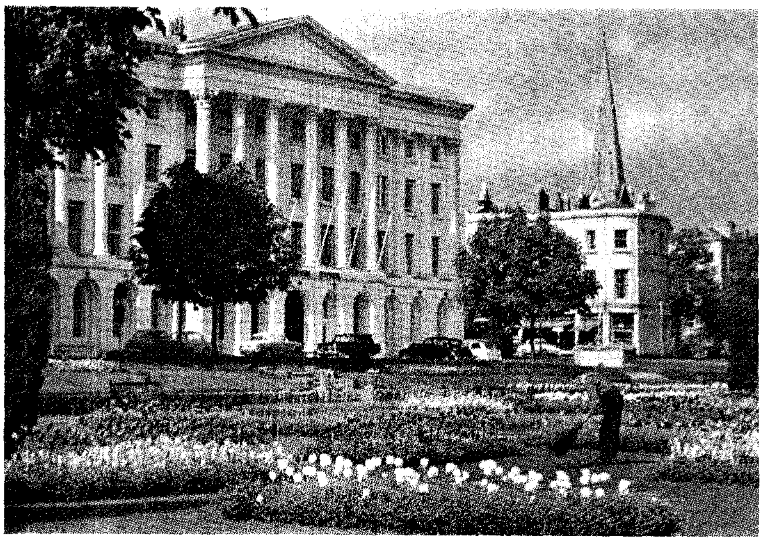
[illegible] through September, the Minack Theatre presents [illegible] of Greek, Shakespearean, mediaeval and modern plays. The cry of cormorants and the drum roll of surf add a wild and lonely music.



AUGUST. Edinburgh [illegible]8-Sept. 7) has the most cosmopolitan festival in Europe. It presents conductors, opera companies, dancers and actors from all over the world—and a skirling military tattoo (above).



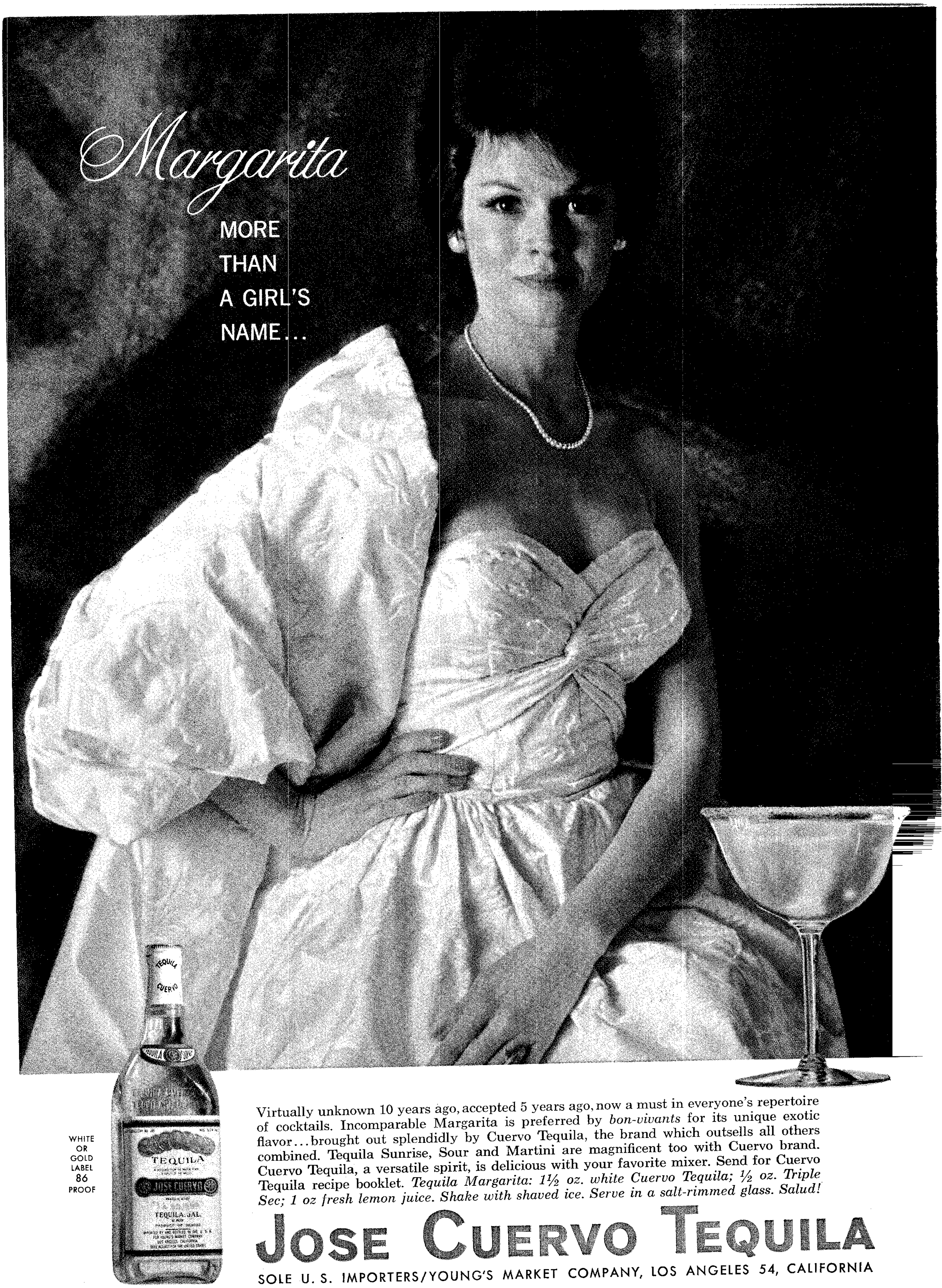
SEPTEMBER. The world's oldest feast of music is the Three Choirs Festival. It blends a symphony orchestra and the choirs of three mediaeval cathedrals. This year, the host cathedral is Worcester (above). September 1-7.



OCTOBER. Regency Cheltenham (above) enlivens the first week with a Festival of Literature. The second week sees the opening of a music festival in Swansea; and the third week, a festival of religious drama at Stroud.

NOVEMBER. London's fashionable Fall season probably offers more variety of events than any festival: the Royal Ballet (above); five symphony orchestras; two opera companies; and *twice as many theatres as New York.*

DECEMBER. King's College Chapel, in Cambridge, inspired Wordsworth to write three sonnets. It is never more inspiring than on Christmas Eve, when choirboy voices soar in praise at the Festival of Lessons and Carols.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JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA

SOLE U. S. IMPORTERS/YOUNG'S MARKET COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 54, CALIFORNIA

reau of the government's new Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and at the height of the Cuban crisis a detachment of U.N. military men stood ready to oversee the dismantling of the Soviet rocket bases. There is nothing phony about the interest that his military associates at both luncheon groups take in disarmament, Wiesner maintains; like practically all other government officials he has observed since going to Washington, they seem to feel that arms control is where greatness lies. Along with everybody else, they realize that an end to the arms race could end the present insecurity, but, as Wiesner often points out, it takes a certain determination to remember this in the midst of the suspicion engendered daily by international moves and countermoves. Wiesner admits that his own determination isn't always as sturdy as it might be. Sometimes even he, optimist that he is, finds himself wondering if the die may not have already been cast without our realizing it—if we aren't just hanging around waiting for the details to unfold. Such moods don't last long, however. "I know that disarmament won't come easily," he says. "It will take sweeping political action—as sweeping, in its way, as a declaration of war. It can't possibly be achieved without a struggle, but I think almost everybody knows it's a struggle worth going on with." —DANIEL LANG

(This is the second of two articles on Dr. Wiesner.)

◆

A news story, which appeared in this paper on Jan. 17, identifies Weinfurtner as "serving time for burglary." It should have read, "serving time for forbery."—*San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal.*

Well, that's more like it.

◆

Peter O'Toole, new darling of British and American movie circles, has a new and darling drawing-room trick to amuse his guests. He lies down on the carpet in the midst of festivities and falls fast asleep. Everyone loves him, and you are going to love him when you see him soon as "Lawrence of Arabia."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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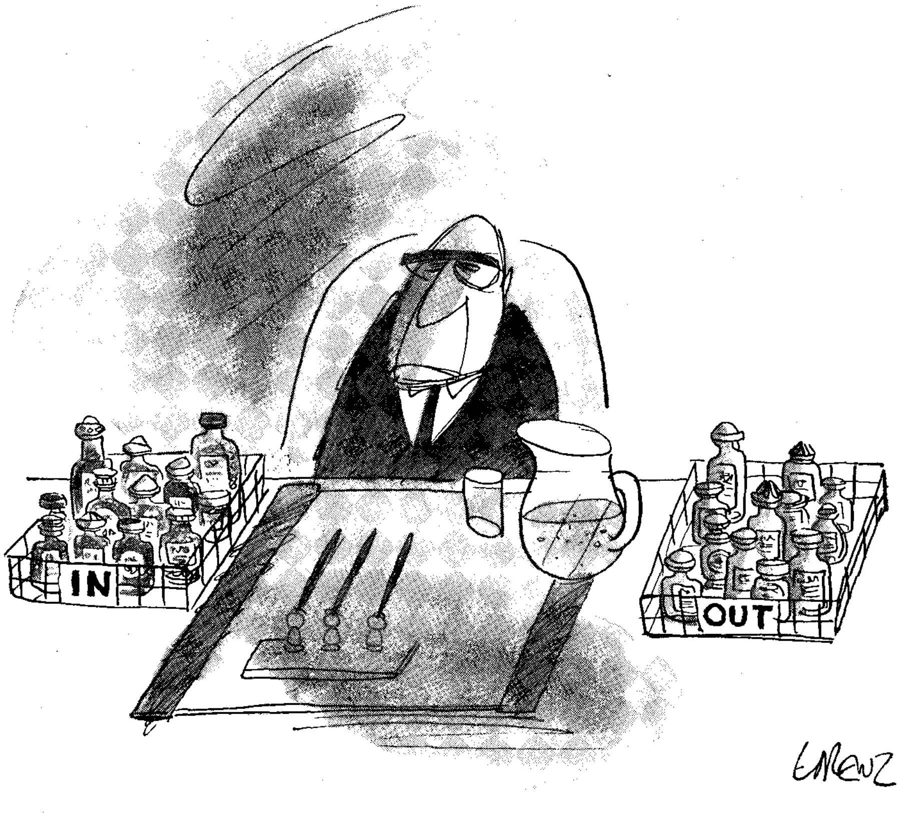
SLOW DEATH IN ITALY

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, a man whose motives are hard to discern at times, is at his most arcane in "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore," at the Morosco. Mr. Williams, as everyone knows, has an enormous fund of dramatic ingenuity, but I'm afraid he didn't draw on it to any considerable measure here. What our author wants to do, I gather (I'm groping around in this area), is to establish that God is love, that death is inevitable (*there's* a surprise), and that when the last-call angel comes around, you'd better accept him with proper spirituality. In this instance, last-call is a young man named Chris Flanders (Paul Roebling), who makes a practice of being on hand when old ladies are about to depart this earth. He wears *Lederhosen* and is entwined in muscles, but, as Mr. Roebling plays him, he never convinced me that he was an angel, with good news or bad. The heroine of Mr. Williams' current exercise is an aging international gadabout, bleached to the eyelashes, who is living high on the hog in Italy and whose memoirs are considered very hot stuff by a couple of publishers. As she is depicted by Hermione Baddeley, the lady of the memoirs is galvanic, all right, but once you've got the idea that she's a goner, there isn't much left of the drama, and it must be said that the idea of her doom sets in fairly early in the game.

In a program note, Mr. Williams writes, "Essentially the death of Mrs. Flora Goforth is the death of a clown. There is hardly a bit of nobility, nor even of dignity, in her fiercely resistant approach to life's most awful adventure, which is, of course, that of dying. But if the play achieves, even partially, its artistic intention, you will find it possible to pity this female clown even while her absurd pretensions and her panicky last effort to hide from her final destruction make you laugh at her." Well, she didn't make me laugh, and "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore" struck me as being made up of shreds and patches of the author's other works.

One performer deserving of high marks is Ann Williams, who portrays a secretary to Miss Baddeley. Also on hand is Mildred Dunnock, who is known in the play as the Witch of Capri. The character is baffling.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



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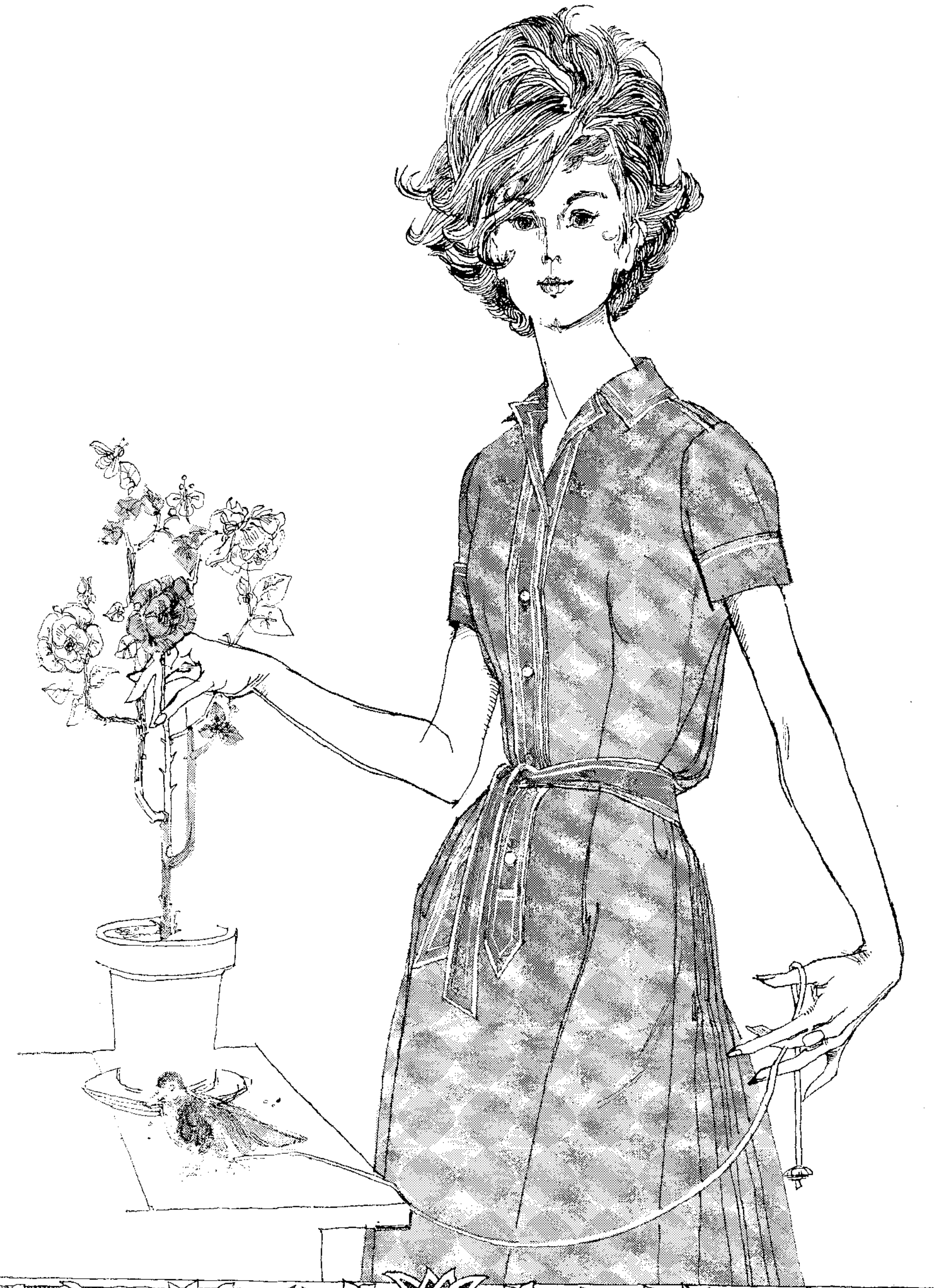

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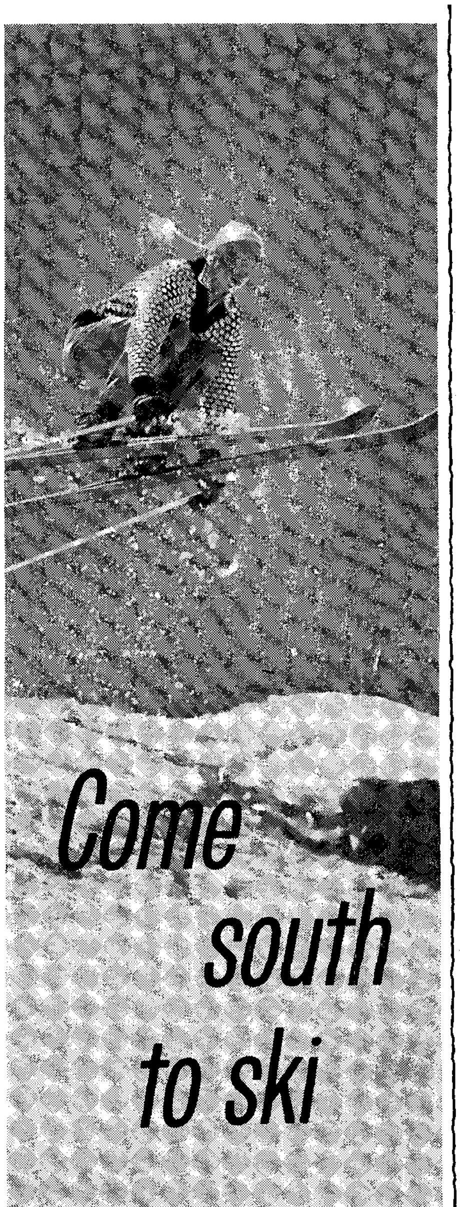

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Gallic Week

IF the concert presented by the Friends of French Opera, under the baton of Robert Lawrence, at Carnegie Hall last Friday evening suggested anything specific, it was that French opera is certainly in need of friends. And I cannot help observing, in this connection, that its worst enemies have been the French themselves. Very few French operas of any consequence, as far as I can make out, have been written since the turn of the century. The Paris Opéra has been in a state of dignified ruin for about fifty years—a state that the de Gaulle government has only lately made some efforts to remedy. French opera singers of the finest calibre have been notable for their rarity in recent years, such sterling artists as Lily Pons and Régine Crespin being exceptions to a very general rule, and having, besides, made their reputations, for the most part, outside France. The days of superb French opera singing—of Emma Calvé and Marcel Journet, to name a couple of the giants of the past—are something one reads about in history books. It is hard to avoid the impression that the French have come to treat the art with complete apathy. I do not know whether this state of affairs indicates a decline in those wonderful civilized values the French have disseminated for centuries in other fields, since opera is perhaps not the most reliable index of civilization, but the fact remains that French opera has gone to pot. Even the indubitably melodious operas of that once supposedly unshakable bastion of the French touch, Charles François Gounod, no longer command much of an international following. It is true that one nineteenth-century French opera, Bizet's "Carmen," continues to hold the boards as an unquestioned masterpiece, and that certain other works, of a rather specialized sort—Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande," Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," Charpentier's "Louise"—still exert enough charm to interest opera enthusiasts. Nevertheless, the record, compared with that of the

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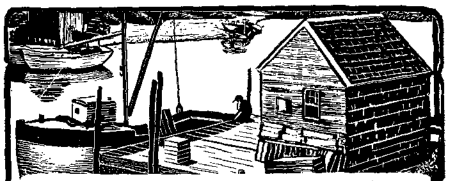

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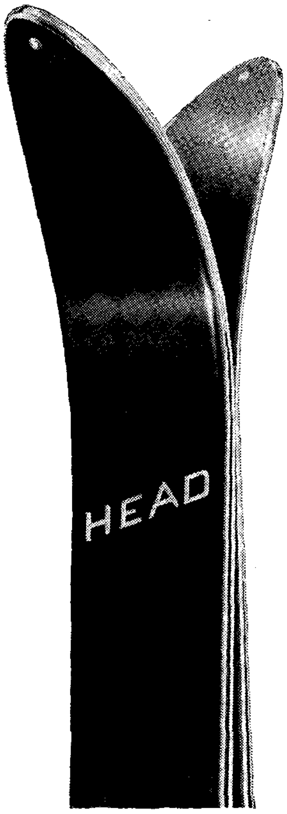
Italians and the Austro-Germans, is not very impressive.

Thus, Mr. Lawrence and his Friends are faced with an uphill fight. I am often thankful for what they manage to unearth and perform, but my thanks are usually those of a scholar interested in historical curiosities rather than those of an inflamed auditor exposed to an unforgettable musico-dramatic experience. This was the case the other night. The program was evenly divided between Berlioz and Massenet, the two opposite poles of French operatic thought. Berlioz was somewhat skimpily represented by excerpts—the overture to "Béatrice et Bénédict" and the aria "D'Amour l'ardente flamme," from "La Damnation de Faust" (sung handsomely by Rita Gorr)—and by two items that had nothing to do with opera, one being a "Reverie and Caprice for Violin and Orchestra," whose solo was played gracefully by David Montagu, and the other the song cycle "Nuits d'Eté," in which that admirable lyric tenor Cesare Valletti used mostly the lower range of his voice. Of all this, I enjoyed moderately the spiciness of the overture, the occasional nobility of the aria, and one or two of the six items allotted to Mr. Valletti. But the weaknesses of Berlioz—those of a greatly gifted amateur, incapable, most of the time, of writing either for voices or for instruments in a manner that might be called idiomatic—struck me again, as they have many times before.

The last half of the evening was given over to Massenet's old shocker "La Navarraise," and it wasn't until its blaring opening measures got going that I remembered I had heard it before, somewhere around 1920, when Mary Garden was tearing up the stage with it at the Chicago Opera. Being less critical then, I found it hair-raising. Today, it seems to me pretty vulgar, though I must say that Miss Gorr tore up the concert stage with it fairly well, emitting floods of agonized dramatic sound in a voice much richer in quality than Miss Garden's was. Meanwhile, the condensed dose of murder, gunfire, madness, mayhem, and sex that the work squeezes into a mere half hour was left, visually, to the imagination—which was a mercy. Massenet, unlike Berlioz, was a slick professional to his fingertips, and in "La Navarraise" not a trick of melodrama is overlooked. A program note put the opera in the same general class as "Pagliacci." Personally, I prefer "Pagliacci," because it has more music and less whacking and thundering. In any case, "La Navarraise" does not be-



MUSEUM PIECE?

New York's Museum of Modern Art thinks so. In its exhibition of sports equipment last summer, the only metal skis were Head Skis. The only ski poles were Head Ski Poles. Both were chosen as peerless examples of "Design for Sport." And who are we to argue with the Museum of Modern Art?

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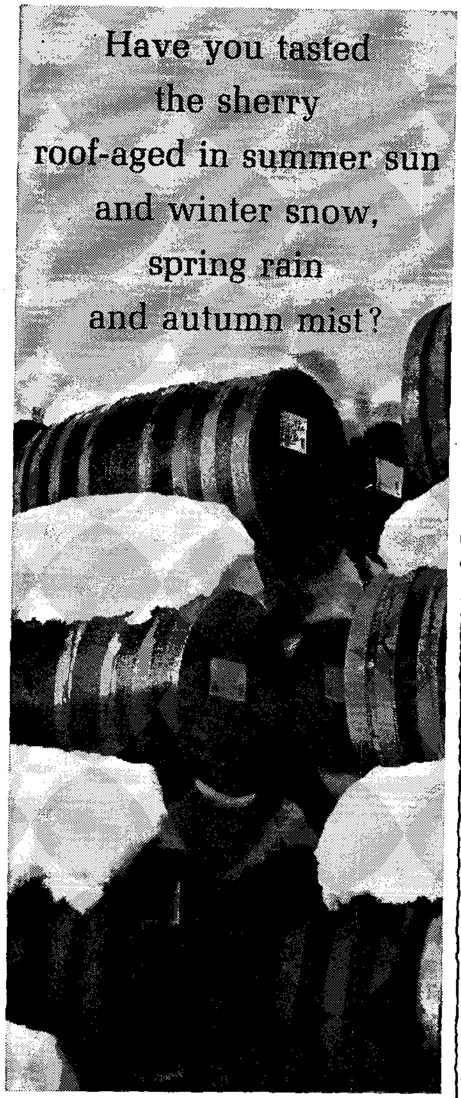
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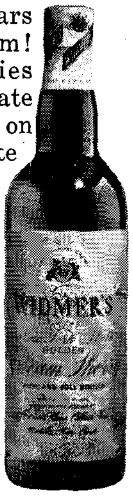

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long to the category of more memorable operas, and I'm afraid that Mr. Lawrence's uphill fight still has a long way to go.

EARLIER last week, on Monday night, the Concert Opera Association, under Thomas Scherman, performed Gasparo Spontini's old opera "La Vestale" in Philharmonic Hall. It was a somewhat similar occasion. "La Vestale," which had not been heard here since its performances at the Met in 1926, is unquestionably a French opera, in spite of the fact that Spontini was an Italian. He was living in Paris at the time of its creation, and wrote it in collaboration with a French librettist. It represents the French taste of an earlier period, that of Napoleon Bonaparte, and, indeed, it is often considered the first "grand" opera, in the sense that it demanded a triumphal scene and no end of imposing spectacle. Wagner is said to have admired it enormously, and though it is a little difficult at this late date to understand why, the opera does contain some rather impressive writing for the voice, especially in the second and third acts. Most of this was sung with beautiful style and great warmth by Régine Crespin, who is rapidly becoming one of my favorite dramatic sopranos, and if the accompanying roles were not filled with singers of anywhere nearly comparable gifts, they were marked out well enough to give an idea of the opera's dramatic continuity. The reason "La Vestale" has fallen out of favor is, as one could readily see, that its drama is exceedingly weak, the crux being a vestal virgin's crime of allowing the sacred flame to go out while she is cutting up with a lover—something no really upright vestal virgin would ever do. Eventually, matters are straightened out by the gods, who reignite the flame with a bolt of lightning, and everything ends happily. During all this, there is a good deal of stilted recitative, and, of course, the concert production did not include the scenic wonders that presumably took the minds of the 1807 Paris audience off the drama's triviality. Well, there *have* been some great French operas, a surprising number of which have been written by Italians (Lully, Cherubini, et al.), but last week's offerings were not among them.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

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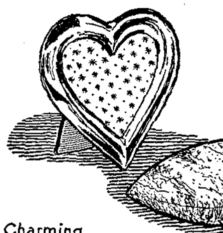

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THE RACE TRACK

They're Off at Hialeah

I SUPPOSE it would start a rumpus in some quarters if I were to say that Florida's season never really begins until Hialeah opens. Nevertheless, that's how it has always looked to me. Tropical Park had its customary humdrum meeting, but Mr. Fitz did all right there, winning two ten-thousand-dollar handicaps for the Wheatley Stable with Insurrection. The undependable Hitting Away failed him, though, in the forty-thousand-dollar Tropical Park Handicap on closing day last week, and Sunrise Flight, a Wheatley castoff, who won it, made the biggest score of his career.

A good part of Hialeah's charm derives from its flowers and palms and flamingos, but it also has horses from all the leading stables in the East. To start things off last Thursday, Kilmoray, whose form was pretty moderate last summer, won the Royal Poinciana Handicap, beating Mighty Fennec, Merry Ruler, and seven other sprinters. More interesting was Saturday's Hibiscus Stakes, the first of a series of events for three-year-olds leading up to the Flamingo Stakes on March 2nd. This brought out eleven runners, among them Rocky Link, winner of his last four starts, and Catullus, who won the Juvenile and the Flash Stakes last summer. Mr. Fitz saddled the winner, Royal Ascot, who, although he was crowded back shortly after the start, settled down quickly, went around the leaders on the stretch turn, and came in comfortably ahead of Pack Trip. Sky Wonder nosed out Big End for third place. I watched the race on television, and it seemed to me that Rocky Link did not have a smooth passage, and that Catullus wasn't wound up to concert pitch. Somehow, neither struck me as a future classic winner. In the race before the Hibiscus, Ridan led some fast steppers home at seven furlongs, but it wasn't on television. Instead, tapes of the first and second races were shown. Maybe the sponsor loves daily-double players.

RACING at Santa Anita, which began the day after Christmas, is doing all right, too. So are some of the horses out there. Crozier, with his

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nemesis, Carry Back, in retirement, has been going great guns, winning the Palos Verdes and the San Carlos Handicaps. In fact, he's the favorite, at 4–1, in the future betting on the Santa Anita Handicap next month. Crimson Satan, who was top weight in the 1962 Experimental Free Handicap, and who had more hard luck last season than any two other horses you could name, is back in winning form. A fortnight ago, he beat a baker's-dozen runners in the San Fernando Handicap. So far so good.

As practically everybody knows, the Experimental Free Handicap is a rating of the past season's two-year-olds. This year, Tommy Trotter, official handicapper to the Jockey Club, has assigned weights to a hundred and forty-six runners—a record number. The top ranks include Never Bend, at 126 pounds; Candy Spots and Crewman, at 125; Rocky Link, at 121; Be Somebody, Delta Judge, In the Pocket, Right Proud, and Rambunctious, at 119; and Ahoy, Ornamento, and Outing Class, at 118. Affectionately and Smart Deb are ranked best of the fillies, at 115, which, counting in the three-pound sex allowance, puts them in the 118-pound class. Harry Guggenheim's handsome dark bay Never Bend was the obvious choice for top of the list. He won seven of his ten starts last year, was always in the money, and earned $402,969—a new high for racers of his age. Besides, he was voted the best two-year-old of 1962 in all those end-of-the-season polls. Even so, I can't agree that he's a pound better than Candy Spots, who beat him easily in the Arlington-Washington Park Futurity in Chicago last September. I thought then—and still think—that Candy Spots might be another Swaps. He certainly has been doing some impressive morning gallops at Santa Anita. Incidentally, Rex Ellsworth, his owner, and Mich Tenney, his trainer, are specially supervising his preparation for the San Vicente Handicap there next Thursday, his first start of the season. This is a departure from stable routine; heretofore, all the Ellsworth horses have been treated exactly alike. I remember that when Swaps was getting ready for his match with Nashua at Washington Park in 1955, he got no more attention than the lead ponies. As for Never Bend, he's been wintering in fine style. At present, he is at Columbia, South Carolina, but he'll go to Hialeah before long to begin training for the Flamingo Stakes. I'd take 2–1 on him right now.

—Audax Minor

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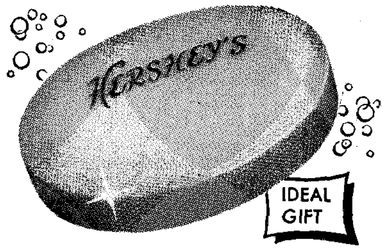

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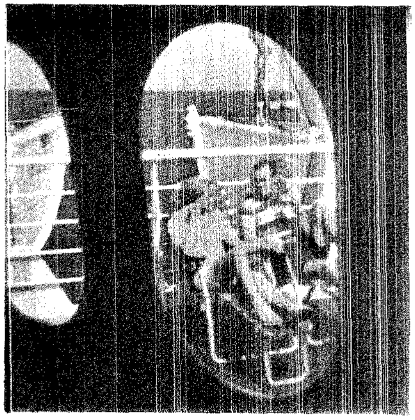

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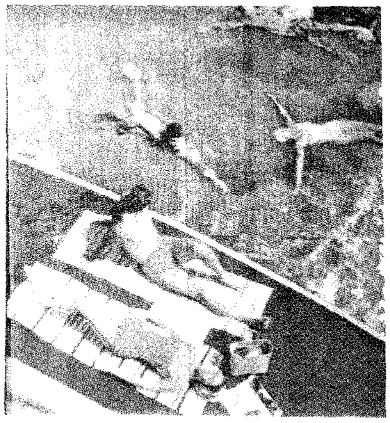

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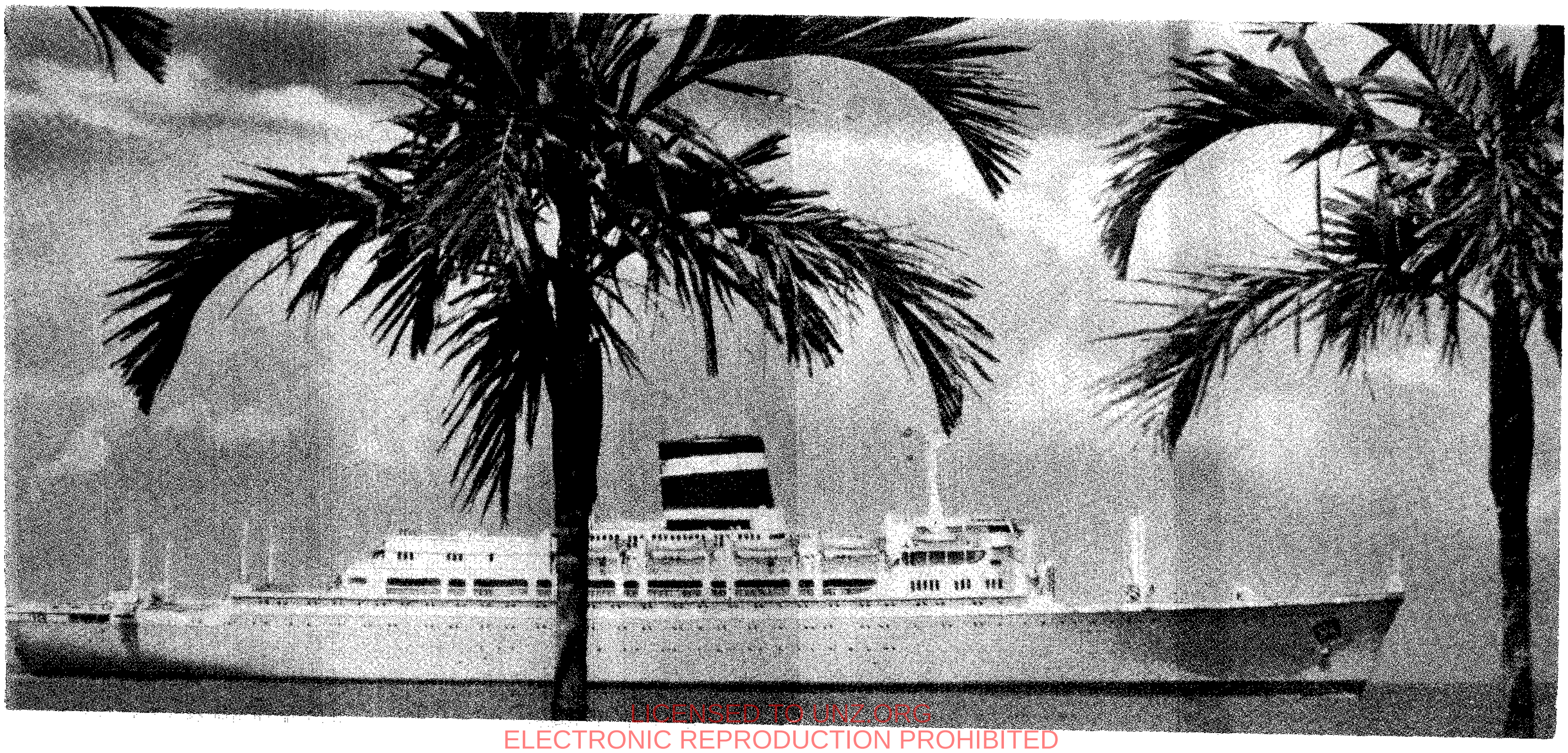

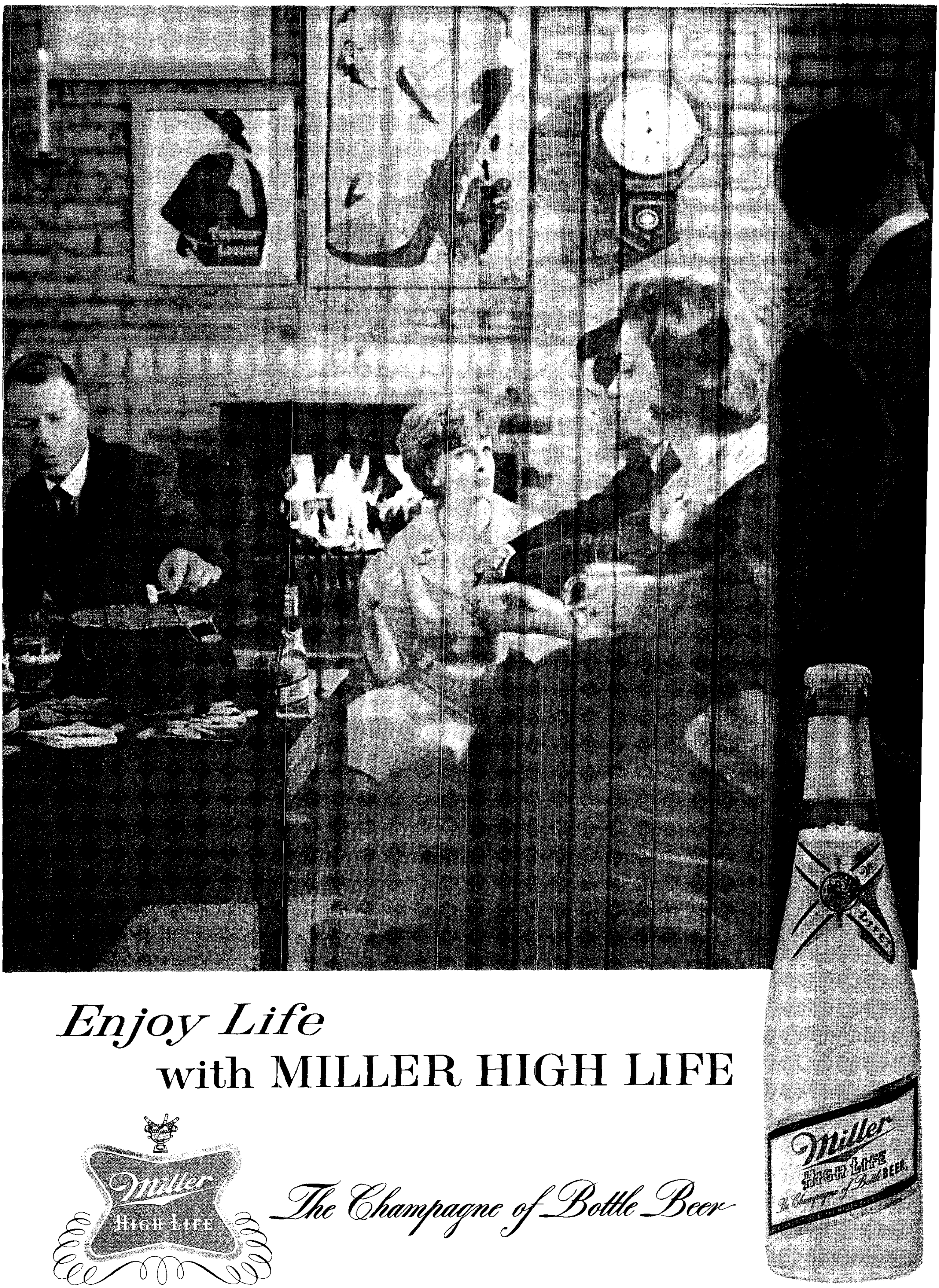
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THE ART OF SELF-DRAMATIZATION

OR, FORWARD FROM SCHRECKLICHKEIT

IF self-pity is often a justifiable method of meeting reality, its twin, self-dramatization, is even more so, but in an entirely different way. The two are fraternal but not identical twins. "We can be nothing without playing at being," says Sartre, in "Bring and Nothingness." In other words, we cannot *not* be enacting a role. A waiter, Sartre suggests, imagines himself as a waiter as he goes about waiting on tables—and so on. I take this to mean that some measure of private theatrics is not only vindicated but indicated. The problem is one of style: acquitting ourselves like actors, not hams.

I can see now that the whole course of a man's life may be viewed as the pursuit of that ideal. Among my own earliest memories are those of some fairly heady episodes in the bosom of a family unabashedly given to chewing the scenery. One in particular stands out. I am fifteen, and my father is pacing the period parlor, literally smiting his breast. Why? Because I have just been to the theatre, and that is condemned by our church as not just a frivolous pastime but a sin that puts one in danger of eternal hell-fire. Not even the climax of the play I have been to—"Ghosts," with Nazimova plowing the stage of the Erlanger Theatre, in Chicago, as Mrs. Alving while her son Oswald goes mad with congenital paresis—can hold a candle to the scene being enacted in this humble home where drama is frowned upon. At the scene's peak, I leap to my feet and, stumbling blindly among the Cogswell chairs and beaded lamps myself, beat the sides of my head with my fists and cry, "Abstract me, silent ships!"

Silene caroliniana

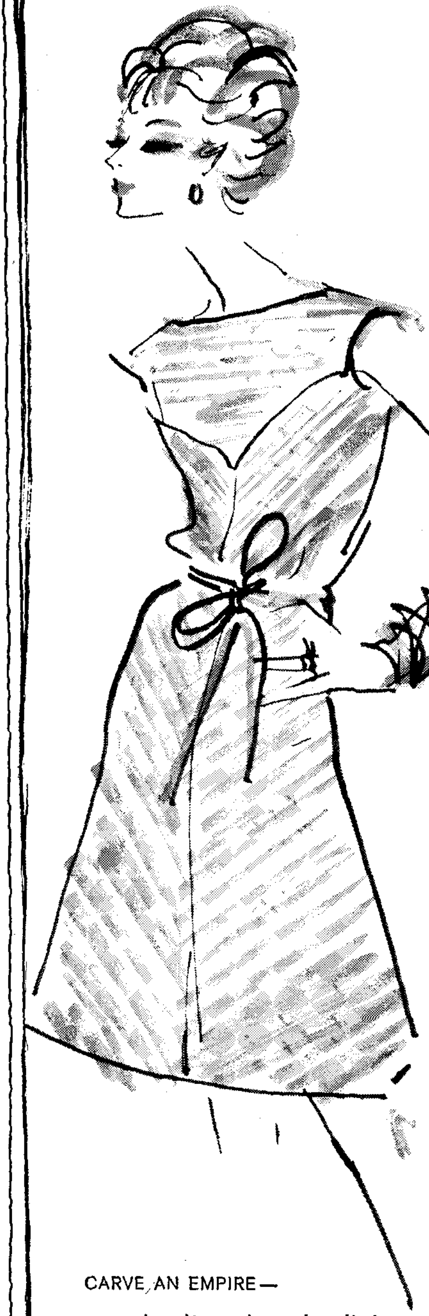
This is "starting high," as professional theatre people say of plays that open at a pitch from which there is almost nowhere to go, but our Dutch families were not the only ones in that neighborhood with this tradition of hearthside *Schrecklichkeit*. A few years later, at about the age of eighteen, I became involved with a girl whose folks were also rigidly orthodox, only Jewish, and broth-er! between my being a *goy* and her being a *Philistijn*, the contrapuntal wailing could be heard anywhere in the half block of city street that separated our two houses. I myself, however, had moved away from that brand of histrionics. I was through with all that *Schrecklichkeit*, and beginning to play it cool.

I lay on park grass with my head in the girl's lap, one night after our families had beaten us to emotional pulps, and, flinging an arm carelessly over my brow, again said, "Abstract me, silent ships." But with what a difference! I now murmured Baudelaire's apostrophe quietly, with a kind of rueful worldly wisdom that at the same time carefully focussed the drama on myself. It was I who was suffering—a poetic *misérable* to whom families were so awful that the thought that he should start another of his own was one a girl must not for a moment entertain. She put it completely out of her head. Yet it was not many years later that I was using the same line, not to mention the same posture, to get a woman to marry me.

We had had supper together on the beach at Lake Michigan, and were lying on the shore, I on my back and she propped, face down, on her elbows. She began to draw figures in the sand with her finger. After a moment, she said, "I've been thinking maybe we should break this off."

I did not cry out. I did not threaten to kill myself. I did not even protest. I simply laid my arm across my eyes and murmured the line from Baudelaire (in the excellent George Dillon translation) that has stood me in such good stead in so many crises in my personal relations, especially with women. The bit of pantomime that regularly accompanies its utterance is by now a perfectly timed and polished piece of fakery in which I only *seem* to be blotting from view a world no sensitive man can endure. In reality, it is a shield from under which to observe the reactions of the person whom I am trying to impress.

FAR trickier than the arts of gaining or keeping an advantage are those aimed at recovering a lost one—say, a fall from domestic grace. Here the utmost in subtlety is required to disguise the manipulations one is up to—to muffle, as it were, the rumble of scenery being changed. One summer evening, for



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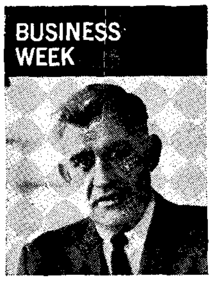


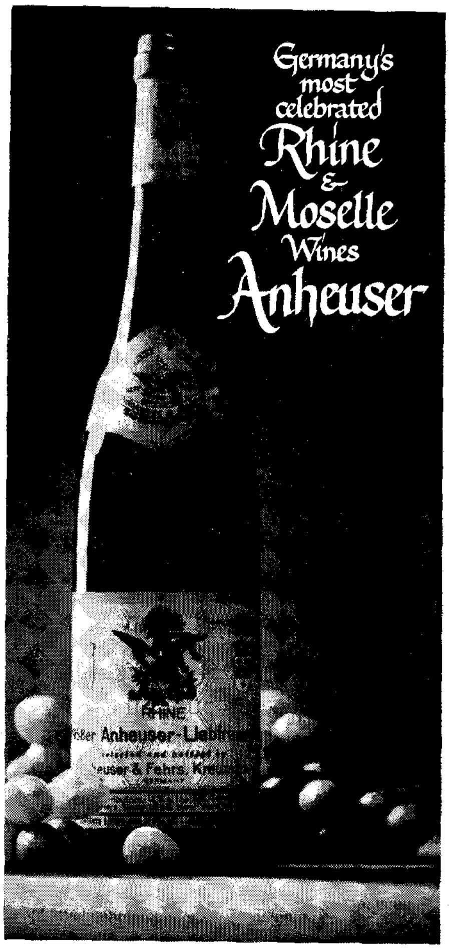
example, when the marriage the suave waterside dramatics had secured for me was eight years old, I "disappeared" at a party with a girl known as Muffins Morrison, and was put so far in the doghouse that I didn't think my wife would ever let me out. I pulled every trick in the book, including the one of standing at the window, looking out, and saying, "I don't exactly like myself, you know." None of it did any good. There was only one thing I could think of. I would go into the hospital for some tests *during my vacation.*

The chief problem of the adroit self-dramatizer—one who plays it down and thereby excites additional admiration—is how to let people know there is something *to* play down. How can you be a bit of all right if the essence of it is not worrying your friends with the fact that there is something to be a bit of all right *about*?

The day before I was to go into the hospital for those tests, we had some friends in for drinks, and I solved the problem that time by leaving a list of dietary and other instructions, which the doctor had given me, lying around where people would be sure to see it. When I was reasonably certain they had—I had left it on the cocktail table in the middle of the room—I suddenly pretended to deplore finding it there, and then pocketed it casually as I took orders for drinks. It all worked beautifully. A few days after I got out of the hospital, I ran into one of the cocktail guests (an English friend who is himself wonderfully adept at this whole business of throwing it all away), and he inquired after my health. "Had you in drydock for a bit, did they? How'd it go, old man?" he asked. The tests had all been negative, but I didn't want to talk about it. I let him know that—not in so many words but by changing the subject and looking up the street in a manner calculated to foster further concern.

Thus one man's progress in the art of self-enactment as son, suitor, friend, and husband. It is the role of parent, however, that is the most important and exacting, as well as the most difficult to sustain over the long haul, as the following incident may serve to show.

SHORTLY after my son turned fifteen—the same age I was when I was caught going to the theatre in Chicago—the local police telephoned me late one evening to say that he had been picked up with two other boys and three girls on a wild joy ride around town in a car owned by the parents of one of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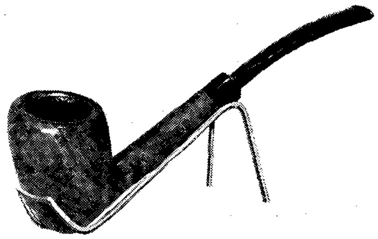

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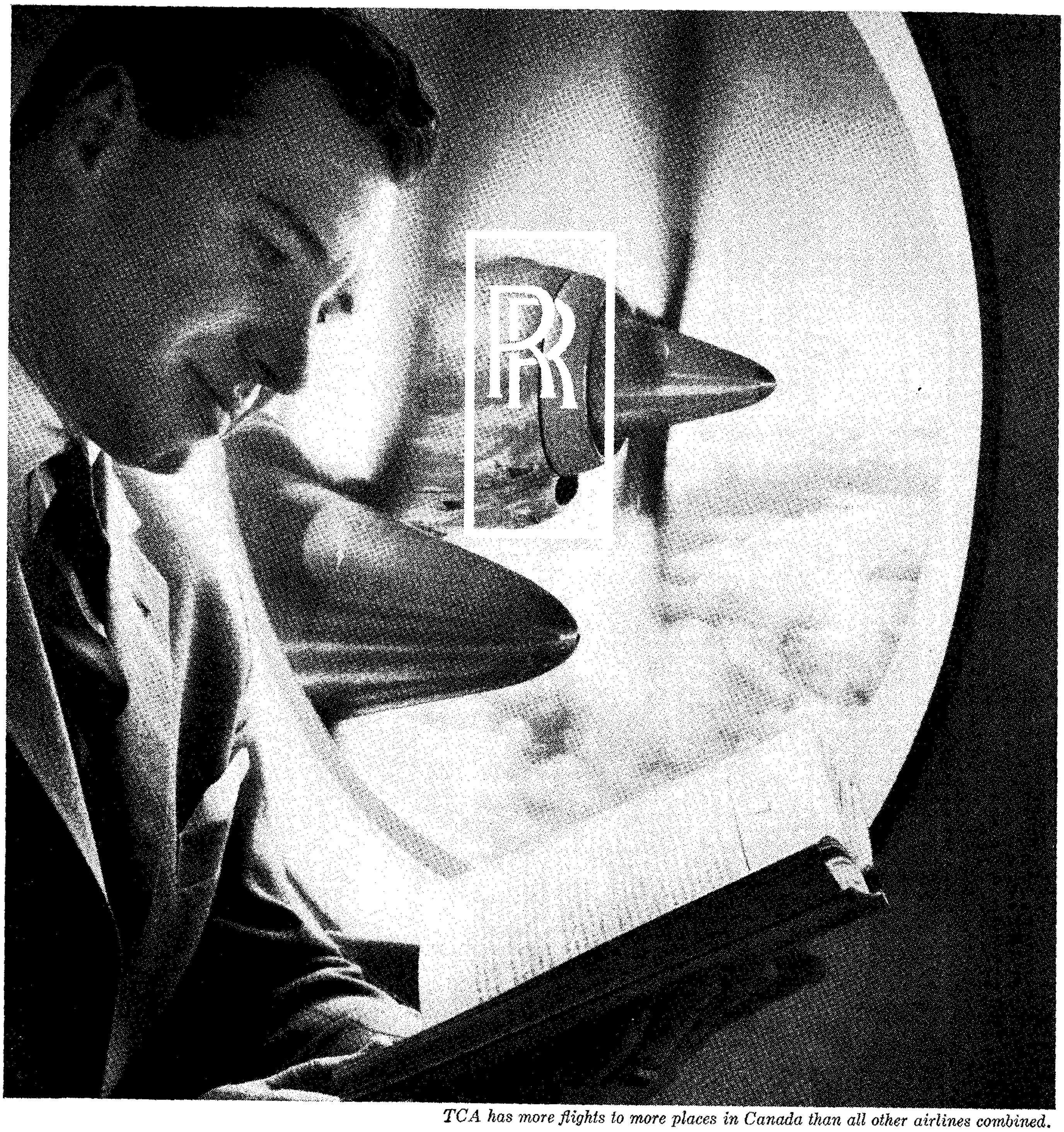

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the boys. The miscreants had told their elders that they were going to attend some discussion group at the Y.M.C.A. They had then proceeded to the home of that boy, where they had stealthily wheeled the car out of the garage—"while his mother was asleep and his father was in Switzerland," in the words of the official testimony—and set off on their ill-fated spin. The boys, all under age, had taken turns at the wheel.

My jaw was grim as I backed our own Ford Country Squire out of the garage and headed for the police station. I will not describe in detail the scene that took place there. Needless to say, it marked a return to *Schrecklichkeit*—the collapse of all style, all the cool histrionics whose principles had been so carefully cultivated over the years. Not that I was any less conscious of my formal role as parent than the other fathers and mothers I found assembled when I arrived. Far from it! We all paced the station-house waiting room, declaiming, in competitively hysterical accents, our disappointment in our young and flinging our arms into the air for their benefit. Where had we gone wrong? Was it *our* fault—did we give them too much? Didn't they realize that taking the car was a theft, and driving it without a license also a criminal offense? And so on.

I had not even begun to cool off when I got my prize into the station wagon, sometime after midnight, and made for home. "Lying, cheating, stealing, whoring, and hacking around after school! When will you grow up?" I demanded, jerking the lever for the directional lights down with a force that snapped it clean off the steering post, also damaging the mechanism inside so that the blinkers on the bumpers kept going after we had made our turn and could not be shut off. Passing motorists gesticulated obligingly as they went by. "What have I done wrong? I mean, I'd like to know. At Little League, you saluted the American flag with a dirty face. The only cultural thing I've ever got you to was that production of 'The Playboy of the Western World,' because you thought it was about hacking around. What have I done to deserve this?"

He did not say. The boy's sangfroid—perfectly discernible beneath the surface protestations of remorse—did little to soothe my temper. The spectacle of his mother waiting at the window stung me to fresh outcries. At their conclusion, I dropped, exhausted, into a chair in the living room, letting my arms dangle over the sides. I sat breathing heavily in this position a minute or

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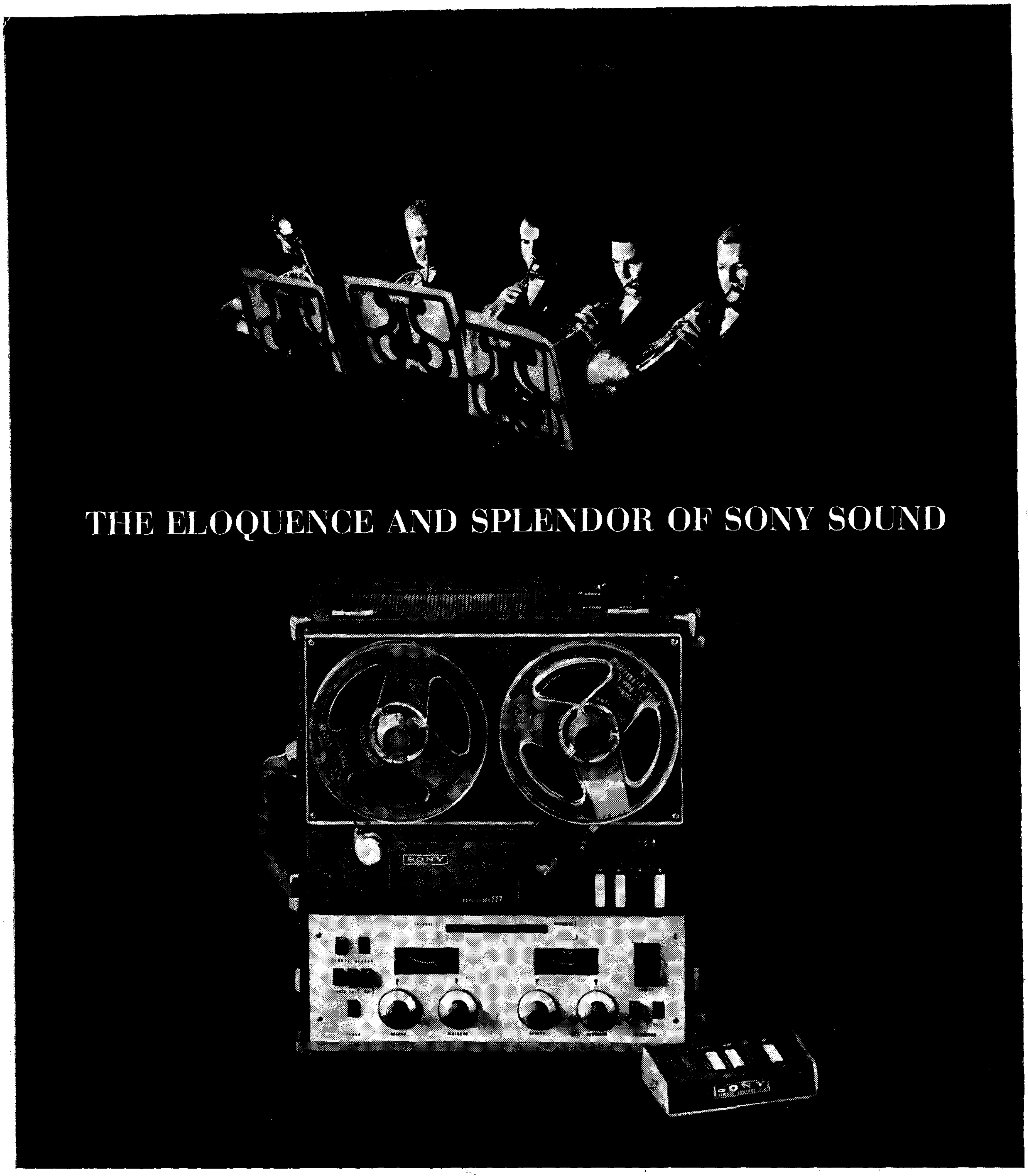

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two before turning again to the boy, seeking some further expression of how sorry he felt, some healing reassurance. For a moment, I could not locate him. Then I saw him. He was lying prostrate on the couch, one arm flung across his brow, watching me from under the sleeve of his shirt.

—PETER DE VRIES

•

SEX AMONG THE LIBRARIANS

[*From the Chapter Notes, Special Libraries Association, Washington, D.C. Chapter*]

THE EMASCULATION OF SLA

The emasculation of SLA is continuing to the consternation of many of its members who view the splintering into new Divisions and local Groups not as an answer to meet subject or format needs, but as an escape into the narrow confines of specialization.

The very birth of SLA itself as well as the recent budding of ADI from its prolonged latent state of "documentalism" as opposed to "librarianship," are symptomatic of the continuing fertility of librarianship. Unfortunately, the cell division taking place within these legitimate and illegitimate offspring is incestuous and its progeny is afflicted with the scourge wrought upon it by its parents and in turn afflicting the parents with the grievous burden of guilt. To wit, the creation of a Documentation Division in SLA and the commensurate establishment of a local Documentation Group reflect a fundamental dissatisfaction not only with the parental structure of SLA but also with the paramour structure of ALA and with the bachelor structure of ADI. Documentation is not a subject discipline like science, social science or geography, or a format interest such as newspaper or picture but cuts appreciably across both subject and format. SLA can ill afford to spread its membership participation thinly by spawning broods of illegitimate offspring, ill conceived but desired by minority whose needs are evidently not being met within the existing broad subject and format disciplines.

•

PORT ALLEGANY (Special)—Direct Distance Dialing, plus the removal of the local office of the Bell Telephone Co., make it necessary for Port Allegany and area residents to change their habits in regard to fire and police calls.

The new telephone number for fire calls is 642-2533. The person answering this telephone will start the siren. All members of the Star Hose Volunteer Fire Co. will go to the fire house to learn where the fire is located, and proceed from there.

In the past, by dialing the Operator, a fire could be reported. But, with the removal of the local operators, the area operator, possibly in Bradford, Warren or Pittsburgh, would not have access to the fire siren, and this would delay the call for help.—*Bradford (Pa.) Era.*

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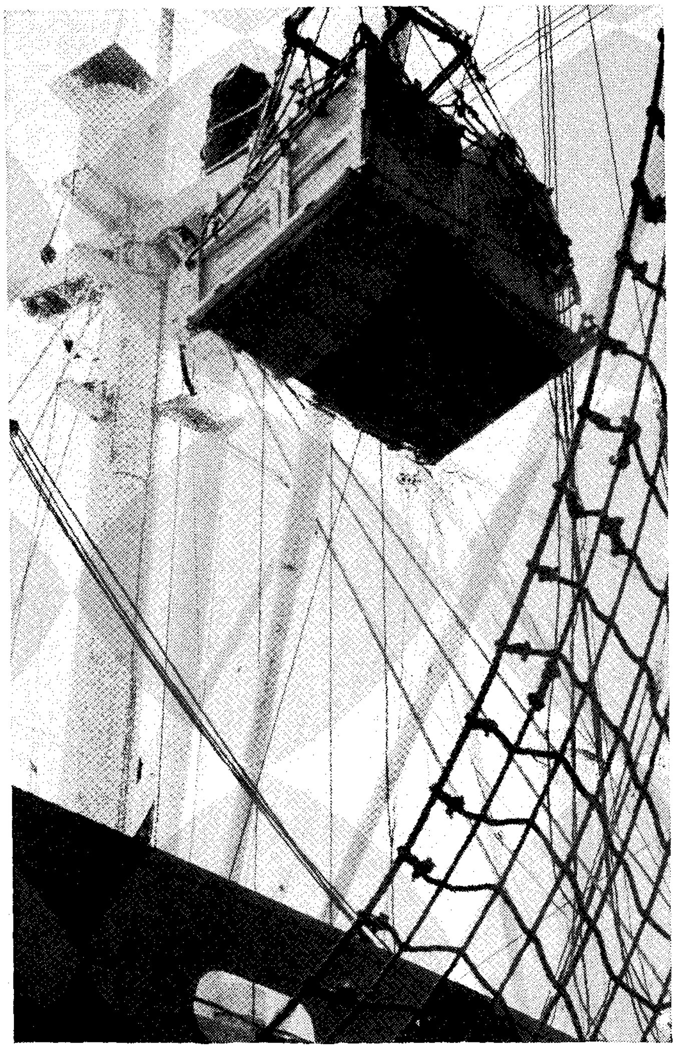

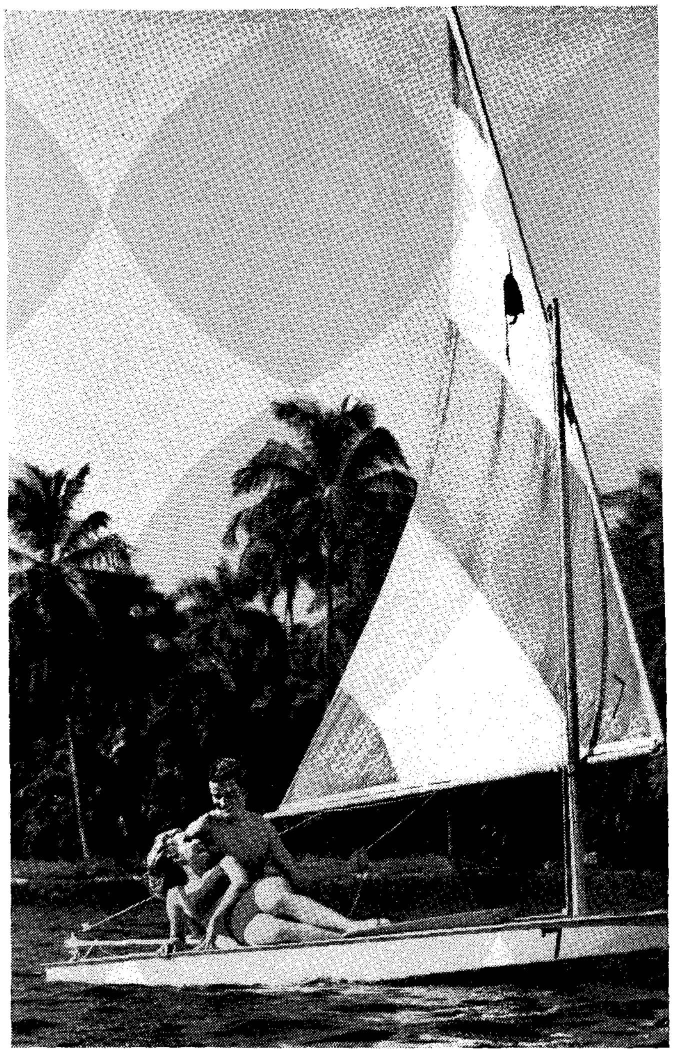

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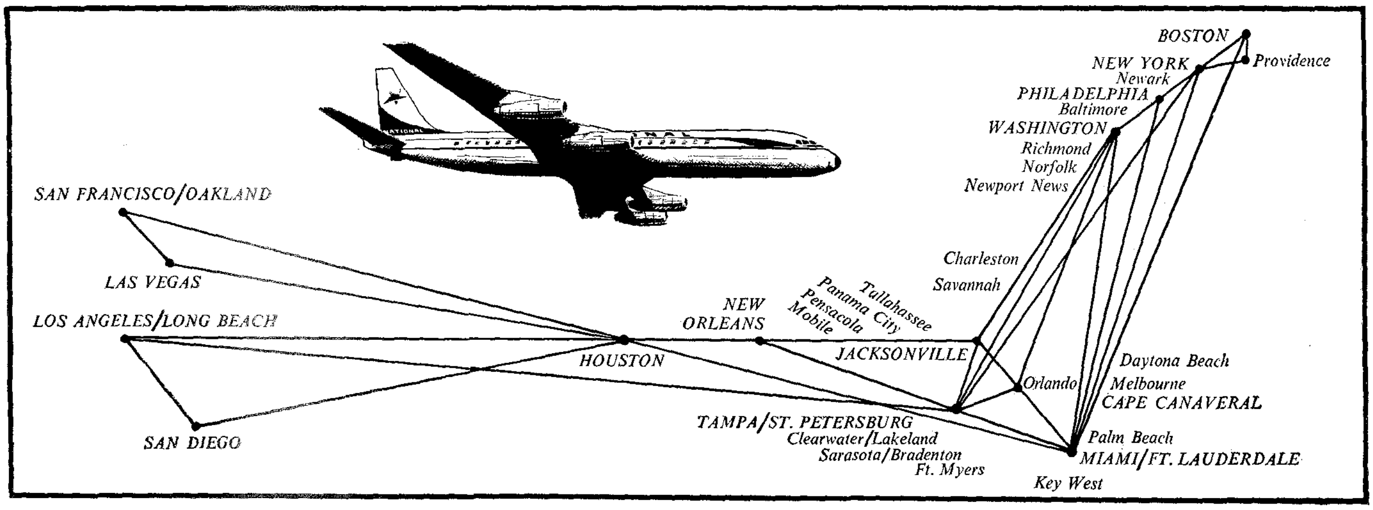
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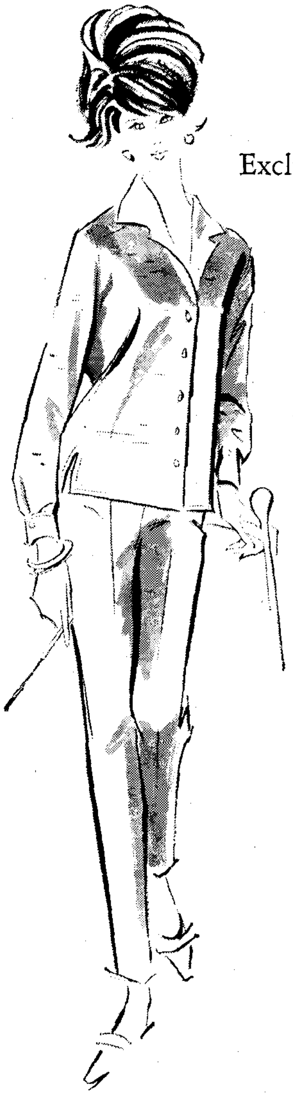

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

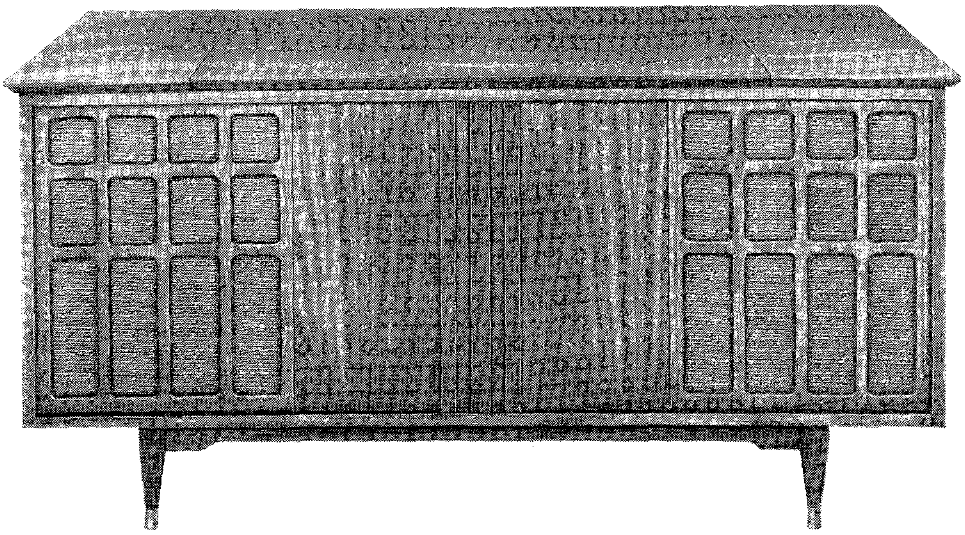
FEMININE FASHIONS

THEY all laughed when the chemise, or sack, burst into view a few years ago (except those who cried with rage), but now look at the vigorous little tyrant—all fixed up with a new tag, saying "shift" (and shifty it is, too, if the figure beneath is willowy and the thing is fitted to skim the hips properly). Women of all ages and conditions have made it epidemic for the current resort and cruise scene, and it was prevalent enough already. Nary a waist seam will be visible for miles of fashionable beaches; tricky bias darts near the bosom give the shifts a fluidity that belies their oblong appearance on the hanger. They descend to just above the knees for the beach, to just below the knee (then they're called "dresses"), or to the floor (in this case, slits at the sides make maneuvering possible) for patio lounging, entertaining at home, dancing—you name it. For the casual life, the wearers want them opaque, so heavy cottons are rampant and even the very inexpensive ones have linings besides. That way, one needn't wear anything underneath, which makes for both coolth and comfort. Footnote of social significance: The Hawaiian designers have joined the mainland in eschewing the too bulky muu-muu and falling in with the straight-line efforts. They're conforming in other ways, too—I was shown not a single batik print or sarong wrap from Hawaii, and this comes about just as the celebrated Emilio Pucci is taking up the sarong! The shops teem with resplendent prints on every sort of fabric to make coverups on shift lines. An accidental newcomer to this particular trade is Lilly Pulitzer, who a while back made a few shifts for the salesgirls at her husband's Palm Beach shop. Suddenly, everybody wanted them. So Lord & Taylor has quite a lot this minute, and more should pour in soon. All are of brilliantly printed heavy cottons or cotton brocades, subtly shaped near the bust line, and self bows appear at the tops of the side slits. The short ones are $30 and the long ones $45. And there are some with grosgrain bindings. Even the most conservative old dears love them, and they run up to size 16.

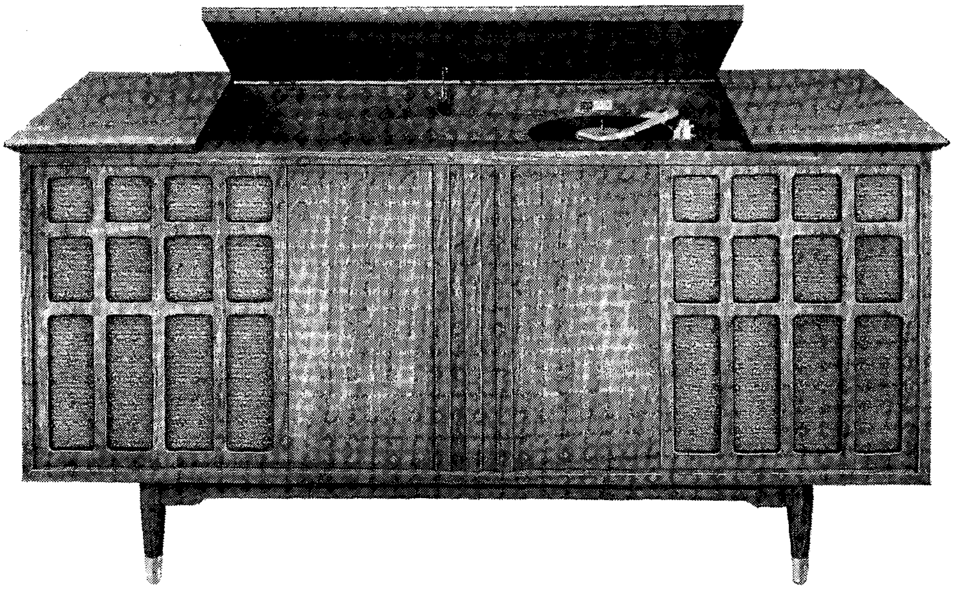
A more universally becoming aspect of this beltless rage is a shape that lurks close to the body on top but widens slightly into a sort of rajah-coat flare below (all right, call it an A line if you wish) to assuage any suggestion of hippiness. The dress that stands out at the moment in my overburdened mind twinkles in the antic (not attic) shops of Robert Leader, and Carmen G. of Hawaii is the designer. The wool hopsacking it's made of is especially great in a greige color called, appropriately, Wet Sand, but Shocking pink or navy suits it, too. Its sleeveless top has a wide bateau neck, and three clown pompon buttons of a fringe that mingles white with the color of the dress go down the upper front; $30. The thing also appears in a taupe-and-white wool with a scarf (this is up at $40) and in a silk-and-synthetic mixture that resembles tweed.

Any discussion of the dogged survival of the chemise must embrace Pucci and his nearly weightless shifts of matte silk jersey in marvellous prints that are by now classics. Lord & Taylor, an early admirer, also has some of his in a slightly heavier jersey that runs to dark colors, often plus a small pattern knitted in (tan on black, say), simply because addicts want to wear Puccis in winter, too; these are $100 to $150. Saks Fifth Avenue has a Pucci shrine, on the third floor, which owns not only the familiar Pucci beloveds but new twists from the great man's brain—long silk tunics, mid-thigh in depth, that are sleeveless or else have long cuffed sleeves; these last are $70. His famous tapered pants are here, in chartreuse silk partially covered by a skirt of magenta shantung, slit to make an ankle-length apron front and back; a long overblouse of thin matte silk jersey, also chartreuse, accompanies them. In Bali, Pucci evolved the idea of pant-and-skirt in *real* harmony; there is just one roomy leg, and a skirt wraps around over it from the opposite side, in nice and slender fashion. A tie sits on one hip. The midriff top bares quite a bit of diaphragm. In printed silk crêpes, this harmony is $150. More Bali-hoo (what else can one call it?) is apparent in a long, narrow wrapped skirt, with a bare midriff between it and the abbreviated top, which has a camisole neckline. It's in silk prints, at $125, and I saw it at Bendel. A few long-skirted effects for patio or dance floor need no slits, for they

Lowboy console.



Highbrow stereo.



Long and low in silhouette, strictly a connoisseur's item in high fidelity performance . . . it's the new Diplomat by Fisher. Yes, there exist even finer stereo consoles, but they cost more and they're also by Fisher.

Fisher stands apart from other makers of stereophonic radio-phonographs because Fisher is also the world's leading manufacturer of separate high fidelity components.

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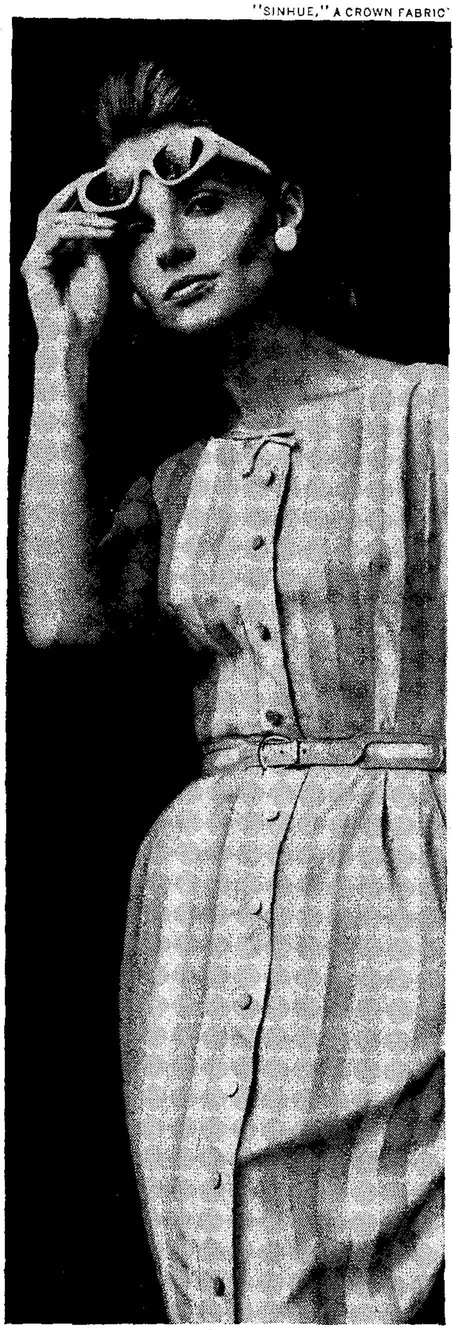

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swing out full and circular. A brilliantly patterned wraparound skirt of cotton (Elisabeth Stewart is the author) is smooth down the hips but swings wide at the base; $23. Bonwit Teller is one of many who admire it. And Bendel is an admirer (there are others) of floor-length culottes by Cabana, in a crinkly cotton print of tropical designs involving mustard, blue, red, pink, and so on. The legs are enormous at the bottom, and the sleeveless top has a cowl collar, high in front and dipping in back; $45. They're the kind of thing that people in resorts of the thirties wore day in and night out.

In general, the choice of colors and patterns for resort clothes is infinite, and in this chemical age the ingredients of fabrics get more mysterious all the time, but there are few radical changes in line, except for what I've already pointed out. It's at least a minor blessing that Ohrbach has found, in California, a designer who will make slacks with a back zipper, eliminating fullness down the hips or down the stomach. These beltless beauties, which taper as they descend, are of tussah in miraculous hues of raspberry, pale orange, and such; $10.99. Another triumph in back zippering also eliminates seams down the hips (the seams run *inside* the leg). Fully lined shantung, in other splendid colors—olive and hot orange among them—is the material, and $16.99 is the price. Anyone who'd like to boil off pounds of weight right out in public is served by Rudi Gernreich, who may have Gone Too Far with bathing suits of vinyl patent leather in red, black, or yellow, with elasticized maillot bottoms. In twenty minutes, you'd melt off three pounds. (At Lord & Taylor; $23 and $25.) The same vinyl, in white this time, makes sense for sailors racing in a brisk wind. John Weitz uses the stuff in a hip-length jacket lined with terry and sporting a turtleneck dickey of wool knit in the V; $70, and at Bendel. And, speaking of Bendel, it's a good place for us to get down to brass, rather than sailing, tacks by commencing to deal with all the emporiums in seriatim instead of catch-as-catch-can style. Thus:

WEITZ has also made for Bendel, which keeps its resort clothes in the Cachet Shop, a special collection that starts out with a Fred Astaire look—cuffed trousers of gray or white flannel with no taper, or what were once called Oxford bags. (The tapered slack is still around, but it's beginning to fade out, except in stretch ski clothes.) Possibly the collegians of the

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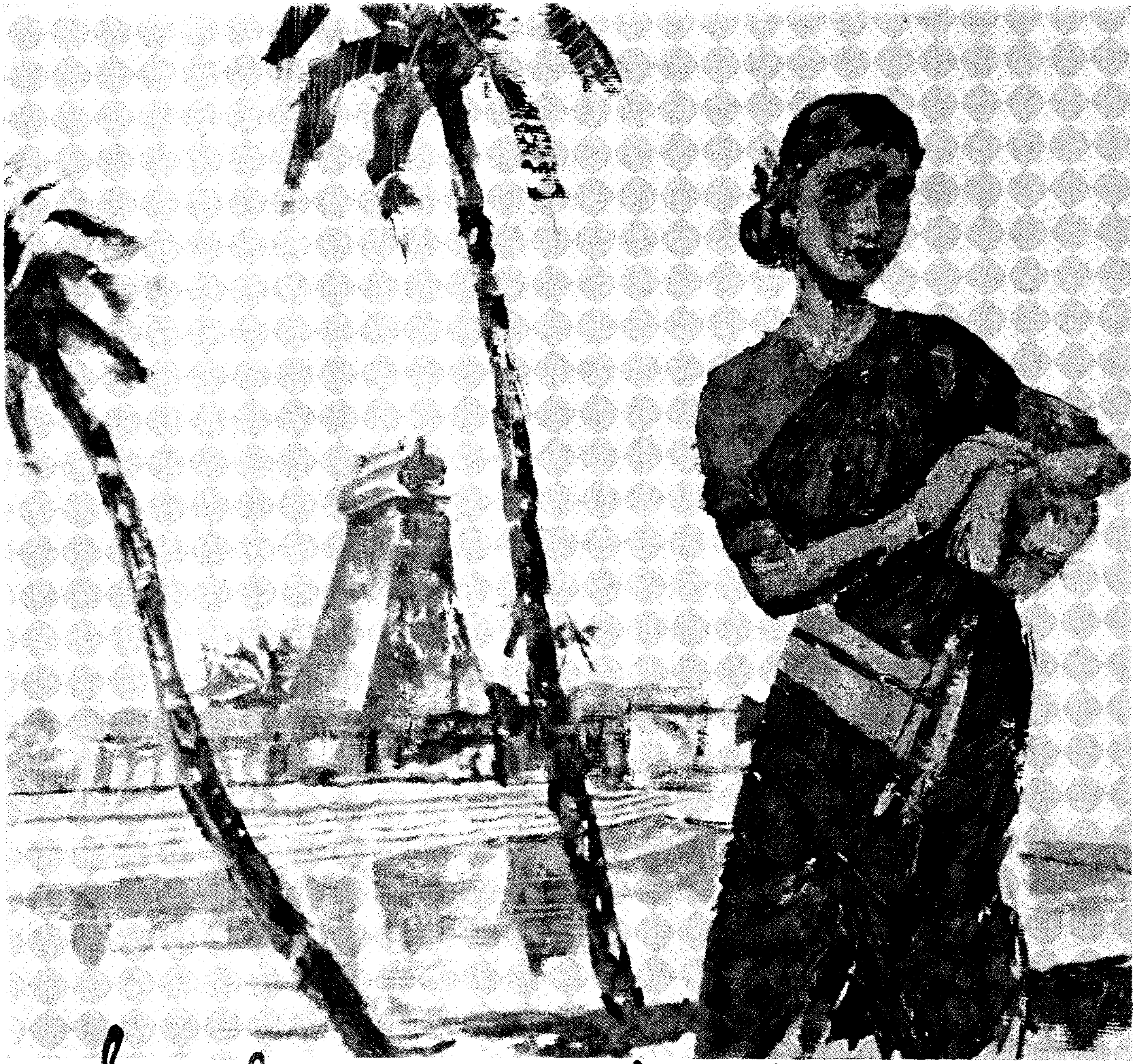

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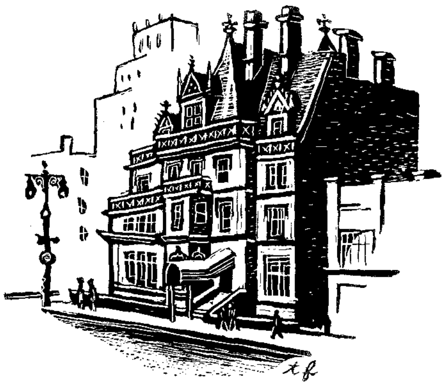
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Duke of Windsor's time made it fashionable not to have the bags pressed, the way undergraduates keep chino pants on the campuses unpressed today. These bags are meticulously tailored; $85. With them can go a wizard of a navy flannel blazer with red bindings and pearl buttons ($130) or, for the casual hours, a sleeveless overblouse of red-and-white striped heavy wool jersey lined with white Arnel jersey. This one is hip length. Another Weitz hope is one of the best-looking leather dresses around—white kid covered with small pink-red splotches. It's sleeveless, and stitching makes a band around the low waistline; there's a slight flare below. Then comes a Weitz tent of surah printed in two-inch orange-and-white squares. A rope belt of black patent leather holds in all this fullness. A heavenly Weitz coat of thick pale-yellow flannel is collarless and straight and buttoned, with welt seaming faking a low yoke in back and huge oblong pockets in front; the actual pockets are set on a slant within these oblongs. (Weitz things have to be ordered, which takes three weeks.) Lydia di Roma's dresses are of cotton shirting with a white-on-white vertical stripe. Red or black stitching provides further décor. There's bolero detail at the top of one, and a white tassel dangles at the base of each of the three Vs at the edge; on another dress, the same sort of tassels are the down-the-front fastenings. Both are $40. My pets among the bathing suits are some imported two-piece ones of a two-way-stretch nylon whose patterns give them a campus air—bright blue with red crossbars, or small black-and-white checks, or plaids; $25. And here, for one place, is Elisabeth Stewart's slightly wicked bathing suit with a modest blouson top of thin silk jersey in all manner of printed colors; $24. The shock is the skimpiness of the attached maillot pants. Something to wear over nearly anything is Sportswear Couture's fisherman's shirt, which is just about ideal in white linen; $40. It has two big patch pockets, a three-button panel be-



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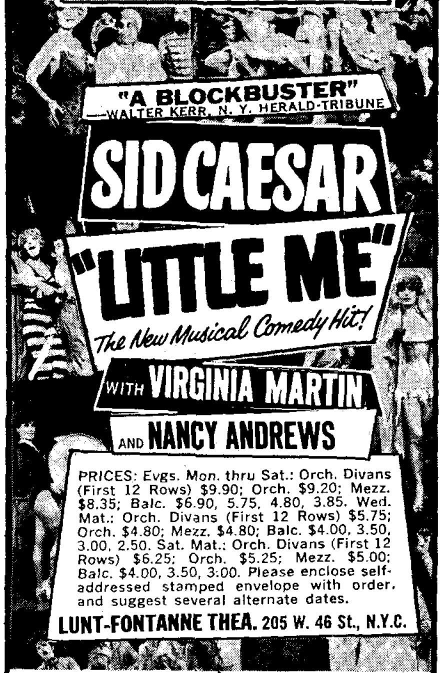
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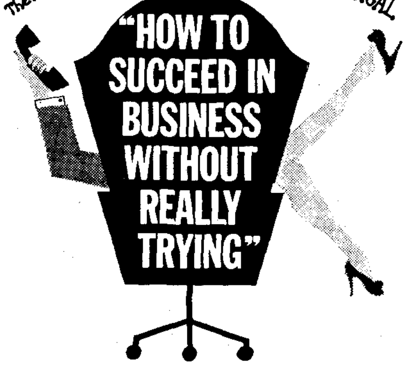
PULITZER PRIZE 1962
The FRANK LOESSER and ABE BURROWS MUSICAL


"HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING"

Book by ABE BURROWS, JACK WEINSTOCK and WILLIE GILBERT
Based on "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING" by SHEPHERD MEAD
Music and Lyrics by FRANK LOESSER
starring
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Musical Staging by BOB FOSSE
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PRICES: Evgs. Orch. Divans $9.60; Orch. $8.80; Mezz. $7.50, 6.90; Balc. $5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45. Mat. Wed.: Orch. Divans $5.00; Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90. Mat. Sat.: Orch. Divans $5.75; Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.60; Balc. $4.05, 3.45. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped env. with order, suggest several alternate dates.

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low the V in front, and long, cuffed sleeves.

THE clothes Hattie Carnegie brought home from Mirsa of Italy have a jaunty, nautical air and come in heavy, smooth jersey knits. A straight jacket with the typical Mirsa raglan sleeves and four double-breasted brass buttons down the front may be of navy, yellow, white, or turquoise; $70. There are matching pants, too. But that's not all; Mirsa likes to fancy up cardigans with flowery wool embroidery in soft colors that are lovely indeed. There are plain, cap-sleeved sweaters and skirts to match. (Saks Fifth Avenue, Bloomingdale, and Bonwit Teller, too, have their own assortments of Mirsa goodies.) Further offerings: Carnegie's ready-to-wear daytime dresses show up in fine basket-weave wools and flannels and Italian silks and a silk-and-rayon that's like linen. No beltless nonsense about Carnegie—there are belts on these things, with little tucks below them. And there is odd small detail around the necklines. For these, the prices run from $90 to $145. Harvey Berin contributes a perfect white wool dress whose polo-shirt top has little brass buttons below the V and a zipper down the back. Edward Abbott contributes a dress of machicoulis, an absorbent and uncrushable cottony sort of fabric in a fine basketweave. This is printed in assertive tropical colors. The dress is a sleeveless, beltless, go-anywhere fitted sheath. Both it and the Berin are $145.

IMPORTED ideas for the sunshine life are rife at Bloomingdale, where they are classified as the Riviera Group (in Sports, on the third floor). They are thoroughly gala. First of all, there are short shifts of sheeting cotton swarming with big pink camellias and green leaves; $50. Long, hooded shifts of orange cotton covered with blobs of chartreuse and grapefruit are $40. Nice old thick terry for after-bathing, ready to sop up anything, is around, too. Some of it goes into a knee-length shift in bright henna, with yellow and orange designs making a stripe down the front and along each side of the slits. A red-white-and-blue delirium of stripes and/or solid colors decorates a collection of imported bathing suits. One is simply a pair of shorts resting on the hipbone, plus a bodice, with three little buttons between the breasts, that ends just below there; $19.95. A one-piece arrangement that stepped out of the twenties—up-and-down stripes to the hips, and very short trunks attached beneath a horizontally striped belt—has a U back;

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an entertainment by and about the Kings and Queens of England
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"A JOY! A SHINY TREAT."
—GLOVER, A. P.

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also starring
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"NEW YORK HAS BEEN NEEDING ANOTHER SMASH HIT, AND IT GOT ONE SUNDAY EVENING. IT'S A MASTERPIECE OF SHOWMANSHIP."
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—Hobe Morrison, of Variety

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—Jack Gaver of the UPI

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DONALD ALBERY
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CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN
in
LIONEL BART'S
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A New Musical
Book, Music and Lyrics by LIONEL BART
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Directed by PETER COE
Designed by SEAN KENNY
Orchestrations by ERIC ROGERS
Musical Director DONALD PIPPIN
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ANTHONY NEWLEY in
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I WANT TO GET OFF
with ANNA QUAYLE
a New-Style Musical

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DAVID MERRICK presents
ANTHONY QUINN MARGARET LEIGHTON
in
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by SIDNEY MICHAELS
based on the play by FRANCOIS BILLETDOUX
Directed by PETER GLENVILLE

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JOSEPH COTTEN
in
CALCULATED RISK
"A lively thriller."
—Taubman, N. Y. Times

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AMBASSADOR THEATRE
215 West 49 Street, New York City

"UP TO ITS EARS IN LAUGHTER,"
Kerr, Her. Trib.

PAUL FORD MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN ORSON BEAN in
NEVER TOO LATE
DIRECTED BY GEORGE ABBOTT

PRICES: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.90. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Matinee: $4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Matinee: $5.40, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3.45, 2.90. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with order.

PLAYHOUSE THEA. 137 W. 48 St., N.Y.C.

$22.95. Some of these suits suggest Coney Island in the nineties, I'm told, but I wasn't an eyewitness. Robert Sloan, who is *not* an import, is in a baby-doll phase. To prove it, he makes a pair of white piqué shifts, one with white embroidery to suggest a Kate Greenaway waistline and the other with deep embroidery around the bottom. Each is only $29.95, but I'm not sure I like the Lolita aspects. In knits, though, Sloan is masterly with a group of dresses combining double-knit jersey in white and dove gray. One is a white shift with a gray sash and gray curlicue detail around the round neck; another is a long-sleeved gray shift with a deep white V bib to the waist front and back. There are any number of variations, too. Anything in the lot is $39.95. Nautical is a middy of bright-red or navy wool knit with white bindings on the collar, an eagle insigne on the sleeve, and a straight skirt; $45.

Over in Town and Country (same floor) we find that Wilroy was here, leaving behind lots of little black dresses (Pembroke Squires is the Wilroy designer) in a fine nylon matte jersey; $25 and $29.95. One dress has an Empire drawstring waistline and short sleeves; some sleeveless shifts have cowl hoods; other, and simple, shifts have long sleeves. Wilroy also uses featherweight matte silk or Banlon jersey in Paisley prints and in decisive geometric designs. The Banlon versions are $22.95 to $29.95 and the silk ones $39.95 and $45.95. Budget Puccis, that's what they are. There are many two-piece types of linen dresses by Sportwhirl, with contrasting overblouse tops and skirts (bright pink above yellow, soft blue over emerald, and the like), at $25 to $29.95. And Harold Goldstein is out with a long shift of thin cotton in a cloudy sunset print, shaped sweetly at the waist (same floor, but in the Sutton Shop), at $45, and a short rajah type of dress in a dazzler of a fabric—a shiny white cotton puckered all over as though quilted; $45.

LORD & TAYLOR'S sports department has had Cole of California make up some short-sleeved bathing suits especially for it. One has a top of gold Helanca jersey and an elasticized maillot bottom of pale mint. There are six types in all, some of them V-necked and some of them high-necked. Here, as well, is one of the great bathing suits of the year, designed by Tassell for Catalina. Taupe wool jersey makes this one-piece maillot, which has a beautifully draped, slightly high-waisted top. With it (and with plenty of other things) goes

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"DEAR ME, The Sky Is Falling"

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Based on a story by GERTRUDE BERG and JAMES YAFFE
Directed by HERMAN SHUMLIN
also starring
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Settings and Lighting by WILL STEVEN ARMSTRONG
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MUSIC BOX THEATRE
239 West 45 Street, N. Y. C.

PRIOR TO BROADWAY: NEW HAVEN, SHUBERT THEATRE, JAN. 26-FEB. 2
PHILADELPHIA, NEW LOCUST THEATRE, FEB. 4-FEB. 23

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CLARA WARD and the WARD SINGERS
TONI MARCUS—HALF BROTHERS
Musical Director Mahlon Merrick
Design and Light by Sam Leve
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a shrug that is just a pair of batwing sleeves. Well, they *are* connected by an arrangement that goes across the back, and this connection can easily be worn up over the hair, like a hood. Gernreich, always a champion of wool knit for bathing suits, does some with brief attached pants, but there are tantalizing oddments of bare you above the waist. The top of one is cut to the waist in front, and it's held together by a meagre tie at the breast; two straps cross over its otherwise bare back. Another has suspenders ascending from the pants up over a tiny bra; another has two Vs lapping over each other front and back to form handkerchief points and leave an open triangle between bra and pants. Gernreich calls all these Sandals because of the crisscrosses. They're \$23 and \$26. Brigance, another favorite here, now loves the color of cranberry for one-piece bathing suits, some of them of Helanca, very simple and streamlined. He also makes a sissy suit with a top of white *broderie anglaise* on white piqué above little-boy pants in vertically striped charcoal-and-white seersucker; a belt of black patent leather finishes it off. From Italy, Livio de Simone sends Beachniks, bathing shifts of cotton knit that descend to within two inches of the knee. The knit is white, but wild hand-screened designs wander over it; \$15. And Lisetta Gori turns in a most absurdly prim cotton print that makes a bikini even more ludicrous—fine black-and-white stripes with a decorous flowered ribbon design interspersed. The pants have a shirred back and a pleated "skirt." It's \$16, including an apology for a bra.

UP in De Pinna's sports department is one of the nicest suède jackets I've glimpsed in many a day—in dusty blue or lime, with a round neck, a snapped-down front, slit pockets, and split sides. Leathermode is the author. In a different mood are the long shifts made for De Pinna in Hawaii. One is a sleeveless, bateau-necked affair with a slight slit at each side; \$20. The white cotton it's made of is imprinted with what look like romaine leaves in turquoise and lime. The two-piece bathing suit to match has a fairly sizable bra and a very little skirt; it, too, is \$20. Sloat offers a really nice separate skirt, in citron basketweave wool with outward tucks that make trouser-crease detail; a sash is attached at the top. Knit combining bright French mustard and pale blue is a pet of Geist & Geist. A mustard dinner skirt (\$35) goes with a round-necked, sleeveless shell top in soft blue

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and mustard stripes ($23); a hipbone jacket of heavy double knit in either color and fastened by three frogs goes with a matching day-length skirt on which front and back pleats are arranged to give an A line. And these are but a sampling of the combinations.

THE Ohrbach buyers scud to so many places all over the world that most of their sources wouldn't mean anything to you even if they'd give them to *me*. Here are a few delicacies from the Cruise Shop, on the second floor. The passion all over town for feral prints is requited here by an import from Hawaii—a tiger print, on cotton or Helanca, the background ranging from pale yellow to the fiercest orange. It makes a long shift over what is now called a "modified bikini" (it covers more of the stomach), as well as shifts with slit sides. Another Hawaiian visitor is a handsome long-sleeved tunic of cotton sateen in a print that combines green, chartreuse, and yellow. Its blue sash matches the blue slacks. The whole outfit is $13.99. One of the wildest toppers in town is here, direct from successful engagements at Lo Scarabocchio, Italy. It begins innocently, in white sheeting with huge cabbage roses in dull pink, blue, or yellow all over it, but the design is stupefying—vast batwing sleeves starting way out at the sides of it, though it's tight around the hips and snug around the neck. From Switzerland comes a luscious cotton velours in several colors. A sleeveless shift of it is $14.99. And there are pants of the same fabric, the waistline smoothly elasticized ($9.95), to say nothing of classic V-necked below-hip overblouses, also in a coöperative mood.

AND now, if all hands will relax in the patios of their sand castles, I'll take a look at some other resort shops to see what *they* have to say for themselves.

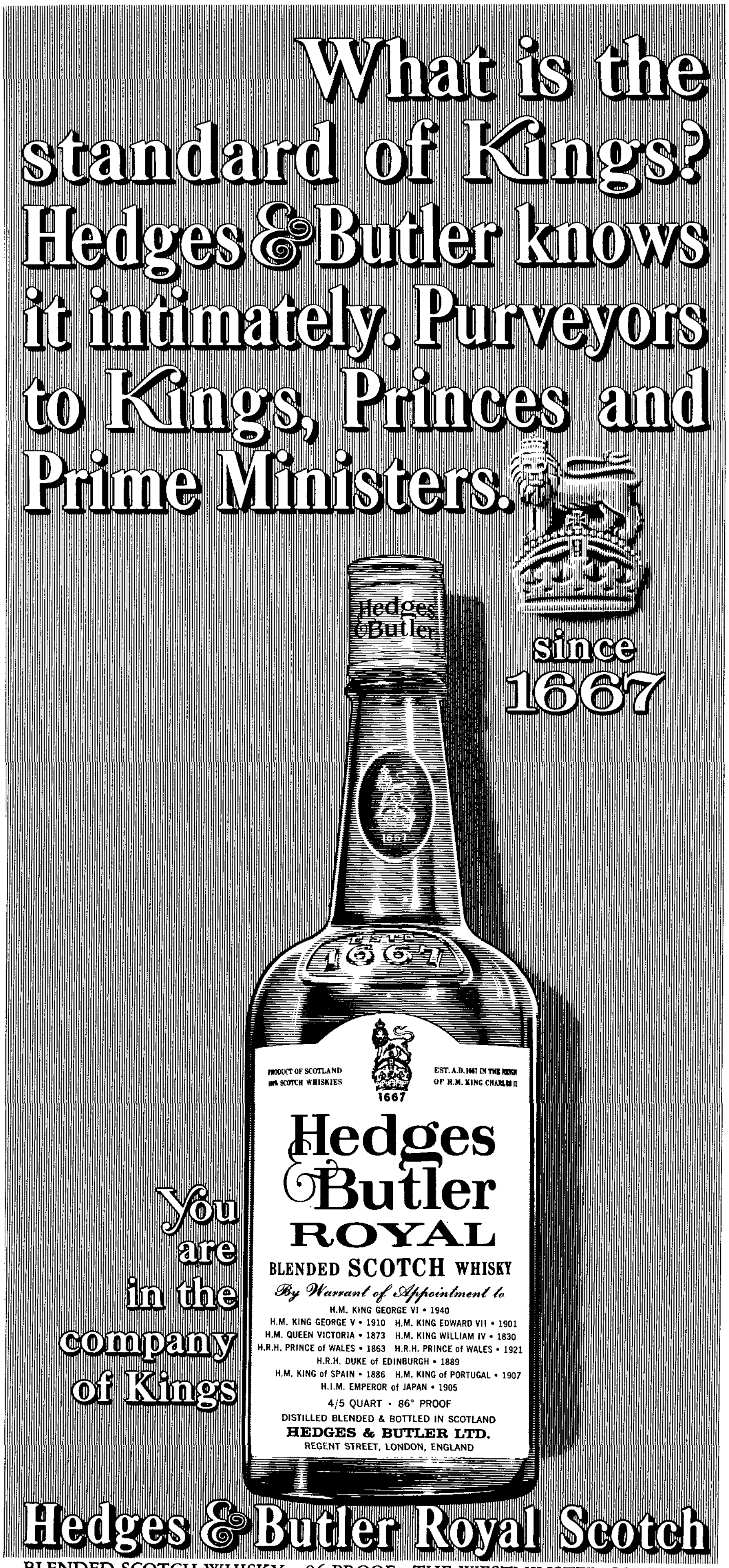
—LOIS LONG

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From the Tribune of Friday, August 8, 1879*]

Property-owners are beginning now to do something especially for that fortunate or unfortunate class of persons—as opinions differ—the young and old bachelors. The kindest charity would be to give them the same rights as men with families in the matter of renting apartments and flats. But all bachelors, landlords aver, do not conform to the same high model so frequently met in New-York, and there is much opposition to allowing bachelors to establish themselves on a home basis in the better class of flats. Lucius Tuckerman and John



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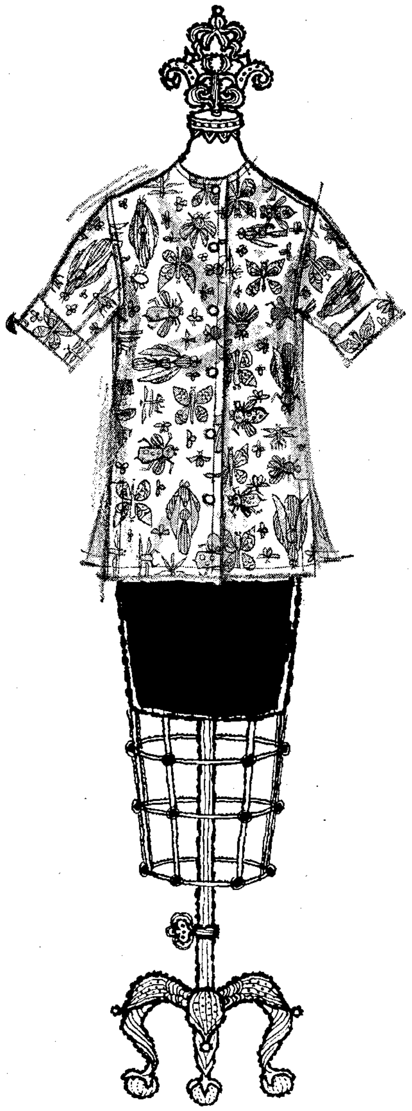

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H. Sherwood are leading a new departure in flats by beginning to build large and comfortable and almost elegant apartment houses exclusively for bachelors. One is down-town, the other up-town. Mr. Tuckerman has his building nearly inclosed. It stands on the east side of Washington-square, adjoining the Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, and within a stone's throw of the University Building, which, for several years, has enjoyed almost exclusively the honor of housing bachelors of literary and artistic tastes.

The Tuckerman Building is of red brick, and makes considerable pretensions to architectural dignity and quaintness. There are two sets of bay windows suspended, and somewhat resembling those which adorn the racket court building on Sixth-ave. McKim, Meade & Bigelow are the architects. In dimensions, the building has a frontage of fifty-six feet on Washington-square, and a depth of 100 feet. It is six stories high, and is intended to be fireproof. On the ground floor there are two storerooms, with two or three apartments in the rear, accessible from the main hall in the middle of the building. A large ventilating space, about forty feet long and three feet wide, breaks the northern wall, and above the second story the low slanting roof of the church leaves the rooms, which are mainly on that side, open to free air and light.

The second, third, fourth and fifth stories are similar in arrangement. Each suite consists of a good-sized parlor with open fireplace and bedroom and closets. Three of the apartments on each floor have private bathrooms. Two parlors to each story overlook the square, and one of them has two bedrooms connected with it. Three parlors look out upon the open interior space of the block. In price the apartments range from $350 to $550 a year. No distinction is made in price between the second and fifth floors. Besides the convenience of an elevator, which will run till midnight, there is a back staircase for the servants. No provision has been made for a restaurant, but the janitor intends to make himself competent to provide his bachelors with breakfast in their rooms at any hour of the morning. For the sake of keeping out sewer gas no wash basins are to be put into the rooms, and the residents will rely, as Europeans do, on the bath-room and bowl and pitcher in the bedroom for their ablutions.

Five studios are the prominent rooms of the sixth story. All but one of them have bedrooms attached, and there is one parlor on this floor. There will be tile floors in the halls, the walls of which will be decorated and rendered substantial by the use of polished marbles.

The site of John H. Sherwood's new apartment house is a most eligible one at Fifty-seventh-st. and Sixth-ave., occupying 100 feet square on the southeast corner. So much trouble was found in securing proper foundations that the work has been considerably delayed, but the walls are now rising. Mr. Sherwood has been his own architect. The building will be seven stories high, and will be built of brick with granite trimmings. The building is intended primarily for bachelor artists, but many of the apartments will be let to bachelors who do not woo the artistic muses.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

JANUARY 17

AT the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier last Saturday afternoon, such a great throng of poetry lovers assembled to hear the slender young Soviet poet Andrei Voznessenski recite his works that many auditors had to stand at the back for the two hours of the performance, while others sat on the floor in the aisles. Most of the listeners were Russians of one sort or another—old, white-haired émigré White Russian couples; young *stalyagi* Russians, in narrow drainpipe trousers, who are apparently studying in Paris; young American Russians born in Brooklyn or California; Trotskyite Parisian Russians; and a few regular French Communist Party members who had learned enough Russian to listen to and enjoy what they heard. The recital was held under the auspices of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who sent out too many invitations, under the delusion that few would be accepted. Voznessenski, now twenty-nine years old, was wearing a French-cut gray suit, black socks, and black loafers, with a dark plaid scarf knotted like an ascot over his bright-blue sweater. His light-brown hair is soft and receding, like an infant's, and his features are pleasantly irregular, with a pointed nose and pendent lower lip. His voice has an urgent, ringing, Russian quality. The first poem he recited was "Goya," which begins (according to the mimeographed French translation that helped some of us to follow what was going on), "I am Goya"—the Goya of the terrible war drawings—"I am hunger, I am the throat of the hanged woman whose body swings like a bell." Even though one could not comprehend a syllable he said, he was of immense human interest as a phenomenon to watch and to listen to—a performing poet of authority and dignity, a young Slav intellectual in the very flesh. Since 1960, when he visited New York, he has reportedly emerged as the new leader in innovations that have sprung up outside the persistent dogmatic Socialist realism of Stalinist poetry. His latest poems, recently published under the provocative title "The Triangular Pear," and dealing with his American visit, are said by one critic to be "technically dazzling, brilliantly reflecting the thousand hard, disconnected

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facets of American life." On Saturday, he recited the vigorous, modernist first poem of the group, which began, "Discover yourself, America! Eureka, I have torn the shell off the planet!"—surely a choice example of his word texture and of the rich flow of feeling, like a vital juice, that Russians say makes all their poetry untranslatable. He also recited an unpublished poem called "Olga," addressed to an unidentified young Russian woman born in Paris—a kind of homage to the younger émigré generation and their dichotomy—and deploring that "the world is broken apart; there is only stained glass in the flaming fusion of St. Basil of Moscow and Notre-Dame of Paris." Even as a quasi-liberated poet, he still writes about the *dousha*, or soul, to sum up the national or personal Russian essence.

THE first exhibition of Eskimo art ever held in Paris was well suited to the continuing cold weather. Shown at the Galerie de France, it was a revelation as the only unfamiliar new art recently seen here—an art with merely empty, icy space as its background, yet showing a miraculous continuum in the mind of man, touching both the Romanesque art of a thousand years ago and the modern art of today or yesterday. The exhibition was largely taken from the private collection of Charles Gimpel, of the well-known art-merchant family, who started collecting in the Arctic about four years ago. His more than one hundred pieces come from Baffin Island, where, at Cape Dorset, the natives now have an art center in what is ambitiously called the West Baffin Eskimo Coöperative, Ltd., under the paternal eye of the Canadian government. They were introduced to art practices only in 1951, by Jim Houston, a Canadian painter famous in that Arctic region, where he lived for ten years. The immediate artistic progress made by these inexperienced, remote natives is apparently explained by their quintessential power of observation, and their ability to register in memory the complete details of all the little they ever see—bears, seals, fish, the down-breasted eider ducks and the tall geese of many kinds, and, above all, the owls, the favorite of their imaginations. There are eighteen owls in this show, more than have ever been seen together here since an owl-haunted exhibition years ago by Picasso. The most elegant Eskimo owls seem to have been created feather by feather in engravings upon soft stone, from which paper prints are made that display a linear delicacy marking them

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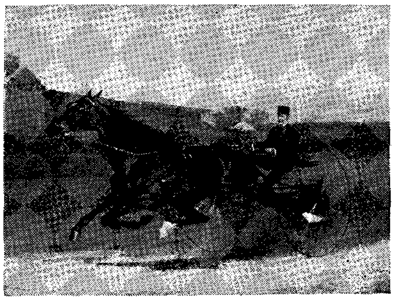

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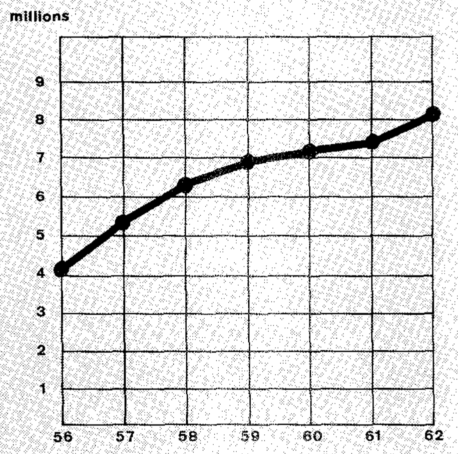
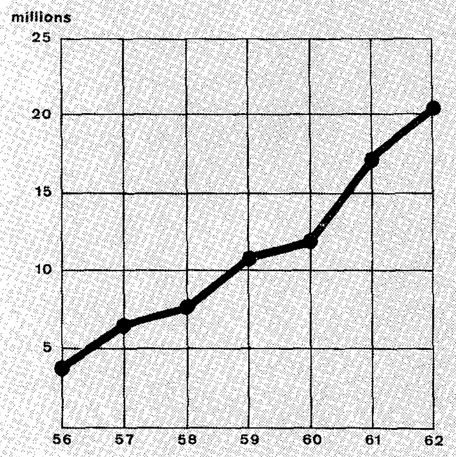


AVERAGE CIRCULATION PER ISSUE 1956-1962



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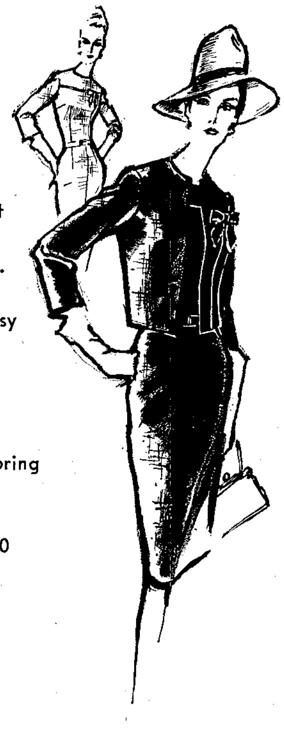

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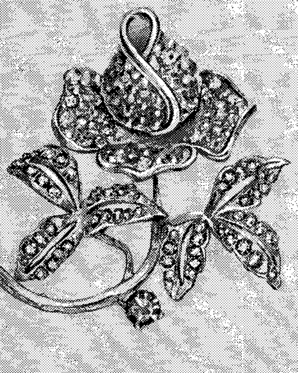

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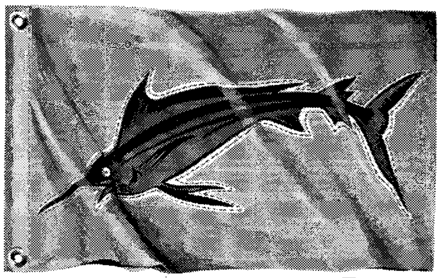
as highly civilized, creative *estampes*. Among the direct etchings on copper is one of a flying duck lying flattened upon the air in narrow beauty, bearing that sure touch of life and truth in its lineaments that made art of Audubon's elaborated great birds. The Eskimos' small, polished green soapstone creatures—once again the same few that their barren landscape produces—are close to museum pieces, such as a crouching, long-throated bird, its head turned as if to observe its own salient living grace. The Cape Dorset coöperative last year reportedly earned a hundred thousand dollars from sales to art collectors. Scientists believe that these East Arctic Eskimos have been where they are for four or five thousand years. Now Frobisher Bay, on Baffin Island, is a refuelling station for the jet passenger planes that fly over the North Pole as a short cut from Europe to California.

WHAT can be considered the most ambitious double-headed contemporary history to appear in our time, based upon the most ingenious dual idea, is the four-volume "Histoire Parallèle" of the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., recently published here. Two tomes on Soviet history were written by Louis Aragon, literary pope of the French Communist Party; a single volume on United States history was written by the Académicien André Maurois (the authority on Proust); and there is a volume of interviews with important Russians and Americans contributed by both. The unifying idea is that the two nations started their modern existence in 1917—Russia with its Bolshevik Revolution, the United States with its entry into Europe in the next-to-last year of the First World War. Aragon's two volumes, which cost him three years' labor, run to more than three hundred thousand words, not counting an excellent index; Maurois and the volume of interviews add up to about the same. The total costs fifty-six francs, or about eleven dollars—startling for France, where new books still cost around a dollar-fifty. The sheer wordage is such that no important Paris book critic has given the work his attention, or is likely to. Neither of these famed authors has written with his proper gifts. Their volumes are not histories flavored by a historian's private mind, as were the histories of Gibbon, Michelet, Toynbee, and even Julius Caesar. These parallel volumes are merely news encyclopedias, ending with the year 1960.

The reader's sense of loss is obviously greater in the case of Aragon, when one

nassau



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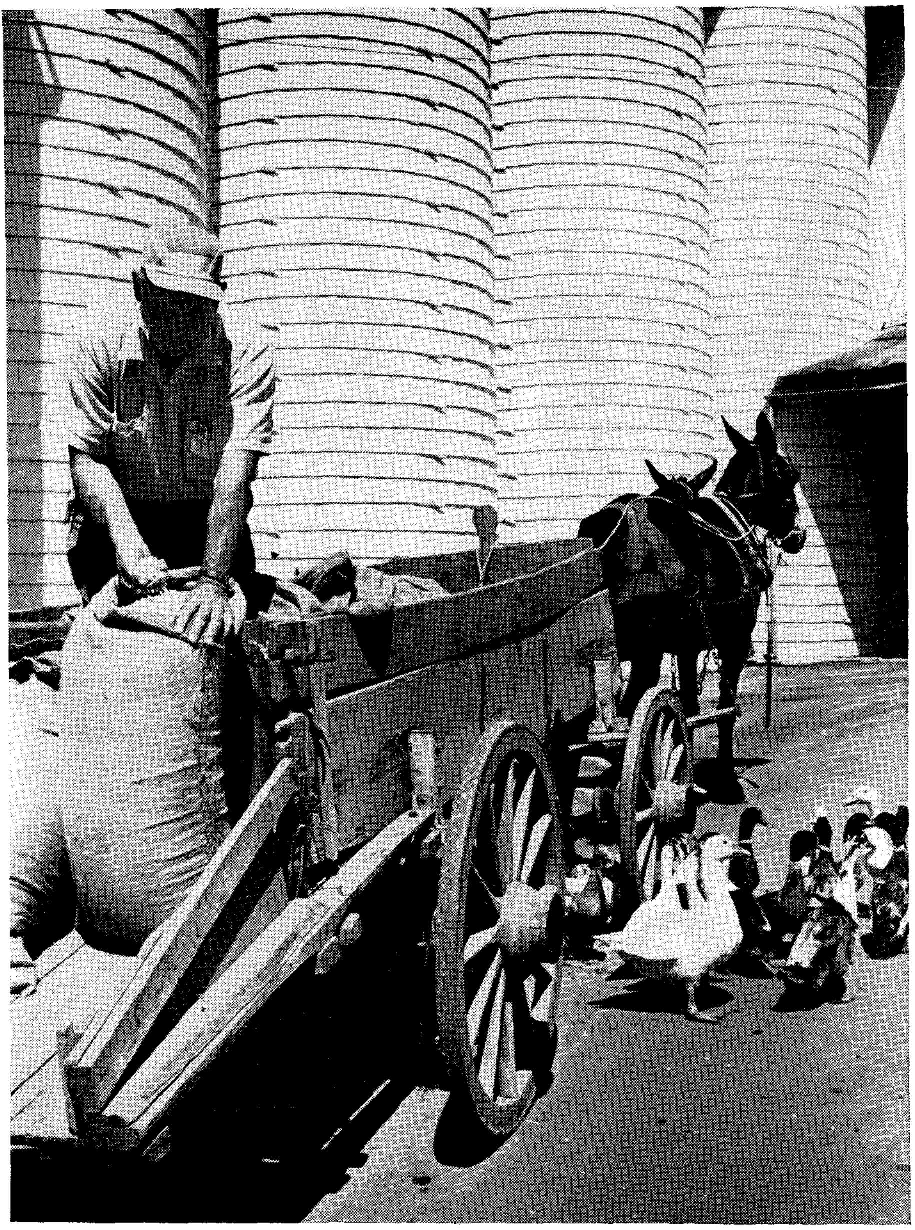
recalls the historical gifts so richly shown a few years ago, in his "La Semaine Sainte," in which, with previously unused documentation, he brought to ample life and truth the nineteenth-century flight of the absurd French Bourbon monarch Louis XVIII—a flight that official French history had preferred to reduce almost to a footnote. In his Soviet history, Aragon was faced with reporting another country's form of faith, rather than its facts. Himself a leading intellectual member of the French Communist Party since the late nineteen-twenties, and for years a member of its powerful ruling Central Committee, he was writing salvationally—he was writing Holy Writ. There are two and a half ways to read his Soviet history. The first will be that of the humble rank-and-file Party members, who will be reinforced by his broad major loyalties. The fractional way will be that of readers who may see in his report comforting glimpses of heretical historical truth (which, often enough, Aragon inclines to have a backslider like Tito state for him). The remaining way of reading him—with a liberal, informed Western mind—will be to mourn that so brilliant, poetic, and creative an intellect spent three depleting years on so sacrificial and humdrum a labor. Whatever the Communist crisis—whether of political survival, cult of personality, or proletarian faith, whether concerned with Stalin's callous crimes, the doctors' plot, the Budapest uprising, or Khrushchev's anti-Stalinist Twentieth Congress speech—Aragon has written his Soviet history as an almost continuous Moscow miracle. His has been the loyalty of the Party saint.

Maurois' history of the United States (his second, for he had independently written an earlier one) is in many ways excellent for any kind of reader, and broad, ranging from Wilson through Roosevelt and Truman to Eisenhower, and into our school desegregation problem, our managerial minds, Madison Avenue, our university intellects, and our Washington brain-trusters. It should be extremely useful as a compendium of recent United States history, and should appeal especially to solid French readers who would in no way possibly agree with Aragon's Soviet history. Unfortunately, the four volumes must be bought as a quartet. Few buyers will be contented with both viewpoints.

THE elements of Françoise Sagan's plays are in a way her own private property—or at least are not instinctive-



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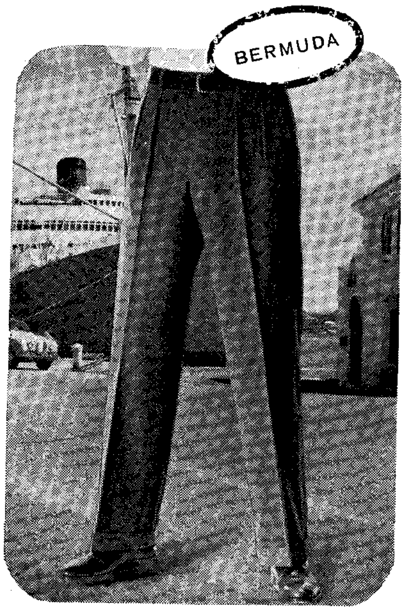

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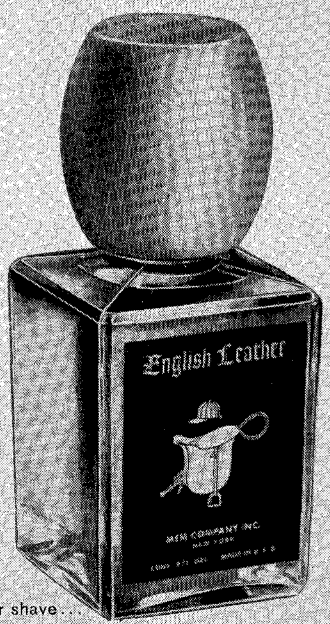

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ly used, or even borrowed, by other writers for the French theatre. For her, as a romantic, love is the fine flower of life—the most important gift you get or give—and it fades. As a modern intelligence, she perceives that between lovers the practice of ideas usually destroys emotion, that personal liberty is a dangerous necessity, that most human beings suffer from and give off ennui, and that fantasy is a final refuge from reality, especially for the French. This inventory she used in such perfect proportion in her "Château en Suède" that the play will likely be regarded for its delights as a personal period piece, and will be revived over time, like a minor theatre classic. The ingredients are similar enough in her new play, "La Robe Mauve de Valentine," which has just opened at the Ambassadeurs, though she has added boulevard touches by including a sense of farce, which she unexpectedly writes as if it were an old habit, and which has shocked some critics. It is risky to give the plot of her plays, because she really deals with the basic elements of private life—though so decked out by her personal style and charm, and with such curious, improvised backgrounds, that they are rather like charades. Basically, her Valentine is a married liar and delightful *gourgandine*, or refined lecher, who every so often disappears from home to go on a mysterious journey—she loves to travel—with a new lover. She naturally lies about the lovers to her husband, and also to her friends, to whom she soon begins to lie about everything. The crisis comes when the mythomaniac falls in love with the young son of a cousin. Valentine's lie in saying that this love affair was really a rebound from an infidelity of her husband's finally reaches her husband's ears; in fury, he forces her to tell the truth all the way around the family circle and drags her back home, leaving the cousin's son brokenhearted and his engagement to a nice, stupid girl destroyed. There is always a certain amount of destruction in Sagan's plays, and in her novels, too. Danielle Darrieux, as the liar, is a lovely sight and technically an excellent actress to watch. Her mauve dress of the title—almost a character in itself—is a glittering short, straight lavender evening gown from Maison Dior, designed by Marc Bohan. Sagan's comedy will doubtless be the smart commercial success of 1963, because she is a compelling, gifted personality who is still a Paris fashion. It has had harsh treatment from some critics, who claim that there is no play in it. Had it been written seriously,

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it is true, it could have been a strong melodrama—if that is what they like—but it would not have been written by Sagan.

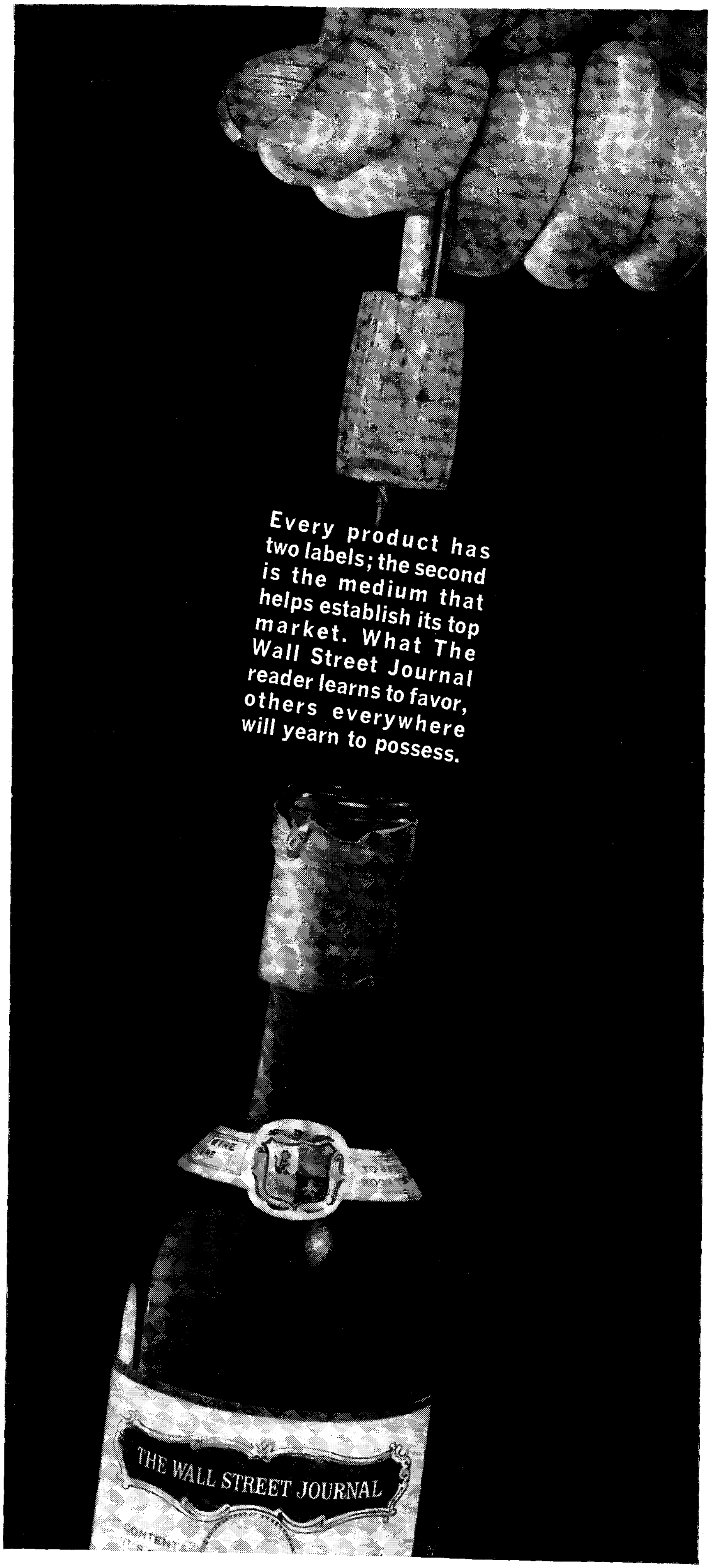
WHAT President de Gaulle said at this week's press conference, held in the Palais de l'Elysée's gilded Salle des Fêtes, astonished the assembled eight hundred journalists from here and around the world, and even surprised those of his Ministers who were present. It displeased Holland, Belgium, and Italy, as his Common Market associates; was a blow to England's pride and insularity, as if her being an island were now a political error; offended Washington; and did not even please West Germany. It shocked and alarmed many of the French listening to the broadcast versions, which dominated the news. It stimulated the *coq-gaulois* spirit of French nationalism in others, such as the editors of the evening *Paris-Presse*, which said with pride, "That in January, 1963, the chief of the French state could play poker with the masters of the world was an achievement in itself. It is de Gaulle who bids highest." Many were disturbed at his affectionate reliance on his new ties with Germany and his dictum, logical in itself, that "coöperation between Germany and France is an absolute necessity." *Le Monde*, which is sympathetic to that part of his foreign policy in which France accepts "the utility and necessity of the Atlantic alliance" (but, naturally, preserves her freedom of action), deeply deplored his overmasterful psychology. "Surely his affirmations of exacerbated nationalism can only engender disarray and lead to French isolation, irritate his partners, and make his adversaries rejoice," it said, and added, without mincing any words, "He tries to impose his rule on the Europeans and Americans just as he has been able to impose it on the French." It is taken for granted here that a phrase in his press speech—"*le cavalier seul*"—perfectly describes him now. He is the lone rider of France.

—GENÊT

•

Brandeis is a small community unto itself. It has its own security force, its own post office (a sub-station of the Waltham Post Office), its store for the purchase of books and routine personal needs, a telephone and telegraph center, chapels, infirmary, heating plant, roads, and so on. Going to and fro on campus is no chore, though the distance between buildings is increasing.—"*The Freshman Year*," *a Brandeis University bulletin.*

You get up in the morning, you don't dare look out the window.


Every product has two labels; the second is the medium that helps establish its top market. What The Wall Street Journal reader learns to favor, others everywhere will yearn to possess.

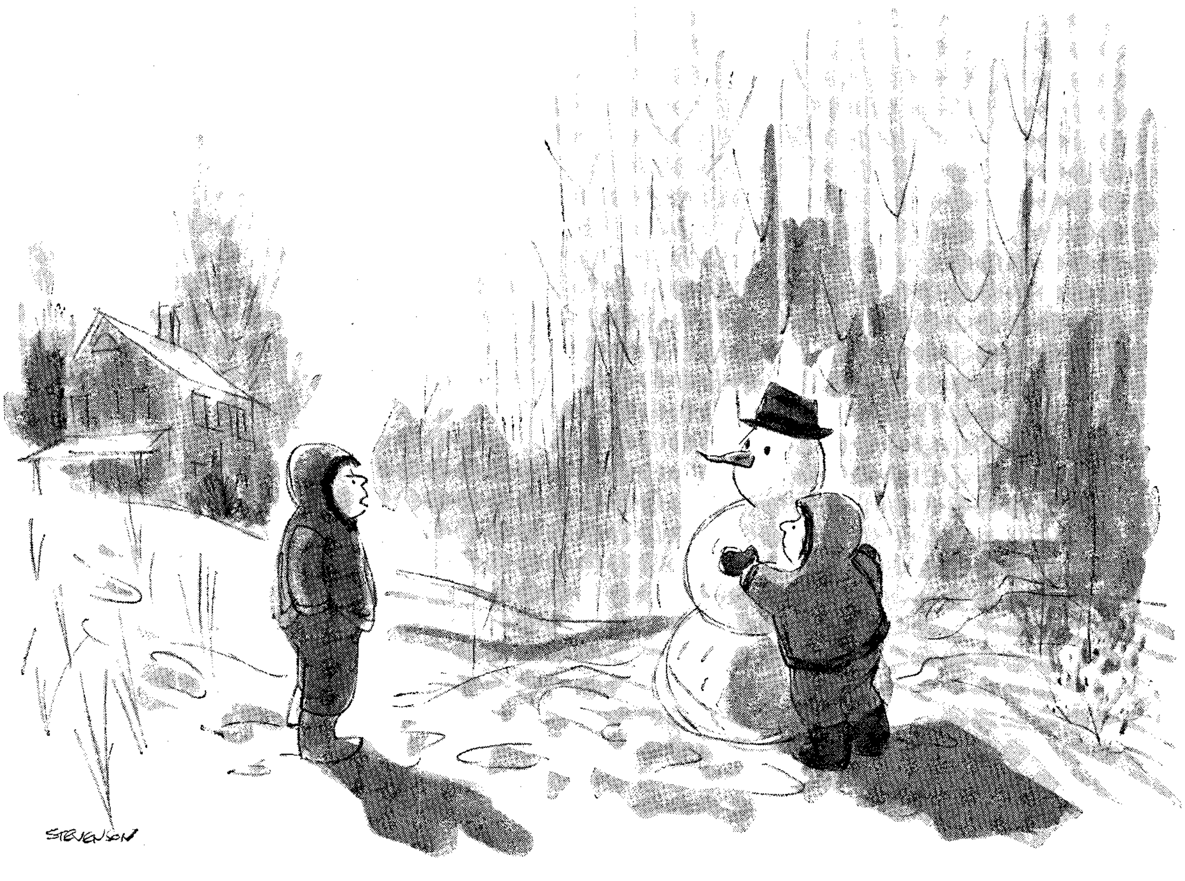
THE WAYWARD PRESS

OFFERS AND DEMANDS

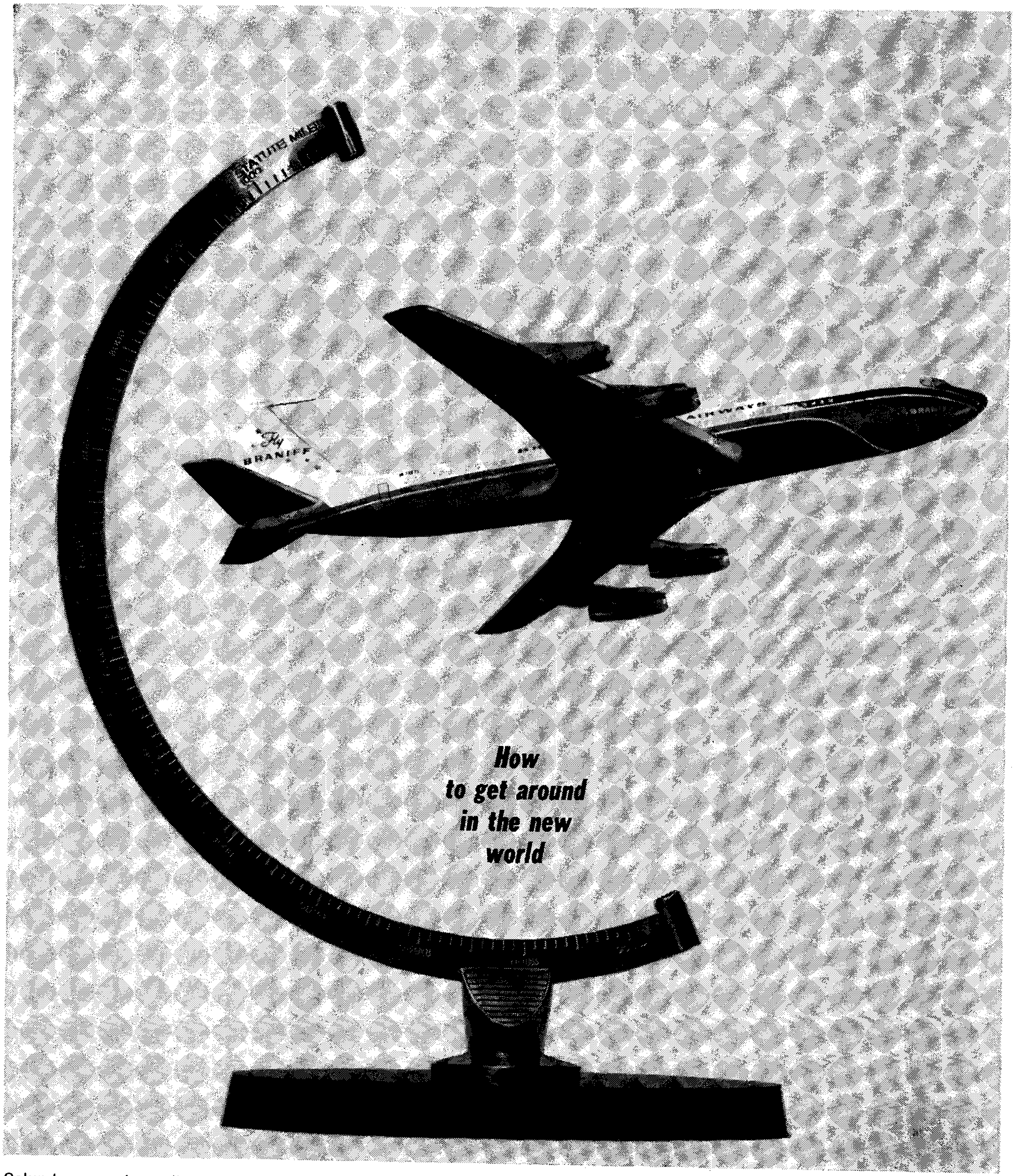
THE Sunday, January 13th, issue of the New York *Standard* prefigured the American newspaper of the future, once we have been reduced to a single newspaper ownership in each city. (There are only fifty-eight towns and cities in all the United States where more than a single ownership persists; all the rest have gone the way of monopoly.) New York, with seven papers of six different ownerships—although this is a decline from fifteen papers within my own reading lifetime—alone maintained at least a surface appearance of that variety which is essential to a healthy journalistic life. Then, when the printers' union struck four of the papers—the *Times*, the *News*, the *Journal-American*, and the *World-Telegram*—and the three others refused to publish, all disappeared from the kiosks. That was on December 9th; on January 6th, the *Standard* appeared as the sole *remplaçant*, like a wind-blown weed growing in a crack in a bombed street. It thus inherited, temporarily and without payment, the monopoly position for which Samuel I. Newhouse recently paid forty-two million dollars in much smaller New Orleans and offered over forty million in Omaha, where he was turned down.

The *Standard*, a product of opportunism, disclaims any intention of continuing after the other papers come back—for one thing, its scratch staff consists almost entirely of regular members of theirs—but in the meanwhile it provides a glimpse of what is likely to happen within a couple of decades: the January 13th issue consisted of a hundred and twenty tabloid pages, a hundred and ten of them advertising, which should have brought in between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars at its current page rates. If the stoppage lasts until February 1st, the *Standard's* publishers should clear the expenses of starting the paper and begin to make money seriously. The ten other pages included news, amusements, a book review, a couple of byline columns, sports, stock tables, fashions, and television listings. They were all gobbled up with gratitude by readers who had been reduced to a diet of out-of-town newspapers, supplemented by specialized organs like the *Wall Street Journal* and the *Journal of Commerce*, which carried a few smatterings of general news crammed in among such headlines as "UTILITIES FEAR REGULATION" and "HOGS ACTIVE IN CHICAGO." (The *Journal of Commerce* at first entranced me with its ship cards, listing the ports of call of freighters with names as exotic as their destinations, but since December 23rd, when the longshoremen called their own strike, even the ship cards have gone blank. The *W.S.J.'s* column of humorous quips, "Pepper . . . and Salt," began to pall after three and a half weeks, although it had seemed as funny as all getout in the beginning. A typical joke was about how a single man's life is just "one undarned thing after another.") New Yorkers' forced experience with out-of-town newspapers left them with a full appreciation of John Macy's forty-year-old dictum in "Civilization in the United States": "On the whole, the American newspaper is amazingly uniform from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon." The respects in which they are not uniform, however, are those that readers care most about—the identity of the persons mentioned in the obituaries, for example. To me, the most striking proof of the inadequacy of electronic media for the communication of essential facts was that until I read about the rise in postal rates in the *Standard* I was unaware that one had been in the making. I am sure that it must have been mentioned often on the air, but the trouble with television and radio news is that you have to be there at the moment the announcer says it, and unless you have gout, you may be somewhere else. The ads and the modicum of news offered by the *Standard* constitute the public-utility function of a newspaper.

The *Standard* of January 13th also served as an illustration of what a newspaper *doesn't* have to be to win acceptance in the absence of a better newspaper. One nonessential is wit. There was a headline on page 5—"AN IRISHMAN STARS AT THE PLANETARIUM"—that would have been worthy of "Pepper . . . and Salt." The "Irishman" was "Orion, pro-



"It's been done."



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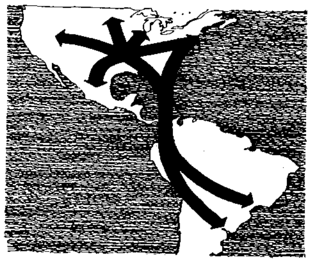

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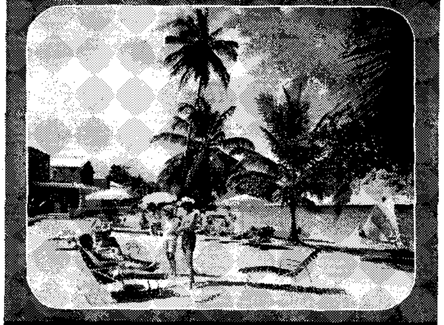
Shaw Park's exquisite rooms and suites, all facing the Caribbean; superb entertainment; all sports and activities.

But nothing's new about our luscious food, sunny skies, surf-kissed sand or sophisticated atmosphere.



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nounced O'Ryan"—see? The first-page story on the newspaper stoppage to which the *Standard* owes its existence was as slanted as if the paper had been carrying eleven times as much advertising as news every Sunday for half a century.

BLASTED,
PRINTERS
WILL TALK

was the headline, the very clear intimation being that *because* they had been "blasted," or scolded, by a "fact-finding" committee of three judges, the officials of the typographical union, chastened, had agreed to meet with the publishers and Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz on the following day. The story showed, if you read it hard, that the phenomena were unconnected, since the union never accepted the authority of the judges. "The board found that the printers had not budged in fifteen post-strike negotiating sessions from their original demands," the *Standard* said. It did not include another sentence from the report: "All of those meetings can be summed up with the statement that *neither party moved*." (Italics mine.)

When I find the *Standard* a bit bland during the week, I enrich my diet with a few vitamins from the *National Enquirer*, a publication where they are the *spécialité de la maison*. When there were newspapers on the newsstands, the *Enquirer*, which is a weekly magazine that looks like a tabloid newspaper, used to lurk around the edges of the display. With the disappearance of the papers, dealers moved the *Enquirer* into one or another of the vacant spots, where it attracted the unwary news hunter by its newspaperlike makeup. To add to the confusion about its status, it once *was* a newspaper, appearing every Sunday afternoon under a Monday dateline; it was then called the *New York Enquirer*, and my old journalistic patron Colonel John R. Stingo lent lustre to its pages with his column "Yea, Verily." A few years before the Colonel's retirement in 1961, at eighty-eight, it adopted its new national policy, epitomized in a recent headline:

MURDER! ASSAULT! THEFT!

Or another:

DOCTORS TOLD MOTHER . . .

YOUR CHILD WILL DIE TONIGHT—
BUT DOOMED CANCER GIRL
LIVES TO DANCE THE TWIST!

Not long ago, it ran a corking series on a lady who told how she had buried her nine illegitimate children in her garden. That she did so in Derbyshire several years ago detracted only slightly from

25% do

We Americans are a restless lot, and recently the President remarked it. "25% of our population" he said, "live in different states in the last decade"—having migrated for financial or other reasons. Every year since 1955 Homerica has helped relocate thousands who move by choice or because The Firm has offered Dad a promotion. We find them homes they enjoy living in, in the new, unfamiliar surroundings (in 200 cities, 2000 suburbs). Homerica does it by first analyzing your family's economic, educational, social, and special requirements. We work solely for you, the buyer. No charge. Ask David Putnam for details.

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Successful Families Achieve
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the pleasure of the narration. The *National Enquirer*, although it appears only once a week, is available on the newsstands all seven days, and the stories can be taken as desired, before (but not advisedly) or after meals—"SETS FIRE TO HIS HOUSE TO GET RID OF FAMILY," or "BLINDS WIFE HE CAUGHT KISSING A STRANGER." It also features an educational columnist named John J. Miller, who tells you how the greats of this world, particularly Hollywood greats, really live—slugging, kicking, spitting in faces, Twisting with no pants on. "EDDIE FISHER DATES DIETRICH THE GRANDMA" and "HEY, LIZ—BURTON'S DATING LOLLOBRIGIDA!" were the headlines on his two latest columns.

THE *Standard's* wholesale capture of advertising should at any rate reassure *Editor & Publisher*, the timid handmaiden of the newspaper industry, which in its issue of January 5th feared that newspaper readers and advertisers might lose the habit and that the press might perish, its charms forgotten like those of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Show:

> For the last four weeks, metropolitan New Yorkers have been without their usual newspaper reading fare and have been subjected to a barrage of substitutes. Neither the newspapers imported from other cities nor the makeshift dailies that have sprung up in New York have adequately taken the place of the struck papers. In fact, they might be doing irreparable damage to the reputation of newspapers, both in the city and nationwide, instead of performing a service for newspaper-starved New York. . . . How long will it be before New Yorkers, without their choice of several excellent morning and afternoon newspapers, compare what they once had with what they have now and decide it isn't worth the price? Once these readers are lost to newspapers—out of the newspaper habit—will they ever buy one again? Is it possible that after several weeks and months of living on capsulized news from radio, television, and other substitute sources they may decide it is adequate? And if the former reader also happens to be an advertiser, will he be a "former advertiser" also?

After a couple more Cassandrine paragraphs, *E. & P.* wound up, "Congress couldn't do it. The President of the United States couldn't do it. Even the courts can't do it. Only a striking union abetted by other unions can close down the newspapers in the nation's largest city, not to mention the newspapers in the nation's eighth largest city." (The Cleveland papers are also shut down.) The publishers can do it, too, as those of the *Herald Tribune*, the *Post*, and the *Mirror* have proved.

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Get out from under those heavy blankets...
enjoy the incredibly light
Shillcraft CELLULAR
THERMAL BLANKET
(warms with **air**—instead of weight)

Not available in stores. Order by mail only, direct from importer.

You've probably heard about thermal underwear, and how it keeps people comfortably warm in cold weather, without heavy materials.

Now you can enjoy the same thermal principle when you sleep. From England, we bring you a unique kind of blanket, honey-combed with thousands of breathing spaces, which works much as thermal underwear does. It weighs less than ordinary blankets, yet is far more efficient at retaining body heat, and thus keeping you warm. It's a new experience in bedtime comfort, since you're obviously comfortable, relaxed, warm, yet you hardly know you're under a blanket.

Here's how it works: The "honey-comb" weave traps quiet air, warmed by your body, in thousands of little breathing cells. Result: A remarkable insulator, which keeps you snug and warm, comfortable and relaxed, with a minimum of weight. If your feet resent the pressure of blanket bulk, you're a particular candidate for Shillcraft Cellular Blankets. Many of our comfortable customers tell us that these blankets also serve as wonderful *bedspreads.*

Choose 100% wool or cotton. Both are suitable for summer and winter (no storage problem). Both are made only of finest natural fibers.

Want the soft downy touch? Choose wool, satin-edged and luxurious. Retains thermal properties through all cleanings.

Allergy or other reasons? Choose cotton, guaranteed machine-washable—may even be sterilized, with no loss of thermal qualities. This has been proved through years of use in English hospitals. Now also in leading U. S. hospitals.

Colors: White, Pink, Blue, Green, Peach, Lilac or Yellow. All the popular sizes, at popular prices. See coupon.

Buy direct-from-importer and save. For yourself, for ideal gifts, order now. Mail coupon to Shillcraft, Dept. 16, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Md.

Satisfaction unconditionally guaranteed or money refunded.

Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein

SHILLCRAFT, Dept. 16, 106 Hopkins Place, Baltimore 1, Maryland.
Please send the following Shillcraft Cellular Blankets, postage paid, on an unconditional money-back guarantee.

Quan.	100% WOOL (Satin Edged)	Color	Quan.	100% COTTON	Color
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	Twin 72" x 90" 18.75			Twin 72" x 96" 12.95	
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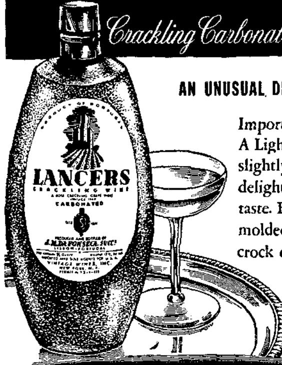

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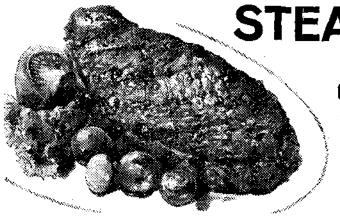

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sibility that newspapers *qua* newspapers will disappear is the increasing uniformity of the survivors as they wait to coalesce. The stoppage has illuminated this, just as the conjugal reaction to a stranger's interference illuminates the essential solidarity of a loving couple. The "competition" among the six New York ownerships has proved a pale and sometime thing compared to the competition of all of them against all of their employees. It seems naïve now for Bertram Powers, the leader of the striking printers, to have offered the financially weaker papers a separate peace—or separate individual peaces—when he struck the *Times* and the *News* and the *Journal* and the *World-Telegram*. The Hearsts, for example, own both the unstruck, because deemed "weak," *Mirror* and the struck, because deemed "strong," *Journal-American*. It is hard to imagine them running one of their papers while a strike is on against the other. As for the *Herald Tribune* and the *Post*, at a more competitive period in newspaper history they might have been expected to run, restoring their failing strength with the Christmas advertising revenues made available to them by the printers' generosity. They had ground not merely to hold but to make up if they were ever to get back into contention with their rivals. Their loyalty to their rivals, who are also their prospective purchasers when the pinch comes, was touching. It is all very sad, because the surest way for the seven papers to anesthetize the public to future monopoly is to make it evident that they are already alike. Even a sham battle might have improved public opinion of all seven. (Mrs. Dorothy Schiff, the publisher of the *Post*, and John Hay Whitney, the publisher of the *Tribune*, if we are to adopt *Editor & Publisher's* point of view, might also have done their colleagues a favor by continuing to print, and so making sure that the public would not lose the habit of newspaper reading.)

As for who is to blame for the weary length that the stoppage has attained, I can give no judgment beyond juxtaposing headlines in the *Guild Reporter*, the organ of the American Newspaper Guild, and in *Editor & Publisher:*

Guild Reporter:

N. Y. PUBLISHERS SHUNNING
COMPROMISE IN STOPPAGE

E. & P.:

PUBLISHERS ACCUSE
UNION IN STALEMATE

I have a personal hunch, too, that Amory H. Bradford, the spokesman for the Publishers' Association of New

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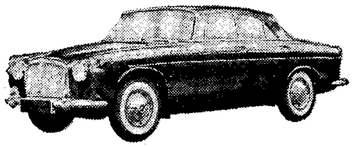

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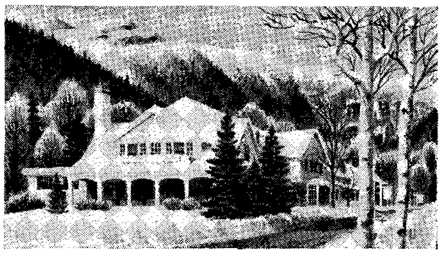

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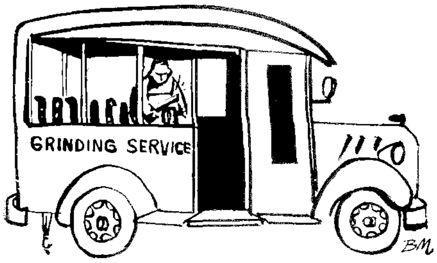
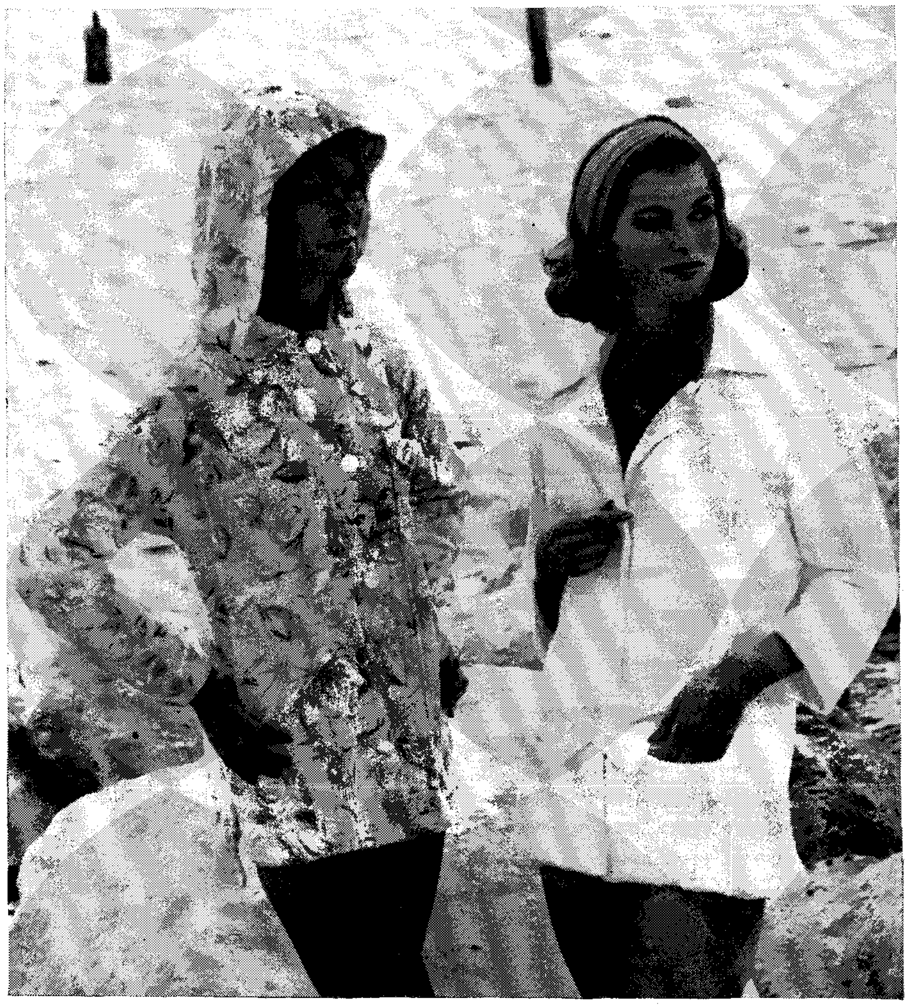
York City, and Bertram A. Powers, the printers' president, both suffer from the overcompensation that frequently afflicts boys with flossy first names, requiring them to fight so often to defend their schoolyard dignity that fighting becomes an adult habit. (For a negotiator I should always prefer somebody named Jack or Mac.) As for the issues in the strike against the four strong papers, I can only say that, as a habitual employee, I would, if offered a choice on a 6-to-5, pick-'em basis, naturally take Mr. Powers' position. As for the *causes* of the strike, which are, naturally, quite distinct from the issues (an issue may be minuscular; a determination to fight over it is a cause), I found the report of the three-judge Board of Public Accountability astonishingly informative. I say "astonishingly" because I had first read of their findings in news stories published by the *Standard*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, and the *Journal of Commerce*. All of these papers excerpted from the much fuller excerpts sent out by the Associated Press and United Press International, and all of them deformed the content.

The *Wall Street Journal* wrote, "The report said the printers didn't present their total demands until fifteen minutes before their old contract expired," but did not reprint, "It was not until 6:40 on the evening of December 7th [with the strike set for 2 A.M. December 8th] that the publishers made a complete offer to the printers. That offer totalled, in increased benefits and costs, $9.20 per man per week," including fifty-five cents a week in cash for the first year. (The employer, in strike stories, always "offers" and the union "demands." A publisher, for example, never "demands" that the union men agree to work for a four-bit raise; the union never "offers" to work for more.)

None of the papers that I saw quoted in full even the excerpts that U.P.I. furnished from the supplemental opinion filed by Judge Joseph E. O'Grady, the only member of the panel with much labor experience. (He used to be City Labor Commissioner.) All three of the judges named to the board—Harold R. Medina, David W. Peck, and O'Grady—signed the full report, but





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O'Grady also issued a supplemental report, excerpts from which follow:

> The newspaper publishers sought to maintain the pattern of bargaining carried on for some years and which had proven reasonably acceptable and successful to them. Mr. Powers was determined to break that pattern, because his members had become dissatisfied with the results of that pattern of bargaining.
>
> I do not believe that I can find fault with either position, and I have not even attempted a moral judgment of which one had the equities on its side. It was inevitable that two such diametrically opposite positions, each supported by a strong protagonist, would result in a strike. To have prevented such a result, one side would have had to abandon its fundamental position. Neither did, and the result was a strike. How long the parties will continue to test their strength and positions I do not know. However, I believe that both forces will have to give some ground before a settlement will be reached. I do not think that either is in the position of bringing the other to his knees.

That is about the way I read the situation. Forty years ago, Macy, in that symposium that so perturbed young American intellectuals at the time, wrote, "Almost invariably, the news of a strike is, if not falsified, so shaped as to be unfavorable to the workers," and this has been a particularly bad one journalistically, because it is a newspaper strike reported by ancillary or makeshift newspapers, which have the ready excuse of insufficiency or inexperience to cite for their omissions. (The *Wall Street Journal*, though, expresses pretensions to more serious quality.) The *Times*, ironically, would have covered the strike and the stoppage more thoroughly. It would surely have at least published the full text of the unofficial fact-finding report and Judge O'Grady's supplementary opinion. The reporting has been notably deficient, too, in exploiting obvious lines of inquiry. The *Wall Street Journal*, in the four-line sixth paragraph of its stoppage story on December 19th, for example, reported, "The newspapers have a strike-insurance fund said to cover a 29-day strike. [The existence of this fund had been previously reported in both the timid handmaiden and the *Guild Reporter*.] The insurance covers only cost of maintaining skeleton crews and upkeep of idle equipment, however." But this highly significant feature of the situation was then dropped from notice, not to reappear even on the expiration of the twenty-nine days, on January 6th. How did this affect the prospects for settlement? The expiration coincided—although I read no comment on the coincidence—with the appointment by the Mayor, the Governor, and the Secretary of Labor of the three-judge "blasting"

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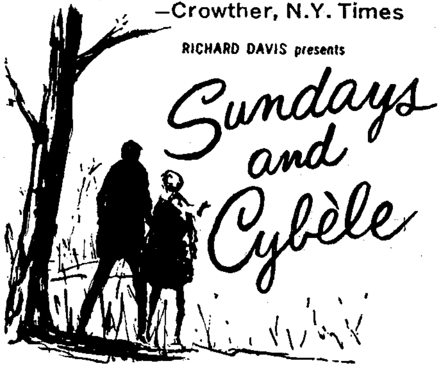

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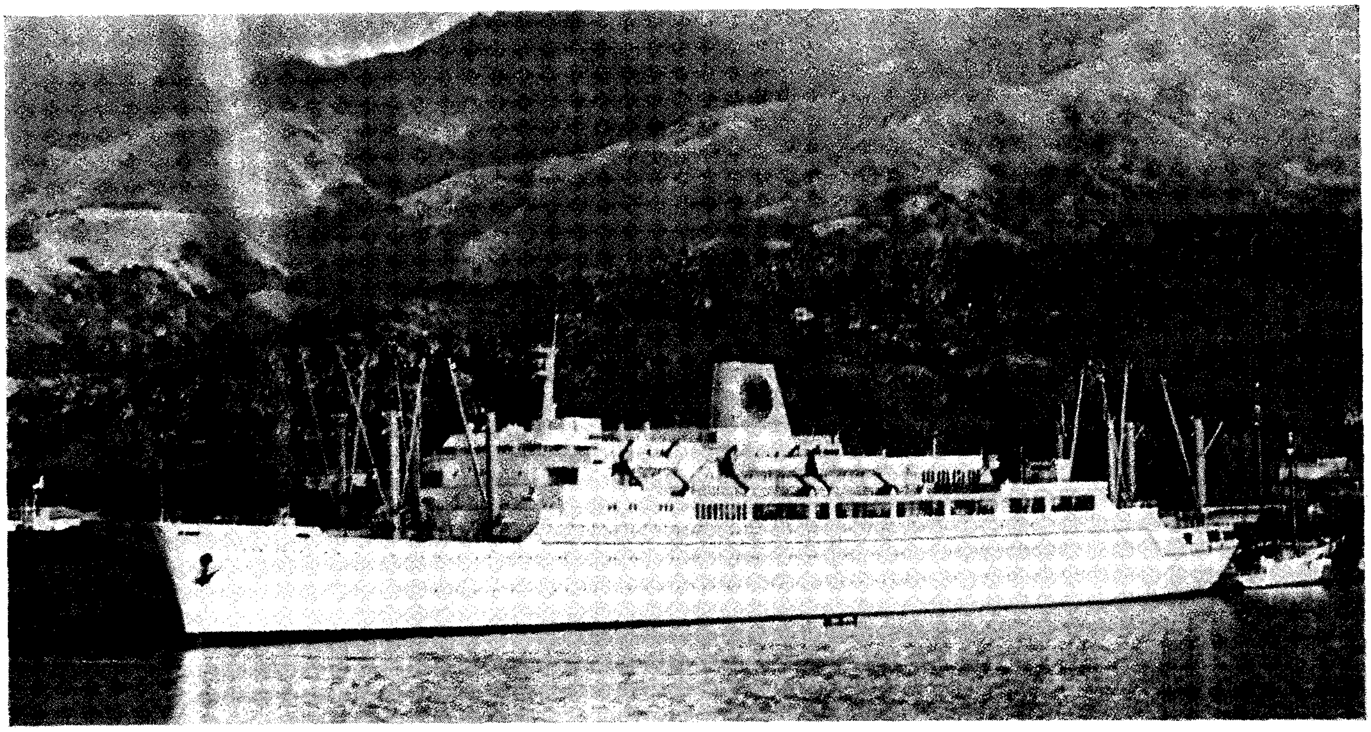

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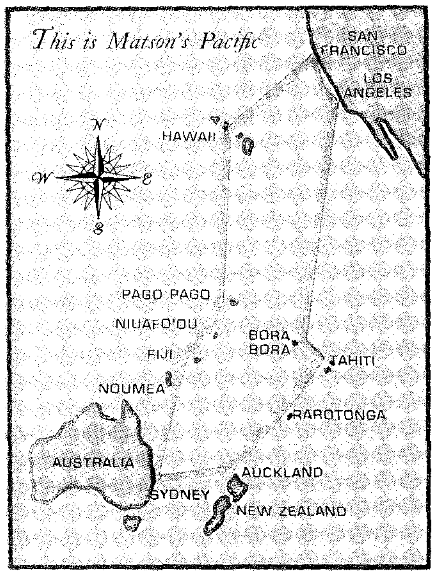

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board, and preceded by less than a week the announcement by the suspended newspapers of a cut in the salaries of non-union non-locked-out personnel, and the first offer by the publishers of a slight raise over the work-for-fifty-five-cents demand. Nor was there any inquiry into whether the *Herald Tribune*, the *Post*, and the *Mirror*, which were acknowledged to be losing money before they quit publication, actually cut their losses by ducking out or whether, after the twenty-nine-day period, they would lose more by staying out and paying overhead than by going into business again. Yet these are surely interesting matters; the mutual-aid arrangements of the unions whose members refuse to cross picket lines or are locked out has come in for a great deal of publicity, the consistent implication being that they, as distinguished from the newspapers, are ganging up. And how about the publisher of the *Post*, who announced soon after she stopped the paper—again according to the *Wall Street Journal*—that "a long shutdown might put the liberal *Post* out of business"? How long? I would say it's time for a checkup. And how about the effect on the strikers' resolve of their approaching eligibility for New York State unemployment insurance, which begins, for workers made idle by a labor dispute, at eight weeks? The stoppage is past its sixth week now. On none of these points do we see any of the bright speculation that papers carry about, for example, the next baseball season or the future of Yemen. The subject is too sacred.

The conflict between union work rules, designed to conserve jobs, and automation, designed to decrease them, is not, apparently, a major, direct issue in this row, though it may be the cause of it. The object of automation on newspapers is not to increase production, which would be quite senseless unless the papers could abruptly increase circulation, but to increase efficiency, and thus income. And the fight—because complete newspaper automation is not yet ready to be introduced—resembles those obstinate and bloody inter-trench combats of the First World War, whose declared object was to establish "dominance" over the enemy before the big push began. Big pushes, though, seldom did begin, and usually bogged down, like the automated electric train in the Times Square-Grand Central shuttle, over which the *Times* editorial page was willing to go to war with the Transport Workers Union when the thing was introduced a year ago. "The impartial arbitrator has made an incredi-

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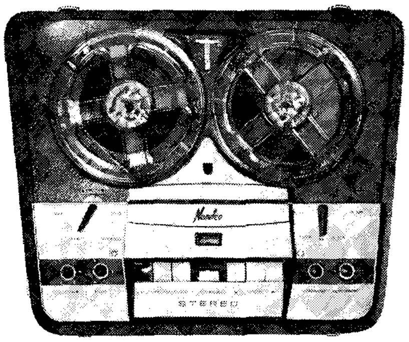

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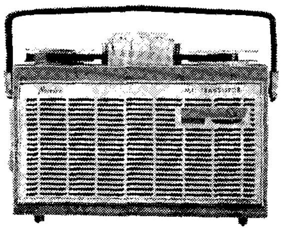

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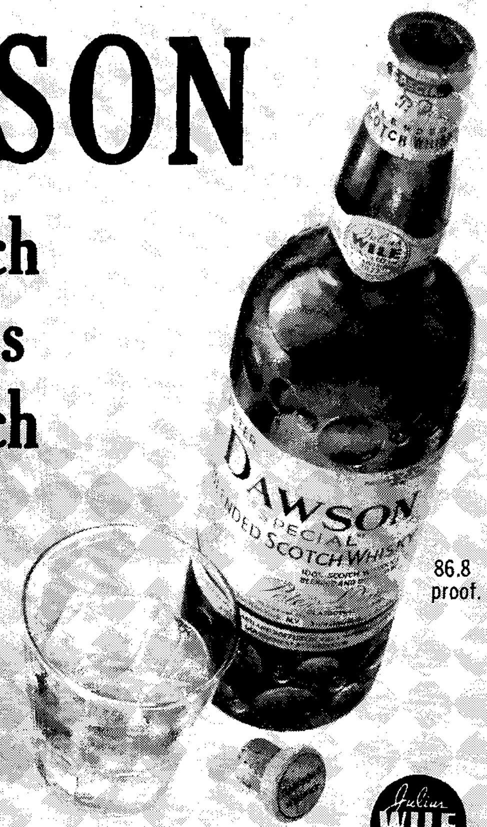

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ble, incomprehensible decision," the *Times* editorialized when the arbitrator, Theodore Kheel, ordered the Transit Authority to postpone putting the robot train into service. Then, when the dispute was settled by installing a motorman on the train for a six-month trial period, the *Times* said, "The Transit Authority paid a stiff price . . . for retaining the clear legal right it had always had to automate." The only trouble with all this is that the train does not run consistently, and is *still* operating under dual control, with the motorman ready to put her on manual when she stops dead between stations, which is often. "Against a labor demagogue who recognizes neither law, contract, nor his union's pledged word," the *Times* said, like Patrick Henry ordering beer, "the Wagner administration should carry this arbitration decision to court on appeal as a matter of principle worth defending to a finish," and, earlier, "Mr. Quill cannot be allowed to bluster this shuttle train to a stop." But the car, like the papers, stopped dead.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

APPLIANCE SALESMEN SHOW RESOURCEFULNESS UNDER SEVERE STRAIN

[*Caswell Speare in Electrical Merchandising Week*]

An unexpected event can often spoil the most carefully made plans. For me, the most graphic example of this statement occurred in 1959. We had spent three full months working night and day on the announcement that ELECTRICAL MERCHANDISING would become a weekly in November of that year. We planned the first announcement party for October 5th in Chicago. What happened? The Chicago White Sox won the pennant. In all the months of our planning we had never even considered the American League pennant winner as a factor affecting the plans we were making. So, at the last minute, we had to shift the meeting to the following Monday so we could be sure of the attendance we wanted and needed.

Another such example occurred in New York City a week ago. Bill Leck, Sr. (president, Speed Queen Atlantic Co.), had a two-day openhouse planned for Wednesday and Thursday of that week. Monday night, President Kennedy made his historic address on the Cuban situation. With some misgivings Leck went ahead with the openhouse. It was the right decision. Attendance was good. However, some of the dealers attending were a little distracted about Cuba and, at the start, didn't appear to be showing their usual enthusiasm. Leck soon found the solution to this problem. When he'd spot a distracted dealer, he'd take him out to the 18th floor balcony and, pointing toward Cuba, say: "If you're worried about missiles, just keep looking that way because there's where they'll come from." This got a laugh, and the dealer then would return to the openhouse to look and shop with enthusiasm.

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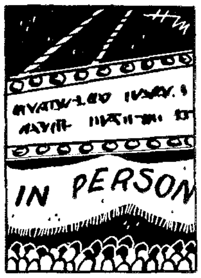
Drinking and Cheating



"DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES" is a novelty for the Music Hall, which not only amounts to a sort of family theatre for the whole country but is also, after thirty years, something of a patriotic monument—I'm sure many children, having waited patiently in line on Fiftieth Street for an hour or so, shuffle into that stupendous lobby expecting to encounter a brooding statue of a founding father and are disappointed to find a candy kiosk instead. I wonder, therefore, what Mom and Dad and the kids, fresh in by Greyhound from the outback and ready for some nice, wholesome laughs, will make of the hero of this picture, whom we see, in a characteristic moment, writhing half naked in alcoholic torment in a strait jacket in a padded cell, or of its heroine, who, given a choice between a life of temperance with her loving little family and life alone but with a bottle handy, unequivocally chooses the bottle. Whatever the audience's reaction may be, the Music Hall has certainly been brave to make such an unconventional selection. As for the producers of the picture, they, too, have been brave, in having resisted the easy way out of a happy ending. The fact is they have even resisted a happy beginning. The musical accompaniment to the credits that launch "Days of Wine and Roses" is like a prolonged sob, and the story itself brims with misery. From first to last, it's an almost unbroken series of steps going down, and the painfulness of the descent is rendered all the more vivid for us by our perceiving that, under the best of circumstances, the hero and heroine would have made a pretty lightweight couple; sober and happy, they'd have been consummate bores. In short, what we have here is a pathetic depiction not of strong people falling headlong from a high place but of weak people stumbling sideways off a low one, and the only reason you need subject yourself to the ordeal of observing their fate is that the leading roles are played by Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick, and they are wonderful. The screenplay, written by J. P. Miller, succeeds far better as a tract for Alcoholics Anonymous than as a work of art, but my

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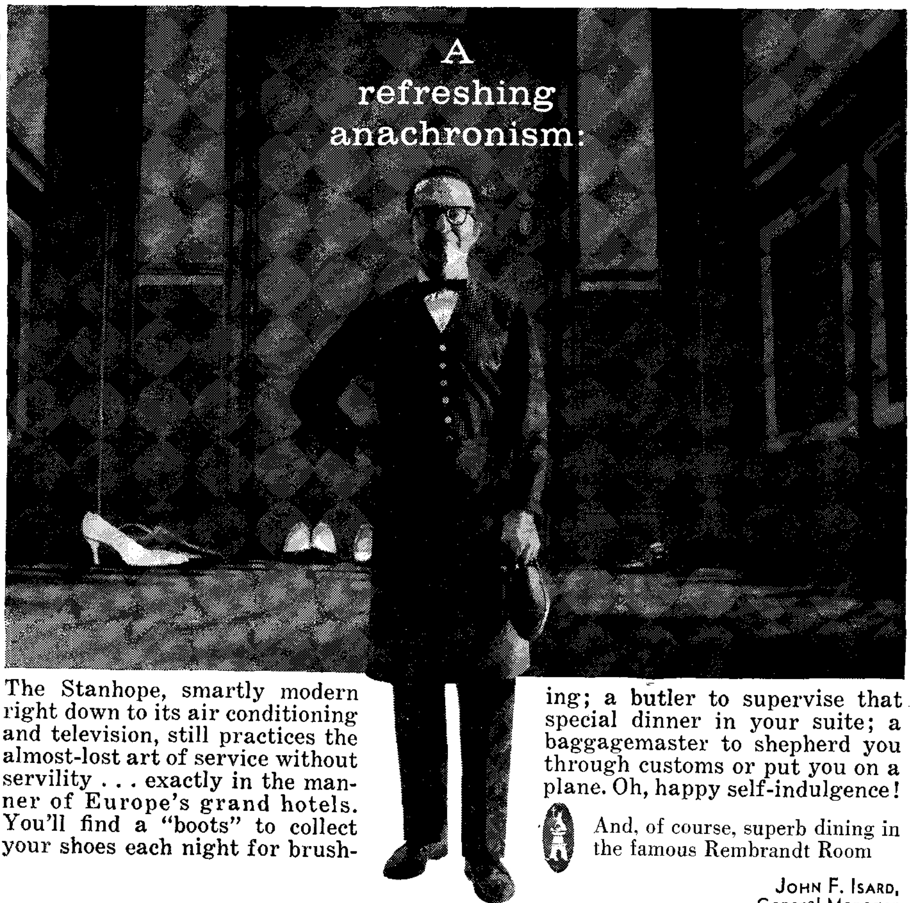

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admiration for Mr. Lemmon, in particular, is so unbounded that I not only recommend the picture to others, no matter what their status as drinkers may be, but intend to see it again myself, hoping against hope that it won't encourage me to renounce the evils of alcohol forever.

Mr. Lemmon plays a public-relations man determined to make good and yet thoroughly ashamed of the sordid tasks he must perform in order to keep his clients happy. (Public relations is shown in this picture to be an even more dreadful doom than alcoholism, with the added disadvantage that one doesn't practice it simply because one is sick.) Miss Remick plays the pretty, virtuous secretary with whom he falls in love. The young man is unwittingly well on the way to becoming a drunk; the girl has never touched a drop, though, as we learn later, she has always enjoyed an ominous passion for chocolate and will quickly become a worse case than her young man. We follow them through matrimony into parenthood, and from blithe social drinking to d.t.s, and in the course of this sorry journey Mr. Lemmon is dazzlingly funny, anguished, indignant, rueful, affectionate, cruel, or what you will—we share, watching his performance, the actor's joy in having reached the point in his career where he feels, and is right to feel, that there's nothing he can't bring off. Miss Remick, in a much less clearly written part, and with the nuisance of her extreme good looks, is also first-rate, and so is an old favorite of ours, Charles Bickford, as her grimly disapproving father.

THE Bijou, on West Forty-fifth Street, being too small to survive economically as a legitimate theatre, was recently turned into a movie theatre and renamed the Griffith. But that great director has been as unlucky in death as he often was in life, and after the showing of a single new film—"The Connection"—the Griffith went dark. It now emerges into quite a strong light as the Toho Cinema, featuring Japanese films, and especially Japanese films put out by the Toho Company. The first of these is "The Bad Sleep Well," a contemporary melodrama directed and, in part, written by Akira Kurosawa, and starring the famous Toshiro Mifune. Having never seen Mr. Mifune except in antique costume and heavy makeup, I'd supposed that he was a heavyset man in his middle fifties; here, in a sack suit and without makeup, he appears to be a slight, handsome man

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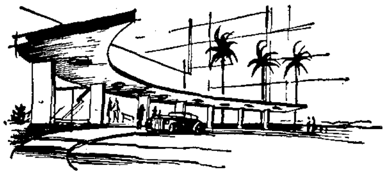

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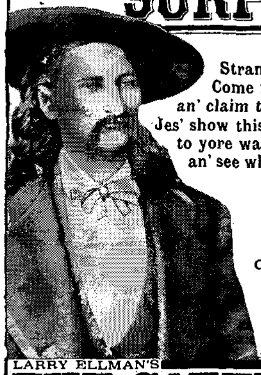

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in his early thirties. (I'm told he is, in chronological fact, forty-two.) The picture is a study of political and industrial corruption in Japan, and Mr. Mifune plays the part of one of those secret, lonely righters-of-wrong whom we met long ago in the pages of John Buchan and Edgar Wallace. Perhaps we're more familiar with this sort of hero than are the Japanese for whom the picture was made; in any event, I found the long-drawn-out anfractuosities of its plot distinctly tiresome and the disillusionment implied in the title and confirmed by the hero's death inartistic as well as juvenile. In a melodrama, it's a breach of etiquette for evil to triumph; the last reversal of fortune must always favor Robin Hood over the Sheriff of Nottingham.

"PLAYTIME" is a maddening little French movie, made from what was no doubt a maddening little story by Françoise Sagan. It stars Jean Seberg and Christian Marquand, and they're maddening, too. The movie is maddening because it keeps promising that it has something to say and that what it has to say and the reason for the peculiar way in which it's being said will be revealed at the dénouement; but at the dénouement nothing is unknotted—the picture simply stops, with what may be a Gallic shrug and a silent, off-screen "*Tant pis pour vous.*" Miss Seberg is maddening because she is so pretty and wistful and nothing else, and M. Marquand is maddening because he is so big and handsome and nothing else. As usual, the French backgrounds are ravishing, and make us forgive the director, François Moreuil, more than we should.

—BRENDAN GILL

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[*From the Lewiston* (*Maine*) *Evening Journal*]

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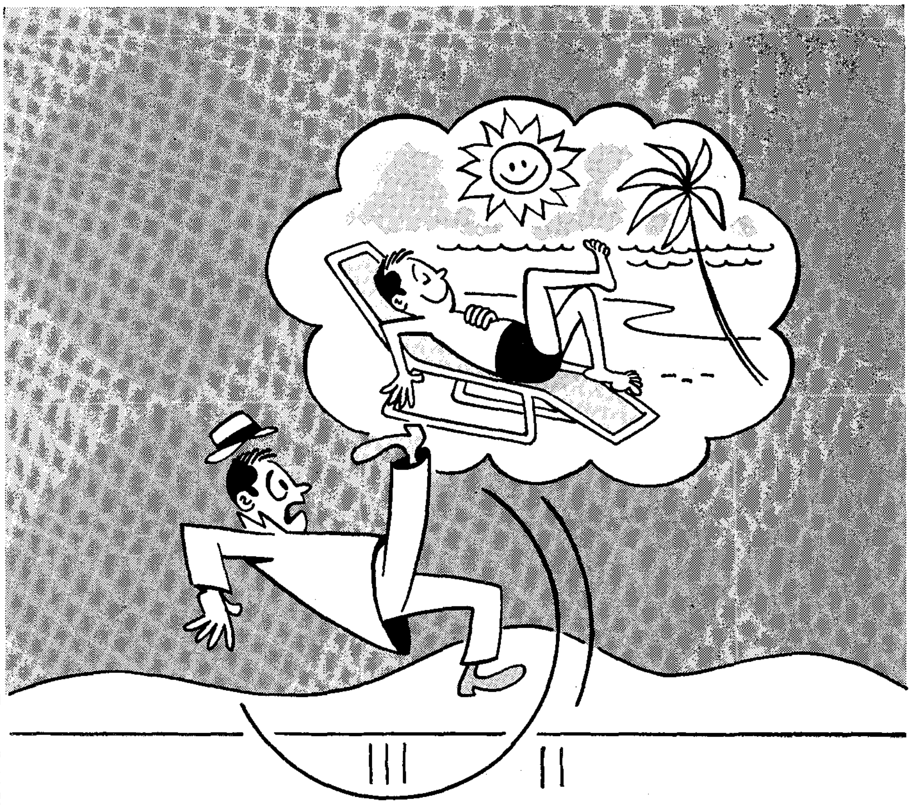

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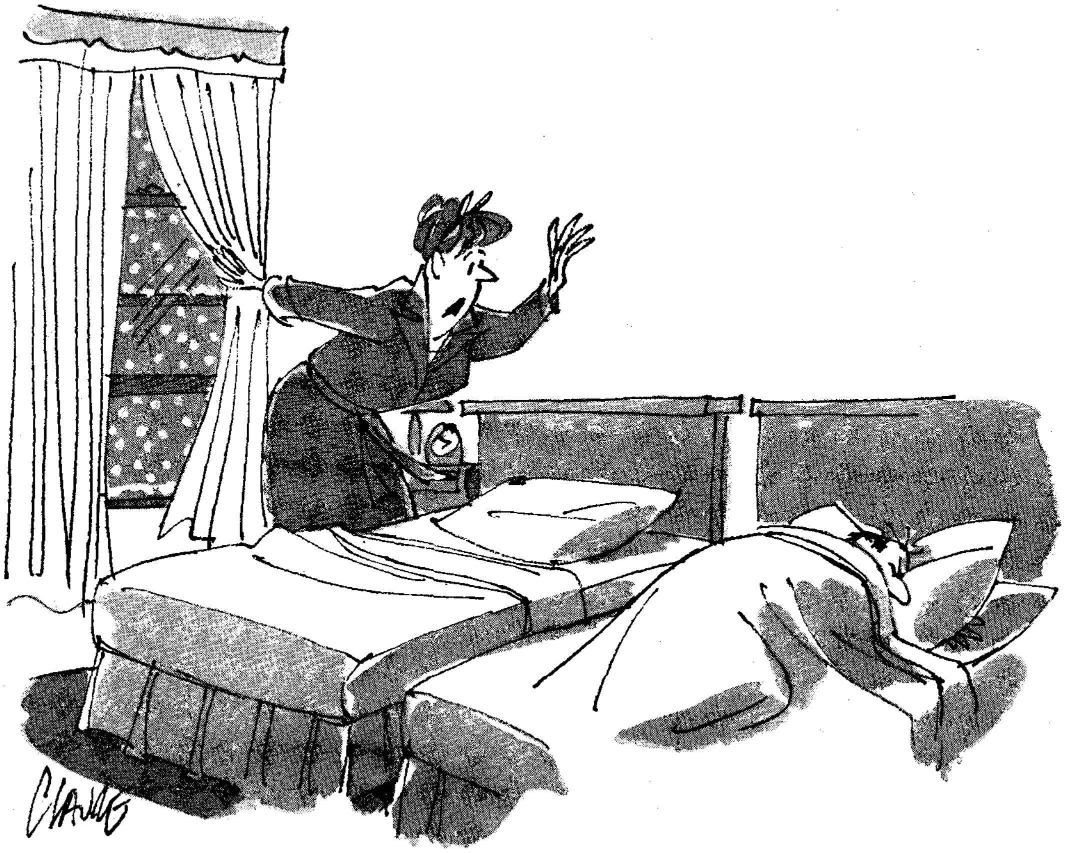
BOOKS

The Wrong End of the Telescope

THE volume of extracts from the Goncourt Journals that was prepared for publication some years ago by Mr. Lewis Galantière, and that has been available since 1958 as a Doubleday Anchor book, is satisfactory in every way, so the new offering of "Pages from the Goncourt Journal," edited, translated, and introduced by Dr. Robert Baldick (Oxford), must at first glance seem superfluous. This volume, however, differs in a number of ways from Mr. Galantière's. Dr. Baldick has, for one thing, been able to take his selections from the uncut text of the original Journals. He has not been confined, as his predecessor was, to the nine heavily expurgated volumes that contained as much of them as the Goncourts' executors thought it was safe to release before 1956. For another, Dr. Baldick has included in his field the whole period—between 1851 and 1896—covered by the Journals, whereas Mr. Galantière brought his version to an end with Edmond de Goncourt's pathetic account of the death of his brother Jules, in 1870. These differences are important, but they are less significant than the question of approach. Mr. Galantière is not frivolous, but he is one of those who enjoy life and have little difficulty in distinguishing between pleasure and pain. He is attracted by the Goncourts because they wrote enthusiastically, at a time when it was not the fashion to do so, about the Ancien Régime and the aristocratic culture that was swept away by the French Revolution. He would have liked to be a friend of Marmontel and to share his intimacies with d'Alembert and Rameau, with Voltaire and Mme. Geoffrin, with Mlle. Clairon and Géliote, with M. de la Popelinière and Mme. de Pompadour. This taste in common for the life of a Golden Age made it easy for him to sympathize with the two brothers, who felt that everything graceful and lovely belonged to a lost past and who were fascinated and repelled by the roaring vitality and the gross vulgarity of the age of steam into which they had been born. Edmond and Jules would have given a great deal to know everything there was to be known about their favorite period. Inspired by an impatience with the arbitrary selectivity and the partialities of the memoirs and reminiscences they combed for information about the vanished court and society that interested them so much, they set out to keep a record of what they called the momentary reality of their own lives. What they achieved was remarkable, and Mr. Galantière wanted anyone who picked up his volume to share his own pleasure in exploring their intensely personal and private vision of a vanished society. With that aim, he translated what he describes as "the most informing and agreeable pages of the best years of the diaries," and he was careful to exclude most of the fatuous epigrams, great thoughts, and whinings about ill luck and ill health to which the Goncourts were given. He intended his edition of the Journals to be enjoyable, and he presented them as a glass that shows much more of the social background than it does of the interior lives of the two men who kept them.

Dr. Baldick, a fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford, comes from the other side of the fence. There is a curious sentence toward the end of his scholarly, fascinating, and on the whole disagreeable life of J. K. Huysmans which suggests that happiness—he uses the phrase "placid self-content"—is the "prerogative of the mediocre and the obtuse." He finds it admirable in Huysmans that he can say, in all sincerity, "To me the past seems horrible, the present grey and desolate, and the future utterly appalling," and goes on to add that "it is because Huysmans suffered sincerely and suffered well [*sic*] that he now commands not only the appreciation of his readers but also their affection." These sentiments of Dr. Baldick's do a good deal to show how wide is the gulf that lies between his point of view and Mr. Galantière's; the issue is put beyond doubt when the Doctor turns to the Goncourts' novel "Manette Salomon" to find what he feels to be an excellent definition of the nature of Huysmans' achievement:

> There are certain days in the artist's life when he feels the need to spread and communicate all the bitterness and desolation in his heart. Like a man who expresses in



"Phil, wake up! The bird feeder! It's empty!"

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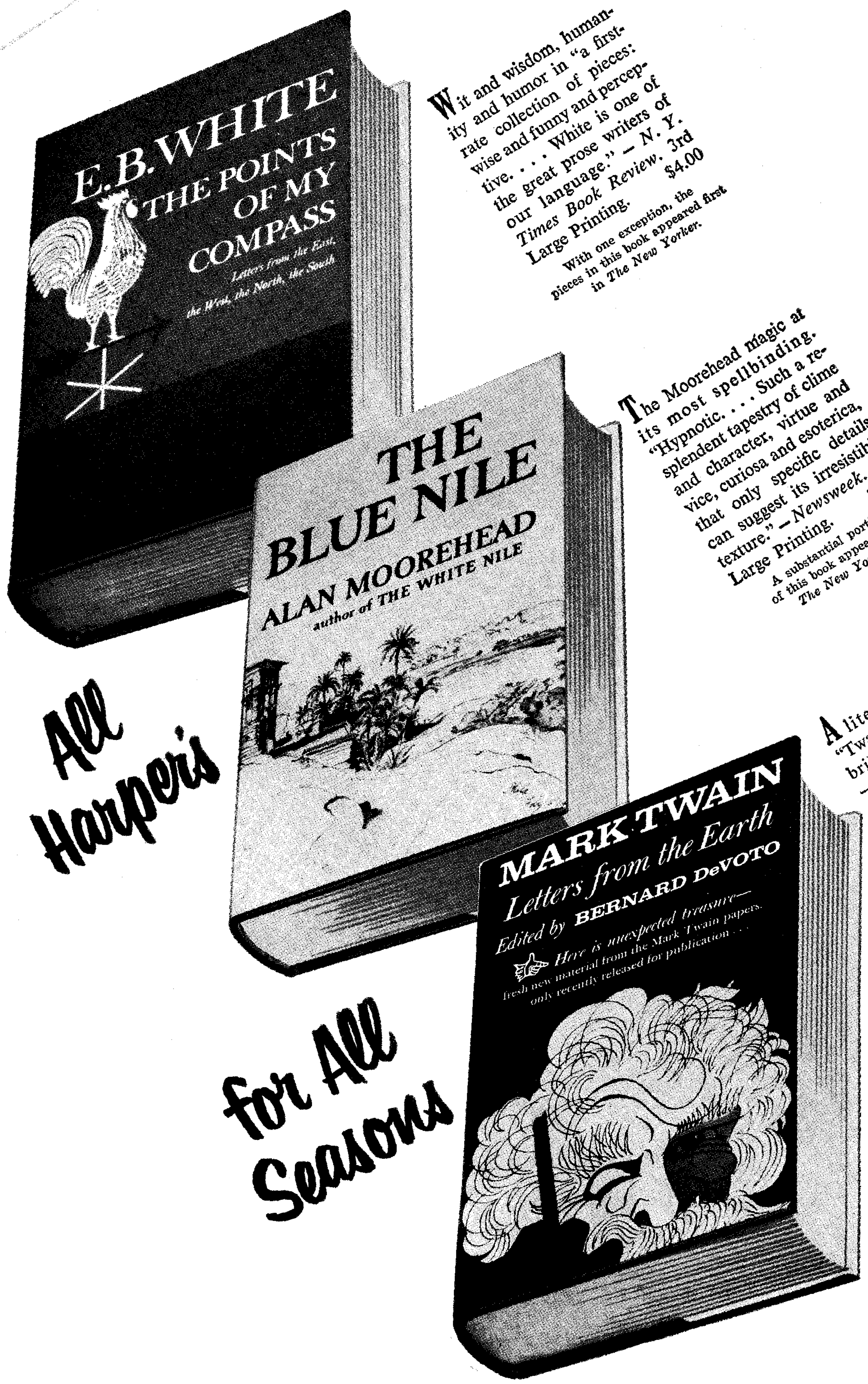
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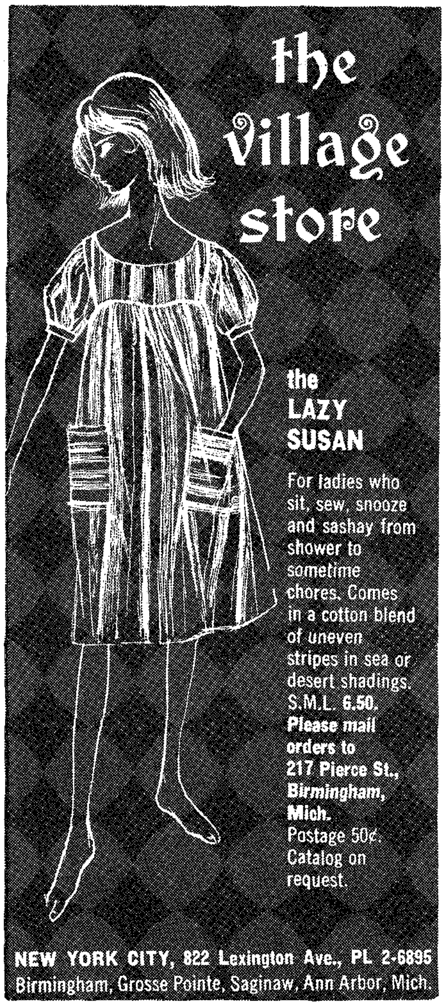

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his screams the anguish of his limbs and his body, the artist on such days as these must express in his work the anguish of his ideas, of his revulsions, of his antipathies, of all the pain he has felt, the hurt he has suffered, and the gall he has drunk through his contact with people and things.

After Dr. Baldick quotes this passage, he hastens to point out, with the implication that it is greatly to Huysmans' credit, that in their writing the Goncourts did only occasionally what the author of "A Rebours" and "Là-Bas" was able to do all the time. So it is scarcely a surprise to find that when he goes through the Journals in search of the best pages, his eye tends to light on passages in which one or the other or both of the brothers can be heard whining or complaining about the miseries and disappointments they have to endure and the awfulness of the people they have to live with. Dr. Baldick thus contrives not only to make the Journals seem like the record of forty-five years of bellyaching but to make the brothers appear self-pitying, cold-hearted, given to backbiting, envious, and detestable. This led, when the volume was published in England, to some critical outbursts that were hostile not to the editor but to the long-dead brothers. A particularly outspoken expression of distaste came from Mr. Martin Turnell, the admirer of Baudelaire and the denigrator of Balzac, who put forward the argument that because the brothers were—on their own showing—such nasty fellows, it would be foolish to give serious consideration to what they had to say about their contemporaries; everything they had to say could be dismissed as the tainted product of spite and envy.

It was easy to see Mr. Turnell's point. The portrait of Flaubert, for instance, in the Journals does not present the compound of acute sensibility and aesthetic scruple in which his votaries would like us to believe. The Goncourts knew him as a coarse-minded man, a complete provincial, who was given to hearty practical jokes and was to a quite remarkable degree insensitive to other people's feelings. Since Edmond de Goncourt admittedly came to be fond of Flaubert, Mr. Turnell found the existence of this unflattering portrait in the Journals a proof of baseness and a treacherous nature. The truth appears to be that in this respect, as in many others, the Journals do faithfully what they set out to do. Thus they record the momentary reality of the impression Flaubert made as the diarists encountered him. The documents do not contain the thoughts the diarists might have had if they had known him as an acknowl-

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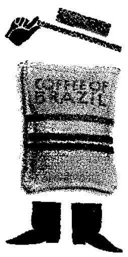

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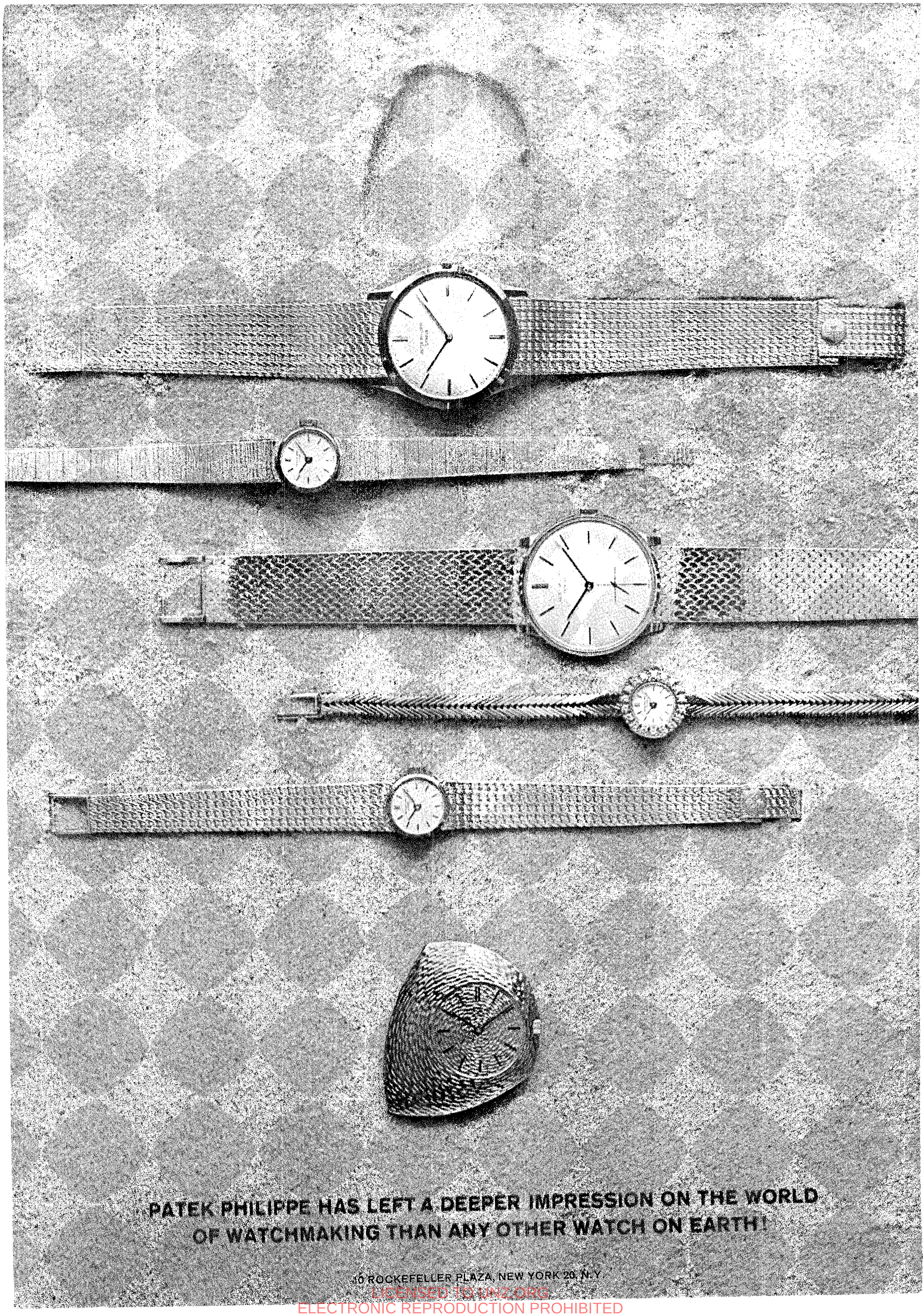

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edged genius with an established reputation, but instead offer a series of notes showing a contemporary who was in their own line of business precisely as he appeared to them while they were getting to know him. It has to be recognized that many Goncourt entries seem to go out of their way to show men of subsequently established reputation at a disadvantage. Denigration does not enter into it; the brothers were merely putting down, within a few hours of the events, an account of what they saw and heard as they moved among their circle of acquaintances in the ordinary course of their lives. They knew Zola as a frantic and uneasy rival whose methods of acquiring copy they had good reason, given their belief in another method, to despise. Edmond de Goncourt, taken to task for having published some singularly idiotic remarks about music that Gautier had let fall, excused himself to the lady who had charged him with indiscretion by saying, "Yes, you would like me to serve up nothing but plaster saints, wouldn't you! . . . Oh, I know full well that people here don't like the truth. . . . But you can rest assured that if Gautier came back to life, he would find my prose less demeaning than certain pages I could mention. [The lady had, as it happened, written a eulogy of Gautier soon after his death in which she had carried the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* to extreme lengths.] I want to show people as they really are, in dressing gown and slippers. I want to make them talk as they really talk when they are among friends."

The aim is, subject to a certain limitation, a worthy one, but the limitation is not one the Goncourts were able to recognize. They were small men. They were collectors of bric-a-brac. They were not interested in the great historic events of the eighteenth century or in its intellectual excitements; they were concerned with its social graces and its minor arts. They were stylists who made something disjointed, angular, and niggling of the flowing and powerful French language. And they were novelists who never managed to give any of their assemblages of carefully documented fragments either the unity or the linear movement of a novel. They do not appear to have been capable of sustained intellectual effort or logical thought, and although their feelings were always strong and sometimes creditable, they were incapable of analyzing them. No idea that was complex or significant or that demanded breadth of vision could enter their minds. When

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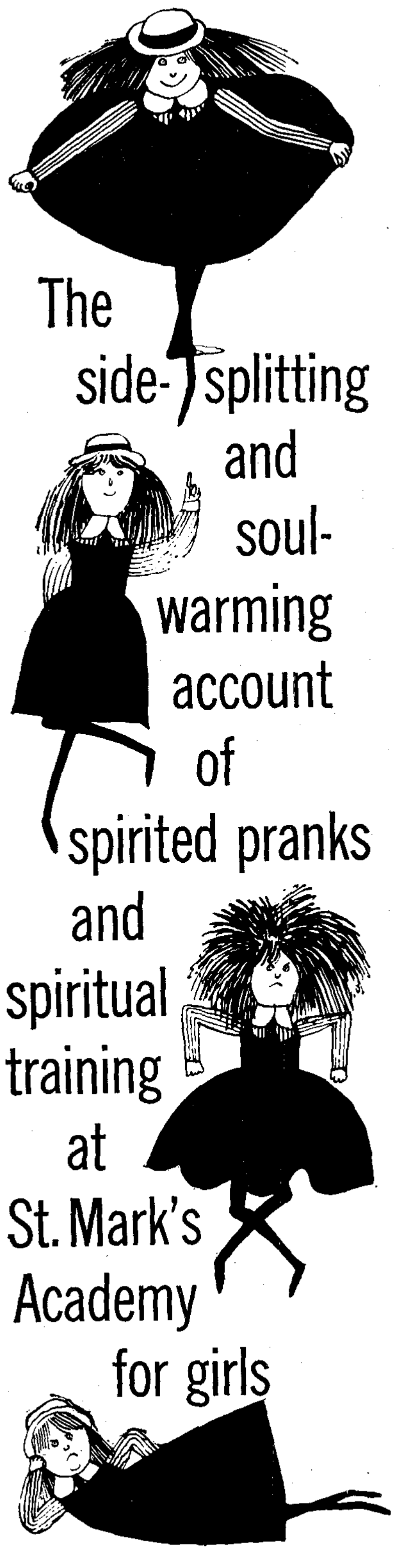
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they heard such men as Sainte-Beuve, Taine, and Renan talking of serious matters, it was without the smallest understanding of what was being said; they were simply out of it until the talk drifted in the direction of *jeux d'esprit*, personalities, and trivialities. They were, that is, constitutionally unable to see their acquaintances in anything but those dressing gowns and slippers. Looking at the world through their eyes is not unlike looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope.

A question that has a great deal to do with the valuation to be put on the Journals is whose vision was involved. This is not to say that there is any doubt that the work was the product of the Goncourts; the question is what the Goncourts were. The wrapper of Dr. Baldick's volume presents a drawing from the friendly hand of Gavarni, which shows them to be what they claimed to be—sensitive, elegant, and cultured men of great sensibility. The frontispiece photograph in the English edition of their biography by André Billy shows them in a similar pose but in a very different light—soft and flabby, their faces marked by abundant signs of the auto-intoxication that was the scourge of the overfed and under-exercised class to which they belonged. They are petulant as well, and Edmond's face is disfigured by what can only be called a pout. When Taine told them that they needed more exercise and something to do, they retorted that spleen was a condition necessary to their talent. They were afraid of becoming healthy, because that would make them ordinary. They had taken up the arts in order to show that they were superior persons; their love of literature was a means to the end that Edmond defined thus: "My constant preoccupation is to save the name of Goncourt from oblivion in the future by every sort of survival: survival through works of literature, survival through foundations, survival through the application of my monogram to all the objets d'art which have belonged to my brother and myself." Their proclaimed anguish was remote from literature; they felt ill used by life because other men were more successful than they were. They suffered the agonies of the purchaser of lottery tickets who feels that he is dogged by bad luck because he has never won the grand prize. These sufferings are not less real for being absurd, and the Journals are not less interesting for being irrelevant as literary documents. In their passionate pursuit of distinction, the Goncourts accomplished something unique: no other source gives

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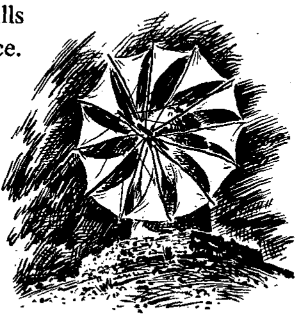
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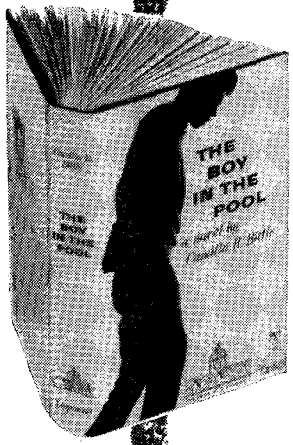

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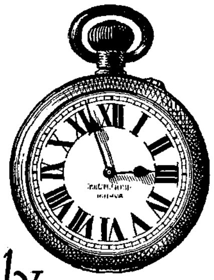
This lady, "for the love of whom he had become a stockbroker," is the perfect Belle Dame sans Merci of the world of the hansom cab, the gasolier, and the *chapeau melon.* The latter part of the Journals is filled with such treasures, and it is kind of Dr. Baldick to give them a wider currency. It would have been possible to be more grateful to him, however, if, like Mr. Galantière, he had been less impressed and more amused by the brothers, those athletes of self-regard who can be taken seriously only as unconscious comedians. —ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

OCCASION FOR LOVING, by Nadine Gordimer (Viking). This Johannesburg novel is set around a love affair between a young African painter, Gideon Shibalo, and a giddy young white woman, Ann Davis, but its central character is another white woman, Jessie Stilwell, the middle-aged wife of a lecturer in history at the local university. Jessie, who hides her selfishness, her envy, and her disappointment in life under the dowdy, preoccupied airs of a busy housewife and working mother, is the main figure in the story, and her husband, her children, and the other characters—Gideon and Ann and Ann's husband, Boaz—never do more than flicker in and out of the fog of self-pity and self-approval that surrounds her, protecting her from any real knowledge of herself and her desires. From the first page, Miss Gordimer places Jessie in perspective as the observer of the scene and, in particular, as the avid observer of Gideon and Ann as they play at doomed love, and she succeeds in creating a mem-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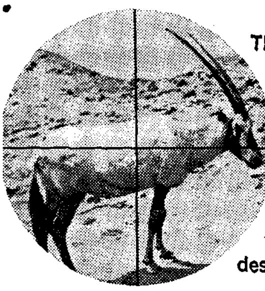
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orable figure of a thoroughly sour woman. The time is the present.

THE SURPRISE PARTY COMPLEX, by Ramona Stewart (Morrow). For some time now, the precocious, sophisticated, lonely, conspiratorial little girl has had a place in American literature. Whether she appears as Carson McCullers' Frankie, as J. D. Salinger's Esmé, as Harper Lee's Scout, or even as Charles Schulz's Lucy, her bearing is likely to be awkward, her vocabulary adult, and her world view both feminine and sharp. She usually has another child as an accomplice (Frankie's playmate, Esmé's brother, Scout's neighbor, Lucy's Charlie Brown) and an older, rather mild, quixotic celibate whom she idolizes (Frankie's brother, Esmé's soldier, Scout's father, Lucy's Schroeder). With some variant of this cast of characters, a humorous, touching plot invariably unfolds. In "The Surprise Party Complex," fifteen-year-old Pauline lives in Hollywood with her (mild, quixotic) widowed father, O.K. Howard, and conspires with her adolescent neighbor Jamie. The children are conversationally urbane beyond their years; they are also lonely, and some sad and humorous events befall them. The story is a very light example of its genre, but Ramona Stewart tells it very well.

COAT UPON A STICK, by Norman Fruchter (Simon & Schuster). With a cruel ear and a certain spareness of style, the author re-creates a day in the life of a shabby, embittered, guilt-ridden, senile Jewish man. The book is riddled with a peculiarly Jewish kind of anti-Semitism: the characters are sordid, their religion is sterile, their environment is squalid and empty. Mr. Fruchter uses several mannered devices to obtain his effects: the actions of the old man are recounted in the past tense and those of his son in the present; the lower-East Side idiom of inverted word order and declarative questions is overworked to the point of obsession; and sheer viciousness too often passes as unblinking honesty. But "Coat Upon a Stick" is a first novel, and, unappetizing as it is, it shows promise of a strong writing talent. The book was first published in England.

CHARLES, by Victoria Lincoln (Little, Brown). This nice, big, fat family novel is based on the life of Charles Dickens. The writing is respectful, the pace is not too slow, and everyone in the book is full of a special kind of

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nineteenth-century humanity and the chatter that no doubt went with it.

GENERAL

Jefferson and His Time, Vol. III: Jefferson and the Ordeal of Liberty, by Dumas Malone (Little, Brown). This volume of Professor Malone's biography begins toward the end of Jefferson's service as Washington's Secretary of State and ends with his election to the Presidency in 1801. During those years, Jefferson found himself increasingly in opposition, first to Washington's administration and then to John Adams'. (He was Adams' Vice-President, but, as Malone points out, no one then thought of the Vice-Presidency as part of the administration.) The argument between Jefferson and the Federalists began over foreign policy and moved on to domestic ideology. Although Jefferson was regarded as the leader of his party, he assumed a negligible role in public and encouraged others to speak up and take action; not many people knew, for instance, that he was the author of the Kentucky Resolutions and the instigator of the Virginia Resolutions. Jefferson, bravely leading his forces from the rear, appeared to his enemies as a Jacobin Machiavelli, and perhaps *they* were not entirely wrong. Professor Malone thinks they were. He ascribes Jefferson's policy—which triumphed in his election—not to skill but to shyness, sensitivity, and good will. Indeed, throughout the book Malone acts as Jefferson's advocate, which is a pity, for this is clearly as close to the definitive Jefferson biography as anything we are likely to see, and it shouldn't leave the impression that the author of the Declaration of Independence needs a panegyrist.

Lady Jane Grey, by Hester W. Chapman (Little, Brown). The short life (1537-54) and violent death (on the block) of the pious bluestocking (at twelve she read Plato in Greek "with as much delight as if it had been a merry tale of Boccaccio") who was destroyed by her parents (who disliked her), the Duke of Northumberland (who placed her, against her will, on the throne), and Mary Tudor (who succeeded her after a nine-day reign). Miss Chapman treats this unfortunate twig of the house of Tudor with an admirable blend of compassion, horror, and respect.

Lives of the Wits, by Hesketh Pearson (Harper & Row). The chief

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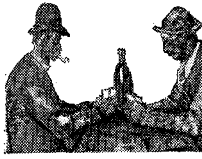
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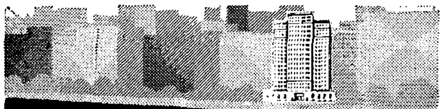
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ADVENTURES IN CAUCASIA, by Alexandre Dumas, translated from the French by Alma Elizabeth Murch (Chilton). Volume V in the series of newly translated Dumas travelogues with which this publisher has so kindly provided us. It is in every way a most satisfactory book, for in addition to the charm, the humor, and the rich gift for storytelling that the author possessed in such abundance, it has a subject that could hardly be better suited to his taste and talents: an ancient but still (in 1858, when he was there) untamed country; a country of fortified villages and ghostly alpine castles; a country ruled by princes and defended by head-hunting Cossacks and terrorized by brigand raiders; a country of "gold, jewels, naked steel, silken luxury, mud, parasites, dust, and perfume." Illustrated with contemporary engravings.

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1955, and published in 1961 in a scholarly edition using the curious phonetic spelling in which it was written ("kumz" for "comes"). Here it appears, slightly abridged and conventionally spelled, in an edition for the general reader. Whythorne was a music teacher and composer, a bachelor endlessly pursued by women, a sharp and funny observer of a wide range of Elizabethan life, and even something of a poet. His autobiography is a considerable find, and makes exceptionally interesting reading. Illustrated.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE OLD TESTAMENT WORLD, by John Gray (Nelson). This book shows how far even Scotland has come since 1881, when William Robertson Smith, a professor of Hebrew studies in Aberdeen—like the author—was dismissed for heresy because he doubted whether Moses had written Deuteronomy. Dr. Gray barely mentions Moses, and he sees the Exodus story as a conflation of many exoduses. His account of what archeology does and does not confirm in the Old Testament is informed, responsible, and extraordinarily fascinating. Illustrations and maps.

VERSE

LOVE POEMS OF ANCIENT EGYPT, translated by Ezra Pound and Noel Stock (New Directions). This small and charmingly designed booklet (thirty-three pages) must be considered a Pound item, since Pound translated its first long poem ("Conversations in Courtship") from a rendering into Italian of hieroglyphic texts, done some years ago by his son-in-law, Boris de Rachewiltz. The poems, gathered from papyri and pottery inscriptions, give a delightful picture of youthfully disordered emotions (as opposed to formal and monumental ones) that were evidently prevalent in Egyptian society a millennium and a half B.C. but are hard to get at from usual sources.

•

Oregon Gov. Mark Hatfield Saturday authorized an increase in the state's National Guard Reserve.

Guard Reserve commander, Col. Edward C. Snow, Salem, said Hatfield had increased the authorized strength from 183 to 567.

The reserve—made up of men who have left the regular National Guard—now has 105 officers and four enlisted men.—*Portland Oregonian.*

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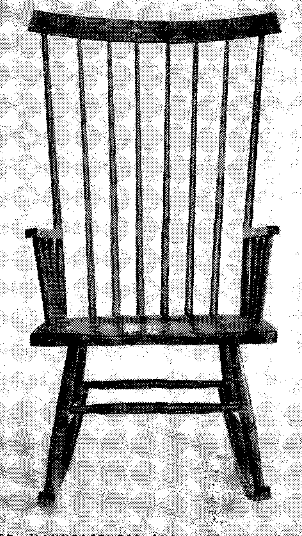

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